

PHOTOPLAY

The NEWS and
FASHION
MAGAZINE of
the SCREEN

September

25

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in Canada

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Own
Story

The
Garbo
Jinx
On Her
Leading
Men

Tallulah Bankhead
and Gary Cooper



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you find "pink" on your tooth brush.

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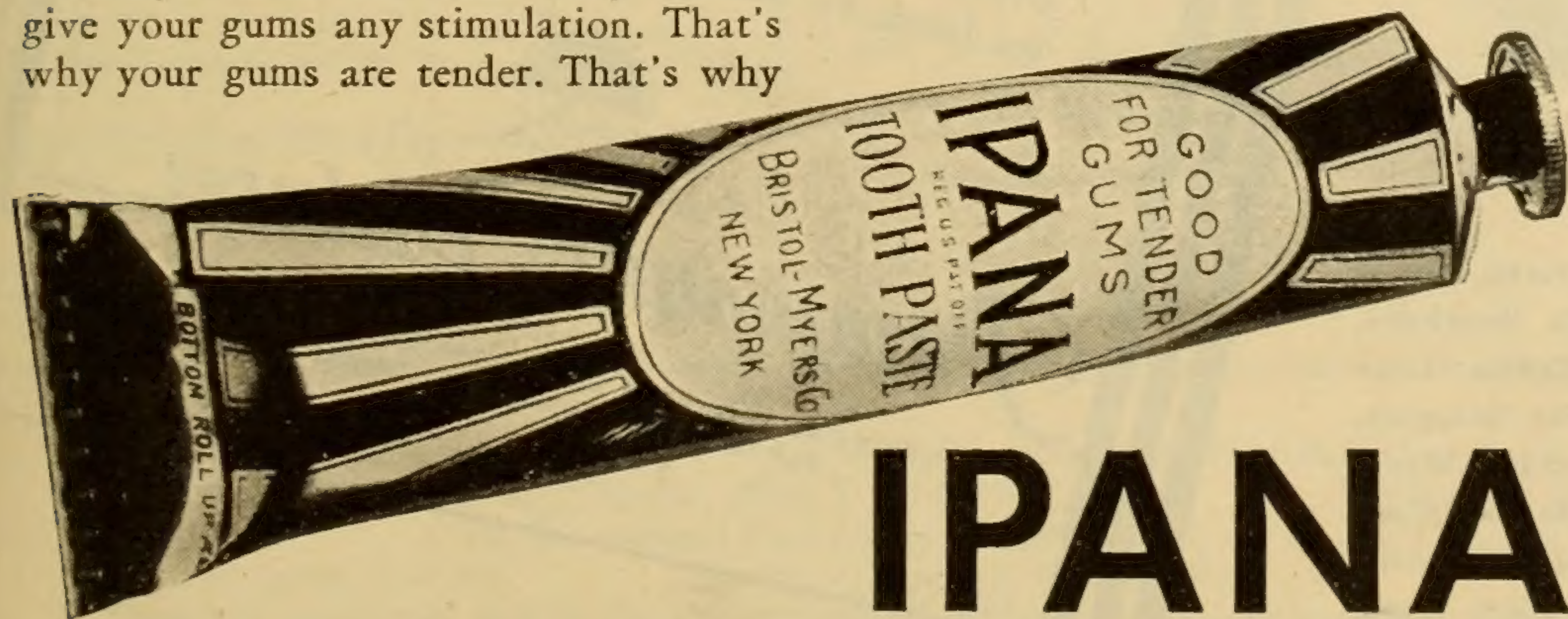
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with **HERBERT MARSHALL** **CARY GRANT**
A JOSEF VON STERNBERG PRODUCTION
The amazing Dietrich! Her past performances seem perfection — until her newest picture appears! Here her beauty, her glamour, her charm will thrill you in a brand new way!



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Paramount Pictures

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AND WATCH FOR —

"The Big Broadcast" with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Burns & Allen, Boswell Sisters, Cab Calloway, Mills Brothers, Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer), Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight" with Jeanette MacDonald, Charlie Ruggles, Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy. Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy". "A Farewell To Arms" with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Adolph Menjou. "The Phantom President" with Geo. M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Durante, Gene Raymond, Frances Dee. And more to be announced later.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 4

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

September, 1932



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1921	1922
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	1930	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	
1931		
"CIMARRON"		

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Brickbats & Bouquets

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was the month's favorite. "Louise Closser Hale stole the film," one movie-goer wrote. "Even Janet Gaynor couldn't have been better than Marian Nixon," said another. Here are Louise, Mae Marsh and Marian

THE \$25 LETTER

It surprises me that of the many articles on "How to Be Happy Though Married," not one I have seen has mentioned motion pictures. My husband and I have found that they act very nicely as a peace-maker.

Our system is simple and effective. If, or when, one of our arguments shows signs of running a temperature, one of us—whichever is most in command of his faculties—rushes to the telephone and calls all the nearest motion picture theaters. We declare a truce long enough to decide which feature is likely to prove most diverting. Then we maintain absolute silence all the way to the theater. At least, such is our intention. Of course, there are times . . .

At any rate, when we emerge from the theater a couple of hours later, all is changed. Either we have forgotten what the fuss was about or we are prepared to discuss it amicably. It works like a charm and I recommend it to all wives and husbands.

MRS. H. L. HOLT, Bloomfield, N. J.

THE \$10 LETTER

Yesterday I met a friend on the street, holding her small daughter by the hand and bewailing the fact that, "There isn't a movie in town suitable for Dorothy to see."

"Well, if there were, would you want to sit through it?" I asked.

And that, to me, is the answer to all this ridiculous discussion about showing only films planned for the "home circle." There are plenty of amusements suitable for small children and, incidentally, plenty of suitable pictures for an occasional treat.

Personally, I don't want all my plays, books and movies graded to the intelligence and experience of a six-year-old child.

FLORENCE W. LONG, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE \$5 LETTER

Why this complaint about the lack of variety in pictures? Not long ago our city enjoyed a real première. "Scarface" was shown for the first time in any theater, here in Minneapolis. Two weeks later that most perfect picture up to now, "Grand Hotel," then "Letty Lynton,"

WHEW! What a lot of Crawford controversy. There's no doubt who got the load of mail this month. It was that girl Joan. PHOTOPLAY's story "The Girl With the Haunted Face," in which Joan expressed her opinions about life and happiness started pens and typewriters going all over the world.

The battle of realism versus romance is at its height. And the audience can't seem to get together, for there are those who believe the movie theater is a place for glamorous forgetfulness, while some say, "Give us the problems of everyday people." The final judge will be that all-seeing, all-knowing box-office.

Warren William's popularity builds like a Dietrich closeup. (Incidentally, his last name is William, not Williams.) But Johnny Weissmuller continues to be among the head men, and not a slam in a bag full of mail. Even the boys like Johnny. Clark Gable got a few knocks this month, but he's still getting plenty of boosts.

"What Price Hollywood," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Bring 'Em Back Alive," and "Red-Headed Woman" were the favorite films. The folks think that Janet Gaynor made a mistake in turning down "Rebecca," but they all agree that Marian Nixon was perfectly suited to the rôle.

"As You Desire Me," and "Bring 'Em Back Alive," the great animal film. This week we have that charming little actress, Marian Nixon, in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." There's variety for you!

We had just as great a variety of players—Paul Muni, Greta Garbo and Marian Nixon. So why kick?

Let's just thrill to them all and be thankful we can see such great players in such great pictures.

CATHERINE L. NEWTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

"RED-HEADED WOMAN"

Jean Harlow has gotten a real break at last and come out ahead in "Red-Headed Woman." I like those flaming locks of Miss Harlow's and really believe they give her a new personality.

MRS. PERCY JOHNSON, Beaumont, Texas

Hollywood breaks a precedent! Chester Morris is cast in a rôle in which he is neither a "bad man" nor a story-book villain. In his new garb he's the same old Chester, but more likable and personable. And in my opinion he steals "Red-Headed Woman" from Jean Harlow.

JASPER SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Calif.

WARREN WILLIAM

"Ultra-finesse"—that's a two-word description of the professional qualities of Warren William.

His "Mouthpiece" was excellent. "Dark Horse" brought forth the human quality this actor can put into his work. His kind are too few and far between—born artists, that neither a weak story nor absurd situations can put down.

JOHN A. MILLINGTON, Paterson, N. J.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

A TORCH SINGER'S THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

BARBARA Stanwyck

in
"The Purchase Price"

If she thrilled you in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit", wait until you see Barbara Stanwyck *flame* through this torrid romance of a night club torch singer. Beautiful!...Seductive!...She has everything—and uses it!...Lives violently—and loves passionately! See the most vibrant star on the screen in the scorching story ten million fans demanded for her...Hear her sing for the first time!...It's a double thrill you won't forget!

with
GEORGE Brent

The sensational new find of "The Rich Are Always With Us" and "So Big".

LYLE TALBOT—HARDIE ALBRIGHT

Based on the story by ARTHUR STRINGER

Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN

They fought
for her
LOVE!



The Racketeer



The Park Avenue Play Boy



The "Unknown" —from the West

Watch **WARNER BROS.** for the new season's big thrills!



Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFTER TOMORROW—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (May)

AIR EAGLES—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (April)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (April)

AMATEUR DADDY—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

ARM OF THE LAW, THE—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (July)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (March)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

AVALANCHE—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou in a sophisticated and amusingly cynical piece about marriage and all that. (Aug.)

BEHIND THE MASK—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and thrill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (April)

BEHIND STONE WALLS—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

BIG CITY BLUES—Warners.—Just another version of the innocent youth in the big city—this time with Joan Blondell and Eric Linden. (Aug.)

BIG PARADE, THE—M-G-M. (Reissued with sound).—Sound effects skilfully added to an old favorite. (Aug.)

BIG TIMER, THE—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

★ **BLESSED EVENT**—Warners.—A real picture, with Lee Tracy hilariously funny as the big-shot chatter columnist. (Aug.)

BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

BORDER DEVILS—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)

★ **BROKEN LULLABY**—Paramount.—(Reviewed under title "The Man I Killed"). A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (March)

BROKEN WING, THE—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (May)

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (May)

CAIN—Talking Picture Epics.—Although not as idyllic as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (March)

CARELESS LADY—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

Can You Think
Up a Good Gag?

There's money
in it for you!

Harold Lloyd and
PHOTOPLAY Magazine

are seeking
some new ideas.

Turn to page 45 and
read all about it

CARNIVAL BOAT—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (March)

CHEATERS AT PLAY—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (May)

CONGRESS DANCES—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)

COUNTY FAIR, THE—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

CROSS-EXAMINATION—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (April)

CROWD ROARS, THE—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

CRY OF THE WORLD, THE—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

★ **DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull's-eye once more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (March)

★ **DARK HORSE, THE**—First National.—One of the funniest films in years—a political satire with Warren William and Guy Kibbee. You must see this. (Aug.)

★ **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

DEVIL'S LOTTERY—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

DISCARDED LOVERS—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—Fox.—Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (April)

DOCTOR X—First National.—Something new—a murder mystery in Technicolor with plenty of thrills. (Aug.)

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

DRAGNET PATROL—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (April)

DRIFTER, THE—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (April)

ESCAPADE—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

EXPERT, THE—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (April)

FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (May)

"FAST COMPANIONS"—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.")—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

FILE 113—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you're wise you won't wait. (March)
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

DOWN...but NOT OUT!



HIS bank went blooey...

his business took a Brodie...

and his family thought it was ALL
a gag! That's what "Pike" (Will Rogers)

was up against when he got home from Paris.

The lovable Will got mad and decided to bring
the family DOWN TO EARTH...It's a riot of fun—

and you'll agree it's Rogers' most entertaining picture.



WILL ROGERS

DOWN TO EARTH

in

with **DOROTHY JORDAN and IRENE RICH**

A FOX Picture

Directed by DAVID BUTLER

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FINAL EDITION—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (April)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—First National.—Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (April)

FLAMES—First Division-Monogram.—If a fire engine siren thrills you, this picture is just your meat. Johnny Mack Brown is the hero. (Aug.)

FOOL'S ADVICE, A—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (April)

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount.—C. B. DeMille's "Ten Commandments" incorporated into a story of what Hollywood thinks modern Russia must be. Don't bother. (Aug.)

FORGOTTEN WOMEN—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (March)

FREAKS—M-G-M.—A vivid story of the sordid lives of the pathetic side-show folks. (March)

GAY CABALLERO, THE—Fox.—George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (April)

GET THAT GIRL—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

GIRL CRAZY—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (May)

GOLDEN MOUNTAINS—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

★ **HATCHET MAN, THE**—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese girl, is lovely. (March)

HEART OF NEW YORK, THE—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

HIGH PRESSURE—Warners.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (March)

HIGH SPEED—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

HOTEL CONTINENTAL—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (April)

HUDDLE—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

★ **IGLOO**—Universal.—A grand real life film of the Eskimo's struggle for existence. Educational and exciting. (Aug.)

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (April)

★ **IS MY FACE RED?**—Radio Pictures.—Ricardo Cortez as America's premiere chatter columnist on the loose. Great stuff. (Aug.)

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (May)

JEWEL ROBBERY, THE—Warners.—William Powell as a handsome and amorous burglar in a fairly gay film that tries to be smarter than it is. Kay Francis, excellent. (Aug.)

KEEPERS OF YOUTH—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (May)

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathe.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (April)

LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE—Mascot Pictures Corp.—A stirring serialization of the Cooper classic, that you'll want to follow from the first to the last chapter. (Aug.)

LAW AND ORDER—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (May)

LAW OF THE WEST—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

LENA RIVERS—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, huh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as Letty. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

LOCAL BAD MAN, THE—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone naïve. (March)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (April)

LOVE BOUND—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

LOVE IS A RACKET—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

LOVE'S COMMAND—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

★ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS**—M-G-M.—An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (March)

★ **MAKE ME A STAR**—Paramount.—Magnificent blending of laughs, tears and Hollywood studio secrets. Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell are great! (Aug.)

MAN ABOUT TOWN—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES—World Wide.—Gun play, flying fists and fast horsemanship in this Bob Steele Western. (Aug.)

MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE—Paramount.—Another modern version of "Enoch Arden," this time with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. (Aug.)

MAN'S LAND, A—First Division-Allied.—Cattle rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding. (Aug.)

MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE—Warners.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (March)

MAN WANTED—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

MENACE, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (April)

★ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—Paramount.—Fredric March plays the rôle of a charming drunkard, and you'll like Sylvia Sidney. (Aug.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Universal.—Matinée idol Herbert Marshall should have better material than this slow moving English film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (March)

MIDNIGHT LADY, THE—Chesterfield.—The old "Madame X" story, but an evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sidney. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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A New and Amazing Development in Talking Pictures!



For the first time you hear
the hidden, unspoken
thoughts of people!

Norma

Clark

*Shearer
Gable*

IN EUGENE O'NEILL'S GREAT DRAMA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Something new in talking pictures! And of course, it comes from the magic studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and so many other important screen entertainments! This Pulitzer prize winning play by Eugene O'Neill has been called the greatest romantic drama of our times. It ran a year and a half on Broadway. On the talking screen you will find it an unforgettable experience. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD.

with

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND • RALPH MORGAN
ROBERT YOUNG • MAY ROBSON •
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • TAD ALEXANDER
HENRY B. WALTHALL • MARY ALDEN •



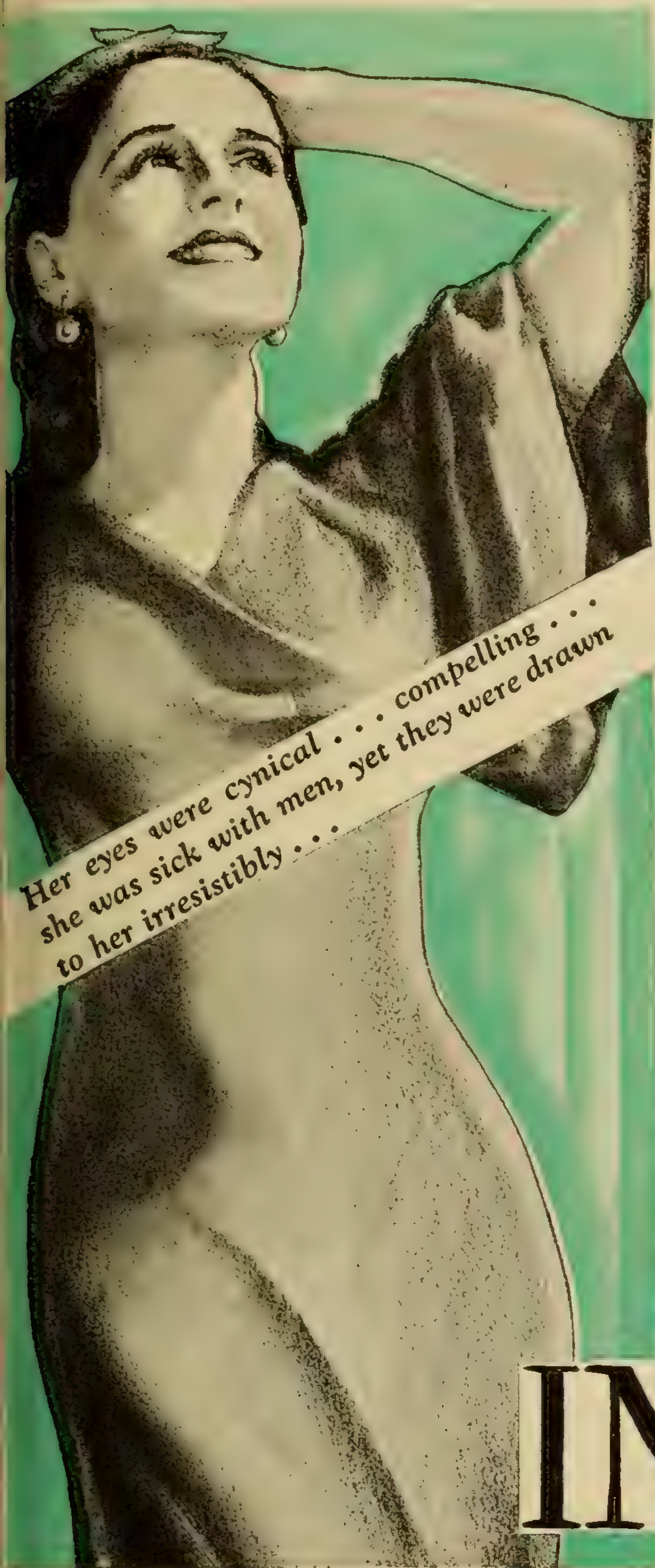
Eugene O'Neill
America's greatest
playwright, reaches
the height of his
glory in this mas-
terpiece.



Douglas Shearer
Chief Sound En-
gineer of M-G-M,
whose amazing in-
vention makes this
picture "different."



Together again! They
thrilled the world in "A
Free Soul." And now
Norma Shearer and Clark
Gable enact their most
powerful love drama!



Her eyes were cynical . . . compelling . . .
she was sick with men, yet they were drawn
to her irresistibly . . .

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



"Give that Bankhead girl a good picture," wail hundreds of her admirers. All say they know that Tallulah has acting ability and glamour, but that films like "Thunder Below" don't do the Alabama girl justice. That's Paul Lukas' profile in this still from the film

"WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD"

For the first time in her life Connie Bennett really acted in "What Price Hollywood." What a performance, say I. She forgot her cultured accent, even forgot her poise, in order to play the rôle of that cheap but good-hearted little picture star. It was a magnificent job.

ROSE COLFAX, St. Paul, Minn.

Where have they been hiding Lowell Sherman? To my notion he is just swell. When I saw the new Bennett film, "What Price Hollywood," Sherman at once became my favorite. We need more actors like him.

HAZEL FISHER, Houston, Texas

I've seen a good many pictures in which Lowell Sherman appeared, but I never had a good word for him. Since seeing him in "What Price Hollywood," he is one of my favorites.

MISS F. LEWIS, Denver, Colo.

CLARK GABLE

Every time I see one of Clark Gable's pictures I am more and more disappointed. The women fell in love with Gable because he was the big he-man. The men liked him because he did things they would like to do but didn't dare. Then why do they make Clark Gable a gentle lover now? Keep him a cave-man.

NORMA LARSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

Anyone who doesn't realize that Clark Gable is wonderful cannot be considered capable of having good judgment. His features are perfect; his smile the nicest in all Hollywood; his acting is superb.

KAY WHALEN, Chicago, Ill.

"REBECCA"

One of the best pictures ever produced is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The story was delightful, but it was improved one hundred per cent by beautiful scenery, life-like characters and splendid sound reproduction. I wish we might have more pictures like this one. Marian Nixon was a vivid *Rebecca*.

R. WHITNEY, Plainfield, N. J.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was the favorite book of my childhood. You would never have recognized the book from the picture. The continuity was terrible. *Rebecca* grew up faster than Jack's proverbial beanstalk. And that unrealistic storm!

But I'm going to see the picture again just for the acting of Louise Closser Hale. There's an actress.

MABEL VAN TASSELL, Newark, Ohio.

I'm all "het up" over Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." What a team! You can have your Gaynor-Farrell and Dressler-Beery teams, but give me Nixon and Bellamy.

MARIE ORE, Wichita Falls, Texas

HE'S A HONEY!

A new and different actor has captured my heart. It is the honey-bear in Frank Buck's "Bring 'Em Back Alive." There was more rebellion in the way he left the camp to seek adventure in the jungle than any modern youth depicted on the screen could understand. He learned his lesson, too, and went scurrying home.

The world is a wonderful place to live in when men like Frank Buck bring back true romance and drama from lands we stay-at-homes cannot visit.

MRS. G. S. PETRIK, Pittsburgh, Penna.

REALISM VERSUS GLAMOUR

I want movie stories about the kind of people I know, who work hard trying to realize decent ambitions. I want to see their struggles, until at last they win or lose. If they lose, I am interested in seeing how they take it. This to me is what life is all about.

But instead the screen lures me away to the South Seas, or the African desert or the underworld—all of which has as much to do with me and mine as the valleys of the moon.

VIRGINIA HEATHMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

I get a great kick out of the fans who beg for "more realistic pictures." I take it that they mean a picture isn't true to life unless it reflects the wickedness of humanity. But aren't there people who live perfectly frivolous lives? After all, it's the unusual in which we are interested.

SAMELA PARKHURST, Seattle, Wash.

What is it that makes the outstanding stars fascinating? It isn't only beauty. That abounds behind department store counters. Charm? Have you ever seen the girls on a college campus? It is the odd, the unusual that attracts.

Does Garbo look like the girl behind the counter? Is Dietrich like the pretty telephone girl? Mere natural prettiness is what makes the Mary Brians and Dorothy Jordans colorless after a few pictures. They have no unusual features, no exciting glamour to refresh our weary eyes. May the unusual and glamorous stars continue to make the movies the glorious escape they are, for those of us who live in a less colorful world.

D. P. MITCHELL, Vancouver, B. C.

Why do all the stars go in for glamour? The youth of America has been fed on the bottle of sophistication—Hicktown or Hollywood, it's all the same. I'm for the stars, but I do not like affectation and neither does anyone else, for no star can do earnest work when hampered by it.

MRS. YALE R. BUTLER, Franklin, Ind.

ATTA BOY, BILL!

I just arrived from Liverpool, England. Until then I had considered my years entitled me to sit in a comfortable arm chair while my family tucked pillows behind my back. But, by Jove, what do my little Yankee grandchildren do but grab me by the arm, bustle me off to the talkies and call me Bill!

On the way home I had to buy a copy of PHOTOPLAY so I could find out for myself about these screen stars the youngsters speak of as old friends.

As I read that book I felt as if I had entered an enchanted world where everyone was beautiful and happy. It has put life in the old boy.

When I go back home, instead of spending my last days in my old arm chair, I'll be sitting in a movie theater, thanks to a couple of little Yankees and PHOTOPLAY.

WILLIAM SLIM, Palmyra, N. J.

OH, DRY THOSE TEARS

Why, oh why, must producers give us close-ups of our stars weeping? Such scenes look silly and sound worse. It is much better to let them cry at long distance. Movie makers should remember that the American people have some imagination.

ROBERT KEATING, Indianapolis, Ind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



This man is responsible for one of the rave pictures. "Bring 'Em Back Alive," Frank Buck's jungle exploits with wild animals is the sort of entertainment that film fans want, they tell us. This baby tiger cub was in the picture, but the honey-bear stole the show from 'em all

BACK STREET

Fannie Hurst's
POWERFUL HUMAN
STORY IMMORTALIZED
ON THE SCREEN

Waiting—always waiting
—in the shadows of the
back streets . . . longing
for the man she loves . . .
asking nothing, receiv-
ing nothing—yet content
to sacrifice all for him.

WHY?

IRENE DUNNE
LEADING WOMAN OF
"CIMARRON"

with

JOHN BOLES
LEADING MAN OF "SEED"

Directed by **JOHN STAHL**

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]



Wow! What a storm of comment "Red-Headed Woman" brought forth! Some thought the picture was too frank, others said it was great stuff, but everybody agreed that Jean Harlow, red hair and all, gave the performance of her life. Folks were surprised that Chester Morris could play a straightforward business man without a single leer

TRUE PERSONALITIES

I have great respect and admiration for the stars who have adapted or changed their personalities to suit the blasé and sophisticated rôles that seem to be demanded at present, thus being able to keep in the swim amidst the keen competition of the younger players. However, I always will have a warm spot in my heart for the stars who, despite the trend toward sophistication, have had the courage to retain their true personalities. I refer to such players as Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Harold Lloyd, Jean Hersholt, Marian Nixon, Charles Chaplin, Tom Mix and ZaSu Pitts.

IDA RAECH, New Glarus, Wis.

JOAN CRAWFORD

I think Joan Crawford is a wonderful actress and never miss one of her pictures, but after reading "The Girl With the Haunted Face" in the July PHOTOPLAY, I can't help wondering what it takes to make a movie star happy. Joan makes more money per week than most people make in a year. She has come up from obscurity to one of the top places in the picture industry. But she is still searching. She is taking herself much too seriously.

MRS. W. B. EDMAN, Stratford, Calif.

Joan Crawford should stop thinking so much of Joan Crawford and take more of the "be yourself" medicine prescribed by Lupe Velez. Lupe has not a fourth of Joan's acting ability, but she is liked by almost everybody for her naturalness.

I am in hopes something can be done about Joan's unhappy mental attitude.

MRS. MARION MCCLAIN, Chicago, Ill.

Joan Crawford has shown me that where there's a will, there's a way. She is my inspiration.

NOLA CHAMPION, Wichita, Kan.

We never attend a Joan Crawford picture, although we admire her ability, because we do not care to place before the children the idea that the only way society people can amuse themselves is by drinking and smoking. Janet Gaynor gives them much lovelier surroundings.

VIVIAN FARLEY, Valley Ford, Calif.

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER, JANET

What's this I hear about our darling Janet Gaynor wanting to go sophisticated? It can't be true. If she only knew how much we appreciate and enjoy her adorable, unaffected acting and the simple but sweet happy-ending pictures she plays in, perhaps she would change her mind. We do get so tired of this heavy acting and tragedy stuff. We want our Janet just as she is.

BETTY EDWARDS, San Francisco, Calif.

HOW YOU "GONNA" FIND 'EM?

Jackie Cooper and his pals may be all very well as a type, but why can't we also have on the screen some clever, well-bred boys and girls with cultivated voices and pleasant refined manners? Instead, our ears are pierced with strident tones and ungrammatical crudities of speech such as "gotta" and "gonna" and our eyes disgusted with unkempt locks and a slovenly, unmannerly appearance generally.

A certain class of Americans seem to think that one must be as crude and ungrammatical as Will Rogers to be considered a typical American. Heaven help them! If they only knew what people outside of the U. S. A. think of such specimens.

There is, I am thankful to say, a large class of Americans of another type who would be more glad to hear cultivated children in bright, cultured plays. All children are not brought

up on rubbish heaps. Will film producers please take notice!

K. DOUGLAS, Theresa, N. Y.

"WESTWARD PASSAGE"

The worst picture I have seen this year is "Westward Passage." What a shock to see our Ann Harding taking the part of a flighty, irresponsible blonde—our Ann who is all beauty, charm and dignity. Any more pictures like that and Ann Harding won't be a headliner.

GERTRUDE BLASCH, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Westward Passage" with Ann Harding was a bitter disappointment. Margaret Ayer Barnes' story is absolutely perfect in its original form for talkie fare, having a logical ending that is a knock-out for suspense and originality. But the movie-makers must butcher it, making it silly and unbelievable.

Neither was I satisfied with Ann Harding in the rôle of the modern, sophisticated *Olivia*. Never once in the picture did she look smart or up-to-date.

DOROTHY EDMONDSON, East Mauch Chunk, Penna.

HOW ABOUT IT, SYLVIA?

I understand that Clara Bow's successful comeback depends upon whether she can reduce sufficiently or not. Why must she, like so many actresses, have to possess that very slim Crawford figure? Personally I would enjoy seeing a plump, snappy, healthy looking little actress once again on the screen. I am sure that a plump Clara Bow would be a very pleasant contrast to those thin, snaky women now so plentiful in the movies.

ELEANOR DAHL, Columbia Lake, Conn.



"What Price Hollywood" gave the fans something to write to PHOTOPLAY about. People who had never liked Connie Bennett's work before threw their hats into the air and cheered when this picture came to town. And as for Lowell Sherman—well, he was a real sensation

\$6000 REWARD FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

YOU can be the
detective in this
astounding crime
thriller!...

Tune in on this absorbing
drama, to be broadcast over
the nation-wide NBC RED
NETWORK in six thrilling
weekly episodes beginning
Friday, August 26th at 10:30
P. M. Eastern Daylight Sav-
ing time... ALL BUT THE
FINAL CHAPTER will be given
on the air.



WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING and win one of the 100 cash prizes!

"THE PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD"

This is not a guessing contest. Your solution should be original. Prize winning answers will not necessarily be anything like the ending which has already been written for the motion picture by Bartlett Cormack, author...

RKO-Radio Picture featuring

RICARDO CORTEZ
KAREN MORLEY
ANITA LOUISE
ERIC LINDEN

HEAR IT ON THE AIR!
SEE IT ON THE SCREEN!

CONTEST JUDGES

O. O. McIntyre, Albert Payson Ter-
hune, Montague Glass, Peter B. Kyne,
James Quirk, Julia Peterkin



**GET INTO THE DETEC-
TIVE GAME!...IT'S FUN!**

*Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing
contest rules, prize list and complete list
of stations broadcasting this story from
your local theatre, or from any office
of the RKO Distributing Corporation.*

MOTHERS MUST BE good sports



Help keep youthful energy with these "better bran flakes"

MANY a time, today, you'll see a mother teaching her daughter the first strokes of golf, tennis, and swimming.

Modern women stay active. That's why they retain their youth and charm. And they've learned an important lesson — to eat wisely and healthfully.

Whole wheat is the natural food for active people. Nature has made it a storehouse of iron and other minerals, of vitamins and proteins. All the food value of whole wheat is waiting for you in Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. *Plus* a wonderful flavor. And healthful regulating bran.

Have them often — for breakfast, luncheon, a bedtime snack. Let the whole family enjoy their matchless taste.

Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold at all grocers in the red-and-green package. *Quality guaranteed.*



FOR CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's SINGING LADY every afternoon, except Saturdays and Sundays, over stations affiliated with the N. B. C. from Coast to

Coast. 5.30 Eastern Daylight Time, 6.00 o'clock Central Daylight Time, 5.30 Pacific Coast Time. Songs and stories children love.

Chafing Dish Recipes

Genevieve Stirs Up Some Tasty Morsels

Genevieve Tobin believes that the chafing dish is a great boon to entertaining. You can indulge your own particular flair for mixing up interesting concoctions, and dishes are kept hot so that none of the flavor is lost at second helpings. There are always second helpings at the Tobin home! Try these new ideas and see



If you have ever dined at a Japanese restaurant, you probably have yearned to stir around with a spoon in some of those savory dishes that cook right there in front of you. Genevieve Tobin contends that half the fun of chafing dish recipes is the fact that you can put a spoon in the proceedings whenever you like it. When she was on the stage, she liked to eat late at night—thus her chafing dish habit.

Genevieve is generous about her pet recipes. Several old Tobin favorites, therefore, are about to be given to you for personal experimentation.

There's *Savory Lobster*—a dish tempting beyond description. You do not need to have fresh lobster at hand to make this. Merely take the lobster meat from two small cans. Heat your chafing dish and melt three tablespoons of butter in it. When melted, add the lobster and sauté for several minutes. Add salt and pepper, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoon of dry mustard and a small cup of Sherry flavoring. Let this whole concoction simmer in the dish until the juices are just sufficient to cover the pan.

This dish is then served on pieces of toast. Genevieve declares that it seems like a very complicated dish to guests, but actually it requires little fuss.

Spaghetti Creole is another rich but delicious chafing dish recipe from the Tobin cook book. It requires a little preparation beforehand in the kitchen, but the last steps can be dramatically done in a chafing dish. The spaghetti is cooked thoroughly in the kitchen and brought onto the table in a deep covered dish to keep it warm. Then a Creole sauce, also started in the kitchen, is placed close at hand. The spaghetti is placed in the heated chafing dish, butter having already been melted therein. When this is thoroughly heated, the sauce is poured over it and the whole is allowed to simmer for several minutes.

SAUCE CREOLE

2 tablespoons of butter	2 cups canned tomatoes
$\frac{1}{2}$ green chopped pepper	4 tablespoons chopped cooked ham
2 tablespoons chopped onion	Chopped parsley
1 tablespoon flour	Salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery	Pepper

Cook the onion in the butter and then sprinkle flour over it. Quickly stir in the tomatoes, pepper and celery. Let this simmer for about twenty minutes. Then add the ham, parsley and seasoning. Keep this hot until you pour it over the spaghetti in the chafing dish.

Have you ever tasted tomato rarebit? It is a marvelous mixture done in the best Tobin manner.

TOMATO RAREBIT

2 tablespoons butter	2 tablespoons flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ small onion chopped	1 pint canned tomatoes
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery	$\frac{1}{2}$ pound cheese
1 teaspoon salt	2 eggs
$\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper chopped	Tabasco sauce

To the butter melted in the chafing dish, add the celery, green pepper and onion. Cook for five minutes, stirring frequently. Sprinkle the flour over the cooked vegetables, then pour on the tomatoes. Add the cheese, sliced in thin pieces, also the salt. Cook this until it thickens, then add the eggs, well beaten. A few dashes of the Tabasco sauce finishes this off. Serve on crackers or toast as you prefer.

Have you ever tried adding three-quarters of a cup of near-beer to your Welsh rarebit? It's an old-fashioned recipe and it's grand, even with our less powerful modern beers!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

"WAKE UP REALSILK

and hear what's happening in Hollywood," SAYS

Adela Rogers St. Johns

REALSILK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
I AM WRITER NOT ADVERTISER BUT THINK
YOU ARE MISSING BIG BET STOP MORE
FAMOUS LEGS IN HOLLYWOOD THAN ANY-
WHERE ELSE STOP KNOW FROM PERSONAL
EXPERIENCE REALSILK IS FAVORED BRAND
STOP WHY DON'T YOU WAKE UP AND TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THIS STORY
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
REALSILK SUCCESS NOT BASED ON
MISSING BETS TELL US MORE ABOUT
IDEA WILL PAY AT REGULAR RATES
REALSILK

* * *

Adela Rogers St. Johns was right and we
are printing some of the interesting points
of her letter to form this advertisement.



"There are many women in Hollywood," she writes, "who invest thousands a year in their wardrobes as part of their business. They want the best at any price. Realsilk stockings are brought to them right in their homes and studios.

"One of the best dressed actresses on the screen buys most everything she wears in Paris, except her stockings. She told me she sees no reason to go to Paris for her hosiery when Realsilk brings such exquisite stockings right to her.

"There are many other girls who must look well, but haven't a lot of money to spend on it. I find most of them wear Realsilk stockings, too.

"A certain very temperamental star was always flying into tantrums about runs in her stockings. When she complained to me one day I told her the way to cure those runs was to try the fresh silk kind—the ones that haven't lain around shelves getting older and older and weaker and weaker. That's why she switched to Fresh Realsilk.

"One day I called at the beautiful home of one of our favorite actresses to interview her for a screen magazine. What do you think I found her doing? Washing stockings in the bathroom and hanging them up on the shower rod, even as you and I!

"One actress when she first entered the movies, absolutely refused to wear stockings. The directors insisted and she got her hosiery baptism with Realsilk.

Stars of Hollywood! Who knows more about them than Adela Rogers St. Johns? In books, magazines and newspapers she has reported Hollywood People and Hollywood Happenings since the movies were young. She is also a prominent fiction writer, scenarist, and the mother of three children! Her most recent film story is RKO's "What Price Hollywood," starring Constance Bennett.

"Another famous star making a triumphant personal appearance tour found she was running low on stockings and ordered them from Realsilk to be delivered in another city 1000 miles away. They were waiting for her when she arrived.

"Getting down to my own case, I seemed to be haunted by hosiery bad luck until a couple of years ago, when an exuberant young man came bursting into my office. I didn't believe a word he said. What difference did it make if the stockings were fresh because they were 'direct from the mills.' As for the idea that they would actually wear—that they'd keep their shape and a straight seam up the back—I simply pooh-poohed the suggestion.

"Because I was desperate about stockings—because I know you can't climb the ladder of success with runs in your hosiery—because it was a timesaver not to have to go down-town—because he showed me many orders of motion picture friends of mine who had both good taste and sound business sense—I ordered some.

"Everything that salesman told me was true. I like fresh silk stockings and I like those seven Realsilk features. Realsilk put elegance and comfort on my feet and took a load off my mind.

They make the going a lot smoother—which is mighty important in our busy lives out here."

Of course we've been asleep

It took Adela Rogers St. Johns to open our eyes to our own stockings!

But we sense a great advertising campaign in the bits of gossip she's given us. So we're going to tell you of the adventures of Realsilk's Fresh Silk stockings in Hollywood.

Fresh Silk stockings are made possible only because Realsilk, by sending hosiery direct-from-the-mills, saves so much time over the ordinary method. And Fresh Silk is only one of Realsilk's seven exclusive features of extra beauty and extra wear.

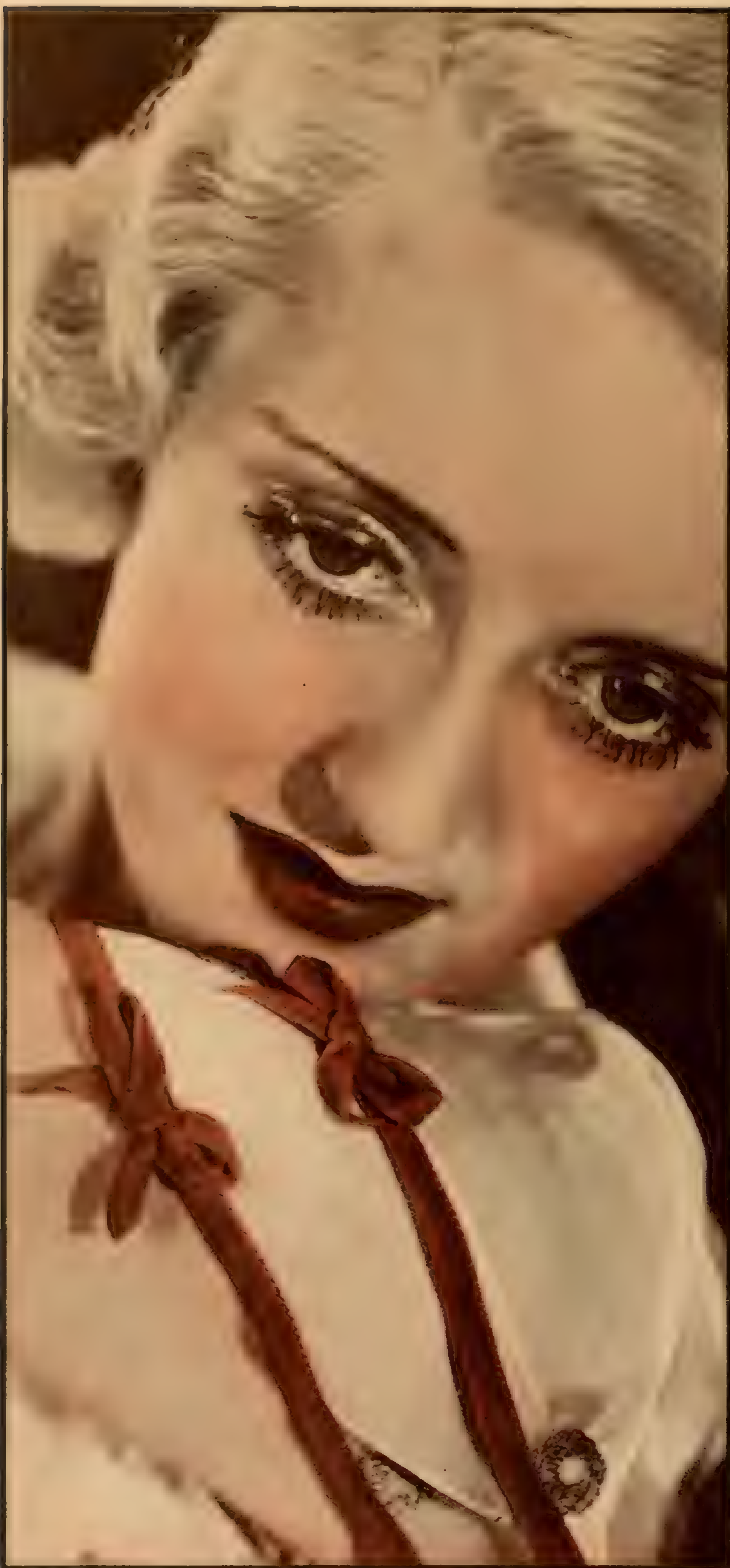
REALSILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
World's largest manufacturer of silk hosiery.
Branches in 200 cities—look in your 'phone book.

The *fresh* Silk Stockings
REALSILK
with 7 Exclusive Features



Apeda

"YOU must have glamour to be a big star," a producer said recently. Oh, yeah? Well, look at Helen Hayes, a simple, natural, charming little actress who, even without great beauty, became one of the outstanding screen sensations. She has just plucked a prize film plum—the rôle of the nurse in "Farewell to Arms." Gary Cooper plays the soldier



Irving Lippman



Elmer Fryer

WHEN Bette Davis first came to Hollywood, they looked at her demure, pale face and said, "Uh-huh, she'll be okay for colorless supporting rôles, but that's all." Now, the same lads who said that are lying awake nights wondering why they didn't see all that sophistication she let loose in "The Rich Are Always With Us." And our Answer Man has just rushed in to announce that Bette had drawn more letters asking about her than any other three stars this month

PRESENTING Hollywood's chief topic of conversation—big George Brent! And the question was, "If he's supposed to be in love with Ruth Chatterton, why has he been casting those tender glances at Loretta Young?" Here's the lowdown. George and Loretta were rehearsing for a vaudeville skit. But Ruth is still his first lady and we're taking small bets—just as small as possible—that when her divorce from Ralph Forbes is an actuality, it's wedding bells for her and George



Hurrell

YES, sir, we had to look twice to make sure—but it's really Colleen Moore. Didn't we tell you that the pert little minx had pushed back her straight bangs, beaded her eyelashes and gone glamorous? Not so long ago Colleen felt that films didn't want her. Now she is sitting pretty—as this picture testifies—with an M-G-M contract



Elmer Fryer

LISTEN to the sad story of Kay Francis. With grips packed and passage booked on an ocean liner, she and her director-husband, Kenneth MacKenna, were Europe bound when—just like a movie—came a wire from Hollywood. “Return at once. You’re scheduled for three pictures.” But Kay thinks that it’s good to be wanted, anyhow

A girl must seek safety

AS WELL AS THRILLS

The news is on every smart girl's lips . . . proclaimed in vivid loveliness . . . "Coty has a *grand* new Lipstick—and it's only 55c!"

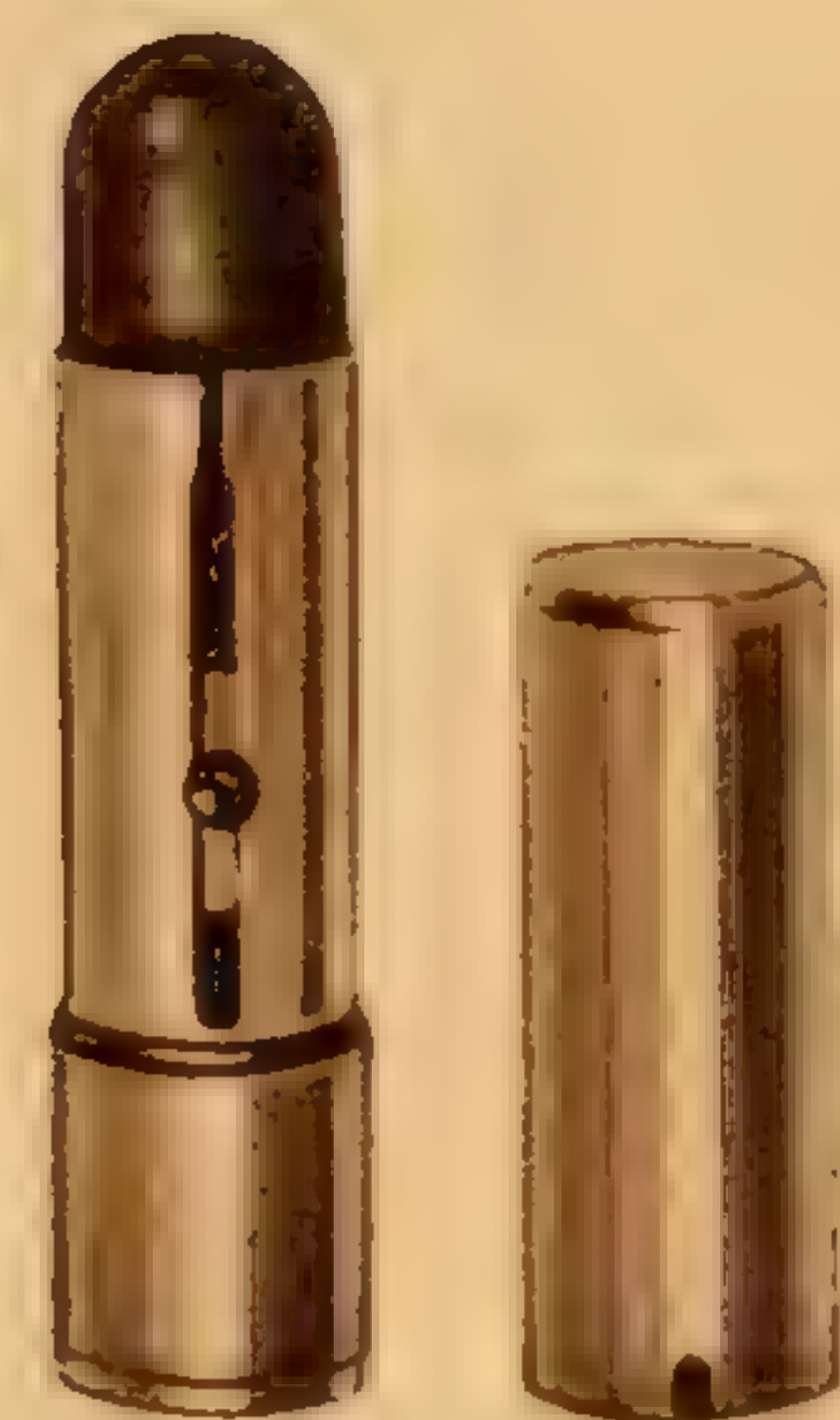
There's thrill after thrill in this new Coty Lipstick: safe indelibility—a thrill in itself—, greater permanence, smoother consistency and silken texture, and its extraordinary price. Here at last, you will discover, is the wonder-Lipstick!

Wait till you see the thrilling colors! But no — *don't* wait! Dash out and see them now! They're so gay—so *adaptable*—so *fascinating* . . . you'll want all five! Extra Light · Bright · Light · Medium · Dark

The greatest thrill of all comes when you see what this Coty Lipstick does for you . . . how its magic color makes your mouth a warm curve of irresistible loveliness! Your fate is in your own hands—when one hand holds the new Coty Lipstick!

. . . .

You'll adore the case. Coty designed it in Paris . . . A gilt cylinder with button-slide of black enamel. Be one of the first to carry this chic aid to lovelier lips!



NEW! SMART, INDELIBLE LIPSTICK FIFTY-FIVE CENTS!

Entertain the Modern Way



**Send for this
book today!**

*Written by a
famous authority*

Contains 128 pages, beautifully illustrated. It tells you how to:

- Issue invitations, formal and informal.
- Set your table correctly for all occasions.
- Give birthday parties, luncheons, receptions, and so forth.
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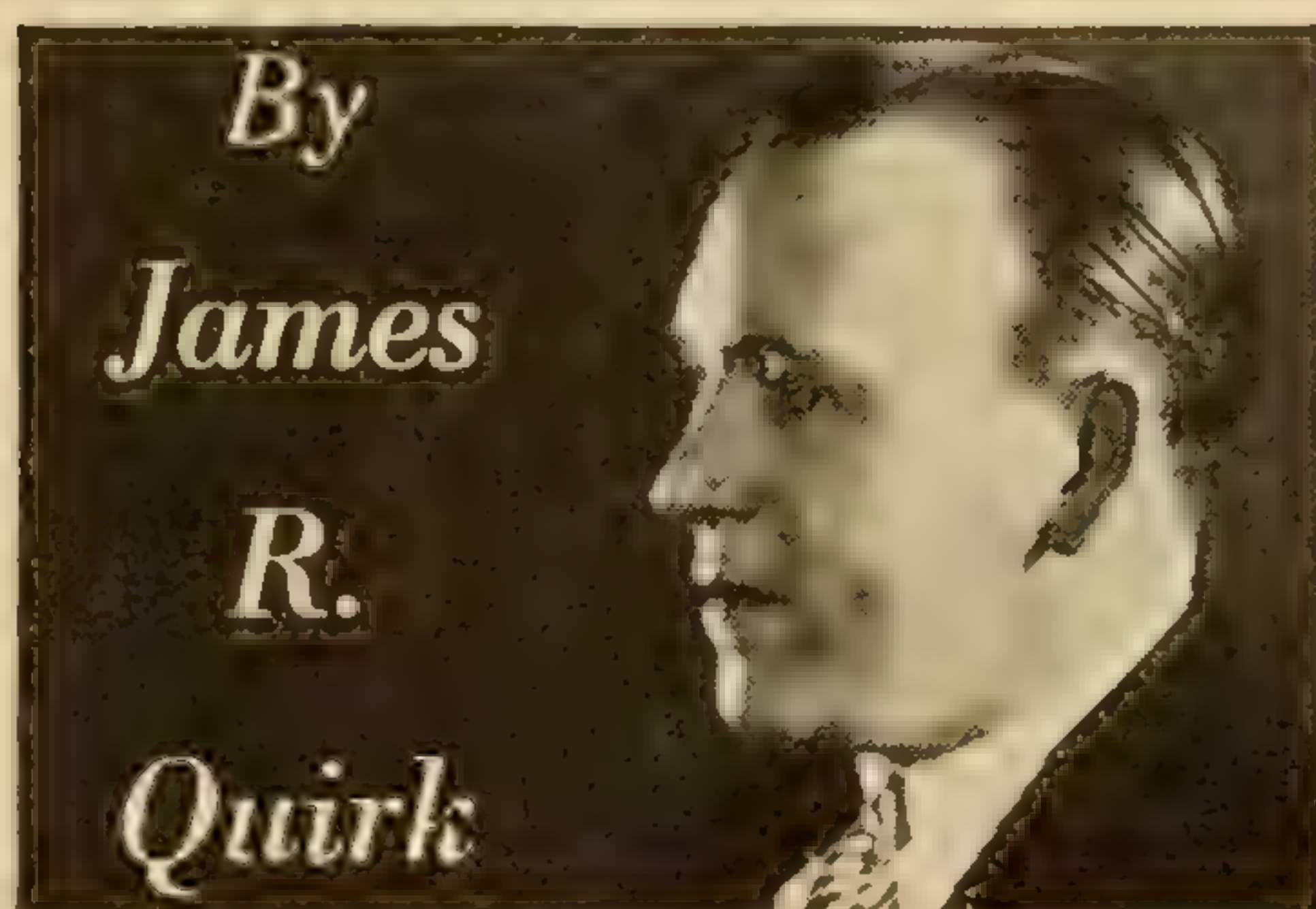
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• U S E T H I S C O U P O N •

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots



A TYPICAL day of the editor in Hollywood . . . Read mail and proofs from New York office . . . Reject nine out of ten stories submitted by free lance writers . . . Story conference with members of Hollywood staff . . . Man comes into office with scheme to increase circulation to ten million copies a month . . . not in . . . Put off answer to Eastern writer on offers to give first aid treatment to motion picture business if I will introduce him to Will Hays . . . Lunch with Rupert (Grand Guy) Hughes and Al Cohn at Rupert's club and listen to many rare quips about movie business . . . Gab with youthful David Selznick, Radio production chief, who is racing around lot in his shirt sleeves . . . Help Corey Ford, who is right off the train from New York, find his typewriter which has been stolen from his office during the lunch hour . . . Jim Creelman, writing son of a famous journalist, knocking out a story in the adjoining cell . . . even assistant directors have better offices than writers in Hollywood . . . H. M. Swanson, former editor of *College Humor*, hard at work and wondering what it is all about.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS rushing across the lot to confer with production chief . . . her bright eyes reveal that she has an idea in tow . . . Ricardo Cortez resting between scenes of "Thirteen Men" . . . With May Allison, the blonde with whom I hold hands in picture shows, to dinner with beautiful Jeanette MacDonald and her business manager, Bob Ritchie . . . Fifty miles an hour from Beverly Hills to see Rene Claire's new French picture . . . find Harry Cohn and Walter Wanger, officials of the Columbia Company, studying the picture . . . To the Brown Derby for milk and crackers . . . and there is Ivan Lebedeff clicking his heels and kissing the ladies' hands . . . the monocle and the cane are there as usual . . . Home as the clock strikes one and into the hay . . . Chief subjects of conversation during the day—pictures, depression, pictures, prohibition, depression, pictures, depression, pictures. Nothing to do till tomorrow.

OVERHEARD at the Paramount Studio: "What are these assistant producers?" "Oh, they are mice studying to be rats."

I HAVE just seen "Scarface" for the second time—the gangster film to end all gangster films and I've been walking out in the middle of the street ever since. I'm afraid this guy Paul Muni might be lurking in the shadows.

What's more, I've been going around mumbling to anybody who'd listen to me, "What's to be done about it? Are we, the American public, going to stand by and witness scenes like this enacted before our very eyes?"

"Scarface" made me go civic with a bang—the bang of a machine gun.

FOR producer Howard Hughes, director Lewis Milestone and actor Paul Muni have done something that has never been done in any other gangster film. They have, I believe, ensnared the elusive and gory spirit of the monster.

Paul Muni gets into the mind of the gangster. He sees him—not as a glamorous, shrewd, exciting personality—but as a half-mad killer, a man set apart from other men.

He sees him also as the criminal moron he is. And, again, he makes him a coward—which most pictures have neglected to do.

He dies yellow.

The rigid code of the underworld, which has been glorified and romanticized by other pictures, falls apart in this one. There is, here, no code but the code of brutality.

I do not know whether or not Paul Muni has a wide acquaintance in gangster circles, but I'd be willing to bet all my winnings at backgammon that he has done some very clever inside research and that the character of *Tony* is as true as Lily Pons' high C.

There's a picture that won't undermine the youth of the country. This is the truth—and truth never hurt anybody.

A MAJOR studio has gone in for salary slashing in a big way. Or maybe you'd call it a small way. There is no record of any executive getting less on his four figured salary each week, but the boys in the mail rooms have been slashed from their eighteen dollars weekly to thirteen dollars weekly. And some with mothers to support. The stenographers wear a brave little smile that doesn't fool anybody—what with white scared faces and red eyes.

From twenty-five dollars a week to eighteen dollars is quite a cut. And from their windows they can lift weary eyes from their typing and watch thousands of dollars wasted each and every day. Even the actors are incensed about it, but nobody seems to be able to do anything about it. It's the way of the movies. Always has been, and probably always will be. Or maybe it's the way of the New York bankers in Hollywood.

THE statisticians, after sharpening their pencils and calling on the office boys to carry in a good load of nice, white paper, have been doing a lot of figuring.

Cuts in the costs of operating the picture industry are estimated to run to eighteen million dollars a year. This covers all departments, and the branches abroad, too. And in response to the cry of some financial backers, "Economize till it hurts" (somebody else), salaries of players have also been knocked down.

But some salaries, like a good man, won't stay down long. In many instances they are said to have bounced right back again, because you can't make a man radiate histrionic enthusiasm by curtailing his pay check.

That's just plain human nature, with no blame attached.

THIS holds, of course, only for those players who bring in the customers. There's another side to the situation.

The most pathetic sight in Hollywood are the former well known players who are forced, by reason of hard times and waning popularity, to play bits and atmosphere. The other day one of them turned gratefully to the director and thanked him for letting him stand with his back close to the camera.

AGAIN, we repeat that making pictures is not all a bed of gold coins. Take Barbara Stanwyck and that burning wheat field in "The Purchase Price."

They had her covered with sunburn lotion and they had men, hidden from the eye of the camera, keeping the flames down with wet blankets. But still she got burned. Arms and legs.

But she kept right on running. And she made the scene several times. Finished the day. It would have cost many thousands of extra dollars had she stopped.

But she spent the next three days in bed—covered with baking-soda.

"DON'T get a divorce until you see 'The Wet Parade.'"

"Don't get married until you see 'The Wet Parade.'"

These are just two advertisements quoted directly from sign-boards in Los Angeles while "The Wet Parade" is running at a Hollywood theater.

And they are moaning about the poor business the picture is doing.

Ho, hum, "The Wet Parade" has nothing to do with divorce or marriage. It is an exciting story wrapped around the drink problem.

Might we modestly suggest that honesty in advertising might help that picture a little?

"Do you believe in prohibition or don't you?" is a review in one line. Perhaps the public likes to know what they are seeing. Maybe not.

CLEVER little people, those English! *Variety* says that the London censors have figured out a way to revise the title of the Fredric March-Sylvia Sidney picture, "Merrily We Go to Hell," which is strictly forbidden as it stands. "Merrily We Go to ——" is the suggested substitution.

IN Wales a visitor found that miners out of work and dependent upon the dole were patronizing the "cinemas" whenever they could, and at an admittance price of a shilling. That's about twenty cents a head.

Sounds like a lot of money for men who are drawing but four to five dollars a week and supporting families, too. But that fact shows how vital this recreation is to them.

They used to say that Henry Ford's low-priced car had probably shunted revolution away from this restless world. If not that it did replace unhealthy introspection with contentment and happiness.

Similarly, the cinemas are stabilizing British minds in the trying economic period they are going through.

UP pops a new business in the film colony. As we told you a few months ago in *PHOTOPLAY*, Hollywood children who have famous actor fathers or mothers are zealously guarded at all times.

Now ex-Federal investigators propose a system that will aid in recovering the child if by some unforeseen chance a kidnapper should slip through the intricate protective net and make a get away.

Parents are asked to have the finger prints of their children registered, together with other identifying data. Then in case of a kidnapping, police everywhere will be able to check back if they arrest a suspect with a child that resembles the description that has been broadcast.

It seems to be a good idea, but let's hope, for the peace of mind of parents, that its efficacy will never have to be put to the test.

Doug and His South Sea Penthouse

This breath-taking charmer is known to you as Maria Alba. To Doug she is simply *Saturday*, because she comes after Friday—you know, his man *Friday*. If there were many other natives like her, we'd all go native



Don't be confused by all the men you see in this view of Doug's penthouse in the South Seas. Actually, they are technicians engaged in filming "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." Doug, in the picture, is a lone white man on an island paradise, who contracts to prove that modern civilization can be made to work in the wilderness. He builds a penthouse and equips it with every known device for comfort and convenience. The funny part is that all the gadgets he makes from weird materials really work



Here is our modern Robinson Crusoe and *Saturday* finding entertainment from the world Doug left behind. That radio is built from odds and ends. The horn is a conch shell; the dials halved coconuts. The mechanism was procured from trappings once worn by his cannibalistic *Man Friday*. When Doug first discovered *Friday*, he thought him a good Friday. When he learned the fellow was a cannibal, Doug decided he was probably Friday the thirteenth. There was little doubt from the stuff he wore, but what at some time or another he had eaten a radio man. Doug could only hope he was an announcer



"I just can't find the time to do it, Adela, darling. I've got so much to do now. I never get a chance to sit down from morning till night. Now go away, Adela. I'm too busy to talk"



Marie Dressler's

A WOMAN past sixty years old is the most beloved figure before the world today.

Why?

Beauty is not hers, and perhaps never was, as the world judges beauty.

Youth has gone from her, if you look upon youth as a thing of the flesh.

Yet this woman holds hearts, stirs audiences, thrills millions as no gorgeous beauty of the screen has ever done.

We grant you that she is a great artist. But there have been other great artists from time to time. They have been applauded but never loved as this woman is loved.

What is the reason that men and women and children everywhere feel a deep warmth, a tear and a chuckle, a hot loyalty, at the sight of Marie Dressler's face and the sound of her name?

It is very simple.

Through that art of hers, through the age which she carries so proudly, through the rugged face, shines a great soul. And as the surface of a lake mirrors the glory of the sun, we mirror back to her the love that she has for humanity.

Next month it is my privilege to tell you the life philosophy of the woman who at sixty reached her greatest heights and achieved a fame unsurpassed in all motion picture history. To tell you what she thinks. To look into that mellow, tender heart and that shrewd, dynamic brain and find what sixty years of living have meant.

When I first went to Marie Dressler and asked her to do this story, the story of her life philosophy, she said "no." And

The first of a remarkable series of articles about the most beloved personality in a world full of troubles

she said it in no mean fashion. She glared at me. She started talking to herself, which is a habit she has.

"Got so much to do now I never get to sit down from morning till night," she muttered. "Think I didn't have anything to do. Philosophy! Go away. I'm too busy."

She didn't mention the fact—she never mentions it—that she has been desperately ill. Oh, she's better. She's really almost well again. But she gave us a few very anxious hours not long ago, when we wondered if we should ever see that smile and hear that chuckle on the screen again.

WELL, I decided not to go away. I don't think I'm particularly eloquent and persuasive or anything like that. But I knew I had Marie on the spot.

Casually, I mentioned the depression. Marie squirmed.

It was not so very long ago that her close friend and secretary, Claire duBrey, found Marie sitting at her desk, weeping bitterly. It was the first time Claire had ever seen that fine head bowed and she rushed to her. Upon the desk were letters by the thousands. Before Marie was an open check-book. "I can't do it," she said. "They want so much. So many of them—and it's breaking my heart."

That was quite true. Marie, like an idiot, was taking upon herself the burden of all her thousands of fan letters. Every mother that wrote her a plea for her kids, every little girl with a broken romance, every family that needed help. And Marie received thousands of fan letters every day.



"I'm an old fool, Adela. I haven't the time, but I'll do it. I'll help you write my story if you think it will help others. I don't know much about philosophy, honey, but I do know life"

Own Story

As Told By
Adela Rogers
St. Johns

At last she had to give it up. It was one of the causes of her breakdown. No one in the world could have met the demand, spiritually or financially. And to Marie it was a constantly increasing agony.

I mentioned, too, the thing I have seen so much of late—the hurt and confusion and bewilderment of young people going through their first hard times. And I told her how on every hand I saw men and women who had lost their moorings and loosened their grasp on hope. How, having sailed so easily and gaily the high seas of prosperity with a philosophy, often without a God, they had no pilot to steer them, no course to follow, through the heavy seas of these latter days.

I told her of the pitiful lack of courage I had seen and the bitterness and rebellion that burned in many hearts.

"YOU can help them," I said. "You've lived a full and wonderful life. You've been up—and you've been down. You've had everything and you've had nothing. You have conquered age, broken down tradition. You have lived and loved and suffered. You have found happiness. You ought to tell other people how you have done these things. They love you and they will listen."

She sat for a long time, looking out over her garden. Her face was grave. There was grandeur in it.

I thought—gee, she's a swell person. There are not many like her. She makes you feel good. Troubles don't look very big. Get your confidence back, while you're talking to her. Life warms up. It's good to be with her. Her eyes are so bright. Why, she's younger and more beautiful than any woman I know. I love to look at her. That's because beauty is a thing of the spirit. And youth is a thing of the heart, superior to all the stupid ills of the flesh.

I had an uplifted feeling, as though I could run miles.

When she looked up, she was smiling. No one I know can be as gay as Marie.

"I'm an old fool," she said. "I haven't the time—but I'll do it. Why, you've got to be a fighter, honey. Don't folks know that? Everybody gets socked. Why, I've been—all right, all right, I'll do it. If I'd tend to my own business I wouldn't be so tired all the time."

"You love it," I said, "you know perfectly well that you love it. You'd be furious if you found yourself living a placid, sane, easy existence somewhere in the backwater."

The twinkle deepened. She winked at me. And we both howled with laughter.

"I know," she said. Then she hesitated and a look almost of humility came across her face. "Do you think I can really help? I am not a philosopher. I am just—a woman. I'm not a student. I don't know any big words. I haven't any grand phrases. I have never deliberately thought it all out—we must put it down just as it comes."

And do you know, for just a minute, I was blind with tears. I do not see very much of that exquisite virtue—humility—in my daily travels. So she promised. For the first time, to set down with me all that life has meant to her, all that it has taught her, what she has learned in sixty years of life and love and laughter—for she has spent forty-seven years in the cause of laughter. But to gain the uplift, the practical wisdom, the renewed hope, the happiness of that philosophy, you must know the woman who speaks.

What manner of woman is this, who has in her own life achieved that magnificent poetry of Browning's—

*Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was planned.*

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Hollywood's Greatest First Night



"STRANGE INTERLUDE" brought them out in droves. It was undoubtedly Hollywood's greatest first night and our indefatigable photographer, Stagg, caught the real spirit of the event in these pictures. You can easily identify Connie Bennett in the foreground talking with George Fitzmaurice. Then there is Jean Harlow dividing her attention between Paul Bern, her new hubby (left), and Harry Cohn whom she also embraces. Directly behind this group you see Mary Pickford, but the chap reading the paper seems to be pulling a "cover-up" act. Take that paper away from your nose, Jimmy Durante, we know you.

“STRANGE INTERLUDE”



Clark Gable and the Mrs. directly above. It was Mrs. Gable who startled the first nighters by wearing the only woolen gown in a sea of silk, satin and velvet. And last, but most important of all, the star of the picture, Norma Shearer

When the stars turn out, so do the fans. Above is a cross section of the twenty-five thousand people who thronged the streets around the Chinese Theater for blocks. Police were unable to handle the mob. Many were hurt in the crush

Hollywood Is A Woman's

Where white palaces
have replaced beach
shacks, orchid mer-
chants grow rich and
cars have vanity cases



By
Helen
Louise
Walker

ILLUSTRATED BY
VAN ARSDALE

Why, even the garbage in Holly-
wood is faintly redolent of
subtle feminine perfumes

PARIS has always been called "a woman's town." New York has sometimes been thus described. And now one begins to hear mutters from local males—rather bitter mutters, they are, too—that Hollywood is rapidly turning into the same sort of place.

A woman's town, I take it, is a city in which women decide how men shall spend their money and their leisure hours. A place where women are pampered and their whims are laws and men must struggle for their favor; where women rule, as it were, the collective roost. Where life is formal and elaborate and be-ruffled. Where sellers of emeralds and dealers in orchids wax fat and rosy. Where, as one wag put it, even the garbage smells faintly of subtle feminine perfumes.

Do you suppose that any man, left to his own choice, would

put on evening clothes and a top hat, fight his way through milling throngs of onlookers, face spotlights, cameras and microphones—to go to look at a motion picture?

If it weren't for women, would we have premièrés?

I observe that unattached gentlemen, like Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper, frequently see a new picture on the second night of its run, wearing comfortable business suits or even sweaters, without benefit of press-agents or autograph hunters. Bill Powell used to do that, too, before he and Carole Lombard were married.

Do you suppose that any man would choose to have the living room of his house done in white, with just a touch of ashes of roses? Well, three-fourths of the living rooms in Beverly Hills these days look as if there had just been a heavy frost. The

Town



Once in a cobalt moon, a woman-bossed male will break away for a good camping out and no dressing for dinner

Did you think any man would deliberately choose to sit around for a whole evening in a formal evening coat and a white tie, working a jig-saw puzzle? Yet, that's what they do—and like it—at Connie Bennett's parties

rage for white has even invaded the beach houses where it is, to say the least, impractical. Men, as a rule, prefer splashing, definite colors—red and green and orange—and unspottable leather and monk's cloth for upholstery and drapes. Imagine what happens if you sit down just once, in a wet bathing suit, upon a chair cushioned in white and pastel chintz!

Doug Fairbanks took a friend to the attic at Pickfair the other night to show him some etchings and prints of cowboys and bucking horses.

"Why, Doug, these are swell things! They are rare and valuable—why in the world do you keep them up here where you can't see them?"

Doug smiled. "I had them on the wall in my room," he said, and changed the subject.

When Ronald Colman first took a house at Malibu, he was attracted to it because it was remote and almost primitive. No electric lights or gas. All supplies, including ice, milk and oil for fuel, had to be brought from the city by the householders. The only convenience available was running water. The three or four houses there were real beach shacks. Simple, easy to care for, furnished for rather stark comfort. A place where a man could lounge all day in a bathing suit or a sweater and duck

pants. Where he would not be troubled by callers at the cocktail hours. Where the telephone could not ring and where, certainly, no one dressed for dinner!

There were no built-in bars in those first houses, no glass-enclosed terraces where ladies in smart beach togs could play bridge. No white coated butlers. No one ever went swimming in those days in an ermine coat, as did one actress in a prankish mood last summer!

A MAN'S resort, it was. A refuge from parties and formality and evening clothes. Do you suppose that any regular man's man would choose to spend his leisure summer hours in Malibu now—unless some woman urged, "Everyone goes there"?

Ronnie says that Hollywood is becoming more and more a woman's town—for a rather special type of woman.

"Most of the women here make just as much money as the men," he told me. "They don't have to try to get along with men because they are not dependent upon them. They can afford to be arbitrary!"

"It is always a woman who plans a big party—a really formal, smart affair, I mean. Men usually dread those functions. But after we get there, urged or coaxed or dragged by some woman—we have a grand time! I know I do. Yet I should never think of giving a party like that and I never consent to go to one if I can avoid it. It's the way men are!"

"The woman who has a job and who likes out-of-door things—tennis, swimming, riding, golf, has things all her own way here. She receives more attention than she can use. It's no town, however, for the idle, sleep-until-noon, frilly, afternoon tea woman. Hollywood simply hasn't time for her!"

When Gary Cooper gave his house warming the other night, Mary Pickford, the Countess di Frasso and Gary's mother collaborated on the plans for menu, flowers and entertainment. The three presided over his home for the evening. Do you suppose if it hadn't been for those [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



The Garbo Jinx *On Her Leading* Men

By
Ruth Biery

Charles Bickford stands alone! He was the only chap able to remain strong, dominant and natural as Garbo's leading man. In "Anna Christie" his performance equalled hers. Charlie thought Greta a fine workman, but he was not swept off his feet by the Garbo mania

GARBO, the greatest actress of them all, is a deadly menace to her leading men.

While other splendid actresses, like Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich develop those who play opposite them, Garbo overshadows them.

Garbo has proved to be an absolute jinx to eleven of the twelve men who have been her screen lovers in the sixteen single starring pictures she has made since she came to this country.

Look down the list of Garbo's leading men. Recall what has happened!

Ricardo Cortez in "The Torrent." It took Riccy *six years* to come back after those fatal days spent emoting opposite Garbo in her first American production.

Antonio Moreno is still fighting for his return—now, via Mexican pictures.

John Gilbert! He was the greatest star when the Swedish newcomer became his leading lady. Today, she holds that position. He has never stood alone in vivid, individual splendor

since the completion of the three pictures they made together.

Lars Hanson returned to Sweden.

Conrad Nagel was a capable, popular leading man in the days-before-Garbo. But since he completed his second film with her, he has not had a real chance.

Nils Asther, at first a sensation, left the screen. He is just now fighting for a come-back.

Gavin Gordon had a good record on Broadway. He came to Hollywood with one definite hope—to play in a picture with the woman who had appealed to his imagination as no woman had before, on or off screen. Garbo! He realized his ambition in "Romance." He has done nothing of importance since.

Robert Montgomery! The colorful, light-hearted Montgomery of Norma's and Joan's pictures became a colorless shadow of his former self in "Inspiration." Thousands of Montgomery fans wrote letters demanding that he never again be subjected to the Garbo-jinx.

And Clark Gable. You saw him at his worst in "Susan Lenox." Only his splendid work in "A Free Soul" with Norma

They Were Overshadowed by the Garbo Jinx



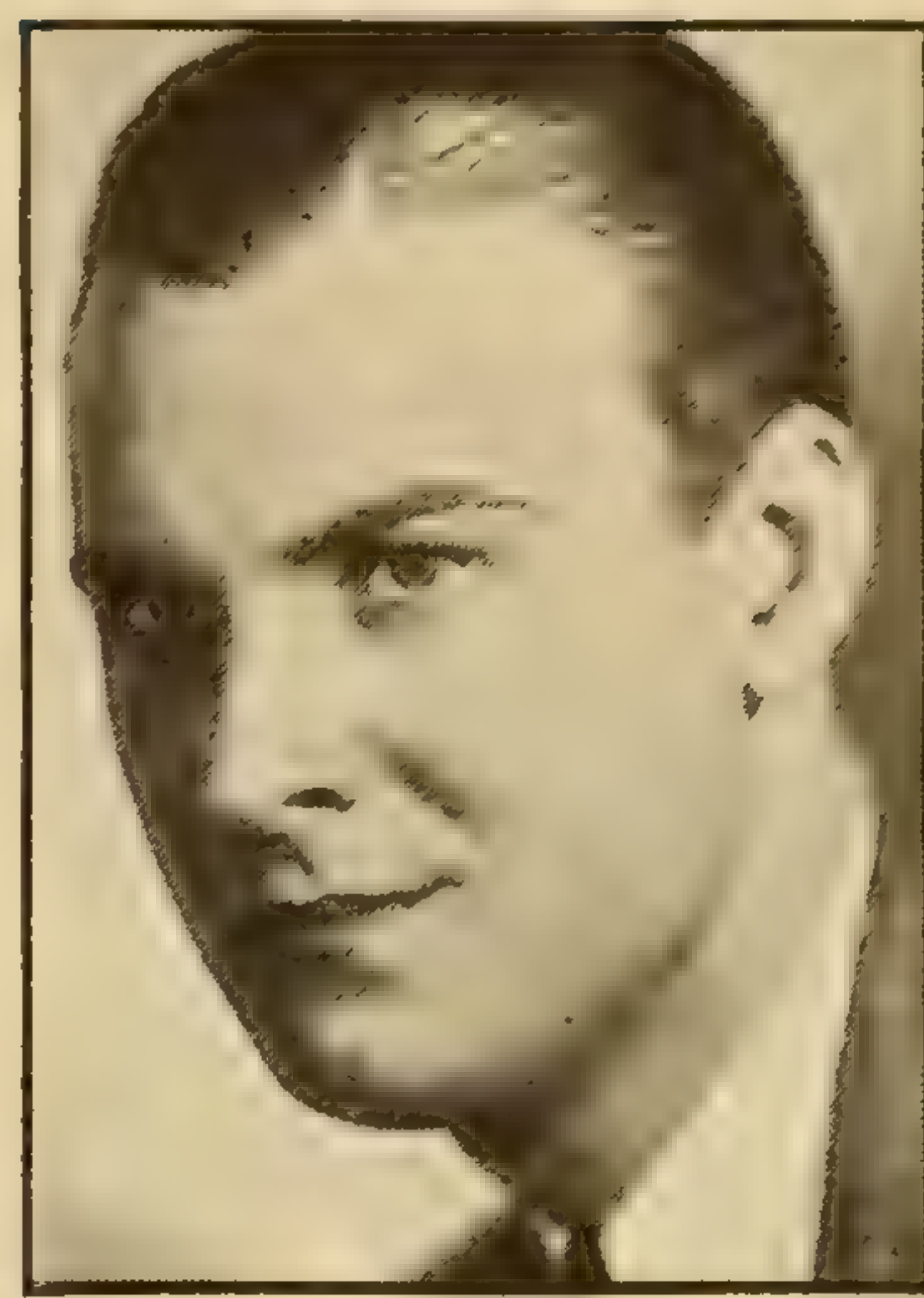
Antonio Moreno played with Garbo in 1926 in "The Temptress." Once an ace leading man, he is now fighting for a comeback



The poised Bob Montgomery became a colorless shadow of his former self when he worked with Garbo in "Inspiration"



Jack Gilbert has never stood forth in individual splendor since that fateful day when he and Garbo started "Flesh and the Devil"



While Gavin Gordon worked with Garbo he could talk of nothing but her. His adoration for her resulted in a bad performance

shearer, and "Possessed" with Joan Crawford, saved him from an ignominious retreat from the screen after his single experience with Garbo.

Ramon Novarro. If Bob Montgomery was a shadow of his former self in "Inspiration," Ramon was merely a ghost in "Mata Hari." Only eleven years of stardom and memories of "Ben Hur," "Scaramouche" and "The Pagan" saved him.

Did you see Melvyn Douglas, a Broadway newcomer, with Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never"? He was alert, lively and emotional. Compare him with the stiff, awkward, lethargic actor opposite Garbo in "As You Desire Me." Melvyn mastered Gloria. Greta mastered him.

YOU notice that we skipped Charles Bickford. He is the exception that proves the rule. In "Anna Christie," he was brilliant and dominant. Charles Bickford kept his personality. But even Charlie has not had a really big screen opportunity since! Of all the curious phenomena surrounding this curious woman, this is the most singular.

It is the most amazing angle of her unparalleled career.

Nothing about Garbo is comparable to the histories of other internationally famous women. She, indeed, stands alone. An anomaly; a phantom woman, who defies description.

But the fact remains that over a period of seven years, through seventeen pictures, she has been consistently the greatest money-maker of the Hollywood stars. There is nothing weird, phantom or unexplainable about those cold, metallic, box-office figures!

She snatched glory; she has held onto it. But as she held it with a grasp which grew stronger and stronger, she weakened the hold which others already had upon it.

Even Lionel Barrymore gave the weakest performance of his illustrious career in "Mata Hari." It is one rôle which both Lionel and his admirers wish to forget!

Is Garbo to blame for this jinx which she has brought to the men who have played with her?

I think not. No single brain could have created, either deliberately or intuitively, the per-

sonality or career of Garbo. She was born an unusual woman; fate has developed her exceptional qualities.

Garbo could not have designed her life as an architect does a building. She could not foretell that, as she was to add to her glory, she would detract from the glory of others. If she could have foreseen—she would have plotted differently. She is, by nature, the kindest of women. The mechanics, electricians, cameramen and prop boys will furnish you with proof of this.

There was the day when fifteen additional minutes of work would have completed her picture. That meant she could remain at home the next day. She needed rest. But if she left at five sharp, as is her invariable habit and her contract right, it would mean another day of much needed work for the laborers. She knew that they depended upon her to close shop at five; that they felt safe in making definite engagements while employed on a Garbo picture. She did not hesitate but smiled that slow, wistful, slightly amused smile which is so typical of her. "I tank I go home. We will finish tomorrow."

When she completed her latest picture at M-G-M, "As You Desire Me," there was a diamond watch for one of them; a gorgeous traveling case for another. No member of that crew of thirty was forgotten. She had chosen each gift herself.

No, the Garbo jinx is not intentional. It is, like the rest of her, something that she, herself, cannot interpret or control.

There are two classes of men who have played opposite her:

1. Those who have fallen in love with the idea of playing with Garbo.
2. Those who have fallen in love with Garbo, the woman.

Some of the second class—those actually in love with Garbo—have fallen into the first class, also. But the first class have never slipped into the second.

Robert Montgomery exemplifies the first class!

No man in Hollywood dressed more informally than Bob. Unless he was in a picture costume, he wandered about the lot in indifferent trousers, sweater, white

Garbo's Leading Men

The Torrent	1925	Ricardo Cortez
The Temptress	1926	Antonio Moreno
Flesh and the Devil	1926	John Gilbert
Love	1927	John Gilbert
The Divine Woman	1927	Lars Hanson
Mysterious Lady	1928	Conrad Nagel
A Woman of Affairs	1928	John Gilbert
Wild Orchids	1928	Nils Asther
The Single Standard	1928	Nils Asther
The Kiss	1929	Conrad Nagel
Anna Christie	1929	Chas. Bickford
Romance	1930	Gavin Gordon
Inspiration	1930	R. Montgomery
Susan Lenox	1931	Clark Gable
Mata Hari	1931	Ramon Novarro
As You Desire Me	1932	Melvyn Douglas
Grand Hotel	1932	All-Star

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



Wide World

Hey there! Where's the hat going with the little girl in the spotted beach costume? Lilyan Tashman, here hiking up and down the hot sands of Malibu, is wearing the last word in seaside duds. White jersey blouse, red and white bolero jacket and trousers, and huge red hat

THERE was a real heartbreak in Gloria Swanson's recent sale of her favorite screen story, "Rockabye." For that yarn was the apple of Gloria's eye and the joy of her heart!

Little did she know, when the dicker was made, that the great rôle would be played by Constance Bennett—her matrimonial, professional and social rival!

Old Cal's tears spoiled his morning coffee when he first heard the tale. For I know how near and dear to the heart of the star was this same "Rockabye." She ached to play it, she toiled over the script—she had consummate faith in the story as a means to a magnificent comeback to her heights as an emotional star. But she couldn't make Samuel Goldwyn see it her way, and the story was shelved to make way for another.

Then Michael Farmer came along. Marriage and motherhood interrupted the Swanson career. Soon, from London, will come an English-made picture as her screen return.

Perhaps finances forced her to peddle her beloved "Rockabye." Something else may have caused the loss. At any rate, what tragic irony! To have her favorite tale in the hands of Connie, who married her Marquis and took her vacant place on the screen—what a bitter pill for Gloria to swallow!



Acme

Will the acting genius of their famous father flame in these two young sailor-men? The Fox Company, who has them for five pictures at \$35,000 per, devoutly hopes so! They are Sydney Earle (Tommy for films) and Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., snapped on their way home from foreign parts to make their movie bow under the chaperonage of Mamma Lita Grey Chaplin. They do say that Charlie, Sr., is not any too happy about this baby-star business

Cal York

Announcing-

Blame me for diluting my coffee with tears? Or perhaps I'm just a sentimental old goof!

LIKE most brides, Jean Harlow needed a dress to be married in. So the day before the ceremony she rushed into a smart shop, tried on a white beauty just in from Paris, said "I'll take it" without looking further. Five minutes to do what most girls fuss over for weeks. Whatagirl!

ECHOES of the Jean Harlow-Paul Bern wedding are still heard round the film world. The platinum blonde who went red-head

to get really famous is buried under a mass of gifts. Over a hundred dozen glasses alone—cocktail, water and wine. Mostly solid rock crystal. Oodles of silver—heaps of China.

The gift that touched Jean most was a set of sterling spoons that had been in her secretary's family for generations. This secretary, Nancy Barbara Brown, was a chum of Jean's in finishing school. She wanted to be with Harlow in pictures, so she studied stenography and here she is!

PAUL and Jeanie picked a Saturday for the knot-tying, and most of Hollywood was off for the long week-end. As a result, a hundred



Cosmo Sileo

Young Doug and Joan give New York a big hello as they step off the rattler which brought them from filmland. A few days later the couple climbed aboard the *Bremen* and shoved off for a European holiday. And Doug realized a four-year-old ambition—showing Joan Paris and letting Paris see Joan. Incidentally, Joan did all her shopping in Hollywood and New York, like the good little citizen she is, and took along four trunksful of coals to Newcastle



A fine actor has gone to his reward—plenty of bones and lots of cats to chase in the dog heaven. Jiggs, in short, is dead—good old Jiggsie, bull-dog star of those canine comedies that had us howling a couple of years ago. Jiggs was eleven years old. Remember him?

—accompanied by her friend, Mercedes de Acosta Poole. She led reporters and cameramen a wild-geese chase. Finally cornered, she did say a few words, but revealed little.

A few days later she quietly boarded a ship and lit out for her holiday.

BEFORE Greta sailed away, these were the last minute rumors—

That her vacation would last three months.

That she will re-sign with M-G-M for three years, her pay-check to begin at \$12,500 a week.

That her health, at present, is not too good.

These, as I say, are rumors. But don't sue. Who can collect these days?

BUT this is the pay-off!

Garbo had been especially nice to the crew during the shooting of her last picture, and the boys decided to return the kindness. They had a swell scroll made up, and all signed it and, one was deputized to deliver the dingus to the star. All shined up, the lad went to Garbo's home and found the gate locked. Nothing daunted, he climbed over the wall into the grounds—and was chased right back over the fence by Greta's man-eating hound! All the poor fellow could do was toss the fancy scroll over the fence into the yard and trust to luck that the star got it!

P.S. We are still waiting to know whether or not the dog ate it.

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

and fifty people turned up for the reception instead of the expected five hundred.

But then—filmtown's ladies may be a bit miffed.

For Harlow has carried off their favorite bachelor and most dependable friend. Bern's kindnesses to young film aspirants are innumerable.

Also—since "Red-Headed Woman," Jean is ace, king, queen and jack of the Metro lot. Perhaps some of the old guard are burning up, burning up!

Ah, mates, thorny indeed is the path of the sudden success in pictures—especially when she simultaneously annexes the town's most eligible bachelor!

MONTHLY Ho-Hum Department—

Elissa Landi was given the big rôle in "The Sign of the Cross," says Cecil De Mille, because "she combines mysticism and sex with the pure and wholesome, and has the depth of ages in her eyes, today in her body, and tomorrow in her spirit." And now has anyone a soda-mint tablet?

STILL eluding reporters, Garbo left for her European vacation late in July. She was reported in four or five towns at once. She got off the train in an outlying station of New York

Strike Up the Band, Boys,



Hollywood has had Thelma Todd engaged again and again. But not anymore. Recently she became the bride of Pasquale de Cicco



Besides being a swell actor, he's one of Garbo's best friends. Jean Hersholt, in costume, takes time out for a little walk and smoke between scenes



Meet Hollywood Cinderella No. 123456, young Diane Sinclair, who popped from a few minor stage rôles to a fat part in "The Washington Masquerade"



Never mind your ritzy valets—John Boles can carry his own duds, thank you, when he goes from the wardrobe department to his dressing-room. That's a make-up box he's got in his right hand

PERHAPS by the time this issue appears, John Gilbert will be married to Virginia Bruce. Perhaps he won't. Circumstances may force a later date for Gilbert's fourth matrimonial venture, which he set for early in August.

But as we go to press, Jack says that the beauteous Virginia will be wife Number Four.

They played together, of course, in "Downstairs," the picture Jack wrote for himself. It didn't take long for professional association to ripen into love.

This is Virginia's second try at pictures. Her first, as a Paramount contract girl, got nowhere. A stage interlude came next. Then, opposite Cagney in "Winner Take All," she scored a hit. And now, unless all signs fail, two careers loom. One as a bright success in talkies. Another as the bride of John Gilbert, Esq., of Beverly Hills!

A REPORT that Harry Bannister, ex-husband of Ann Harding, was to marry Nancy Lyon, eighteen-year-old society girl, had the country in a mild dither not long ago.

Bannister denied it. "She's eighteen and I'm ninety-four," he told reporters.

"They say she looks like Ann Harding," tried a scribe. "Not at all," answered Bannister, "they don't make 'em like Ann Harding!"

So saying, Harry leaped in his plane and zoomed away. Bannister is reported to have settled his contract with Pathe for \$40,000. The document called for \$1,250 a week.

ACCORDING to the erudite Skolsky, columnist for the *New York Daily News*, a woman approached Groucho Marx at a Hollywood party and said, "I saw your picture last night. It was the first time I'd ever seen you. You're very funny." Groucho gave her the look and replied, "This is the first time I've seen you. You're very funny, too!"

"I GUESS I'm just a washout!"

That's what Buster "Sad-Faced" Keaton said as all the world gossiped about Natalie Talmadge Keaton's suit for divorce, after a marital partnership of eleven years!

The suit climaxed a long series of domestic spats and near-separations. There was the time Buster took their two sons and lit out for Mexico by plane—only to be stopped by a plea from Natalie. And there were other times.

"Extreme mental cruelty" was the charge brought against "Dead-Pan" Keaton. That he stayed out nights and refused explanations

later. Sad thing, all this. For the Keatons lived together in amity for nearly a decade. It has been only in the last year or two that discord found its way into print. Buster and the youngest Talmadge sister seemed to get on just fine. And now, barring changes of heart, it seems to be all over.

OUR flapping friend, the stork, has been unusually active in the Hollywood sector of late.

Carol Lee Stuart, first-born of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, has been getting her first view of the movie colony in the past few weeks. The June Collyer-Stuart Erwin blessed event is eagerly anticipated by their friends. Arline Judge, too, is anticipating, and Director Wesley ("Cimarron") Ruggles, the prospective papa, looks excited and happy.

It's a girl at the Spencer Tracy's, and Florence Vidor has presented Jascha Heifetz, the great fiddler, with a son—a baby brother for the two-year-old girl of the family.

BUT Hollywood is furthest agog about Connie Bennett!

Is she going to be one of the next Hollywood mamas of the royal line? That's the red-hot rumor of the moment.

For the Hollywood Parade



Irving Lippman

Although they say it isn't a romance anymore, when Mary Brian was in New York in vaudeville she spent a lot of time at the Pennsylvania Roof Garden where Buddy Rogers is orchestra-leading



Irving Lippman

Three famous Hollywood grins, but alas—this picture was snapped just before Ann Dvorak (left) ran away to Europe because she wasn't making as much money as a baby that played in one of her pictures; Joan Blondell went for a yachting trip with her mother and her best beau "somewhere in the Pacific," and Bette Davis set out for an Eastern vaudeville tour. Ah, Hollywood—here today and gone tomorrow. We are wondering when will these three meet again?

Connie is to sail for the south of France in September. If the little stranger (if there is to be one) is born over there, a nice international problem is posed. A French father, and born on French soil. Probably a little French Bennett, is the answer.

I HATE a fellow who says "I told you so" but it was no surprise when Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes came to a parting of the ways. Ralph is now in Reno seeing about the little thing one goes to Reno to see about.

Ruth and Ralph have continued to go places together and while they have remained friends, the old spark was undoubtedly gone. Theirs is as friendly a divorce as the one Ann Harding and Harry Bannister enjoyed, but without any apparent heartaches on either side. George Brent is quoted assaying that Ruth and he will be married upon her return from Europe. They have seen a good deal of each other since he was her leading man in "The Rich Are Always With Us." And, of course, there has been gossip—the nicer sort of gossip, for they are three nice people.

HOLLYWOOD'S myriad tongues have been on the wag concerning the Countess Dentice di Frasso and Gary Cooper. It's an

old Hollywood—nay, world-wide—custom. She's a house-guest of Mary and Doug, by the by.

But an angle to the Frasso-Cooper friendship that the town doesn't know is that the tall boy is paying back, in a friendly way, the many kindnesses the lady and her husband showed Cooper during his stay in Rome.

Gary was very ill with jaundice in the Eternal City, and the Count and Countess brought him the best medical attention available. Then they went to Africa with him on his hunting trip. The titled lady says Gary is a crack shot—he always gets his lion. And in return for the Frassos' kindness, Cooper has been doing the gentlemanly act during the Countess' Hollywood sojourn.

DIRECTOR Josef Von Sternberg, discoverer of Marlene Dietrich, is putting on a better act than ever, these days, reporters say. "Psycho-analytically speaking," is his pet phrase. Joe's big moment comes when he is sitting in his modernistic office, pointing to the modern art on the walls and saying, "Pictures are only a secondary interest to me! My real passions are art and music!"

WHAT will Chevalier do now, romantically speaking?

That's the question that overshadows war debts in the public mind today!

"I have no other love," says Maurice, indignantly casting aside all references to himself and Marlene Dietrich.

"We are divorcing to keep our friendship," was the word from Yvonne Vallee, Maurice's charming little French spouse to whom he has been wed since 1927.

"Incompatibility" was a reason both agreed on.

MRS. CHEVALIER spent considerable time in this country since Maurice clicked in American pictures. Some talk was caused when she suddenly left Hollywood and trekked back to France not long ago. Chevalier's surprise action followed as soon as he reached his homeland. The tongues of gossip are already awag. New York newspapers casually mentioned that Genevieve Tobin sailed on the same ship as Maurice. They appeared together, you remember, in "One Hour With You."

In the meantime, a few million American girls are going to be wondering in which direction maddening Maurice's heart will veer!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Typed the Script and "Stole" the Picture

SIX weeks before the assembled motion picture critics of Hollywood proclaimed her one of the real discoveries of the year at a studio preview of "The Age of Consent," Dorothy Wilson was contentedly copying the script of that very picture in the stenographic department of the Radio Pictures studios.

No great beauty in real life, she is utterly lovely on the screen. But most remarkable of all is her amazing talent.

"She is just a natural actress," said Gregory La Cava, the director. "It was hard to believe that she had never faced the camera before. I told her what I wanted and she gave it to me. That girl is going to be one of the great emotional actresses of the screen and it won't be long, either."

A few weeks before she was selected for the part, the executives had given screen tests to several stenographers, hoping to find new personalities, and Gregory La Cava saw something in Dorothy Wilson's test that made him know she was the girl he wanted.

Four years ago she was a Minneapolis high school girl. She took a six months' course in stenography, worked three years

Richard Cromwell has been considered one of Hollywood's best juveniles ever since he played the title rôle in "Tol'able David" about two years ago. Capable and attractive young actor that he is, Dorothy Wilson, who moved from the stenographic department of the studio to leading lady in "The Age of Consent," stole the honors right from under his eyes

in Minneapolis and then she came to Hollywood. Dorothy had no high-flown ambition; she wanted and got a stenographic job at the studio. That was a year ago.

And while Dorothy bent over her typewriter, the dramatic coach from the studio was searching through the colleges of the country for new screen bets. It's very doubtful that in this nation-wide search he will find a girl who can act as Dorothy Wilson can.

Yet, there she was right on the home lot! One of those strange set-ups only to be found in Hollywood.

HERE'S another amusing sidelight on this Cinderella story. When they engaged her for the picture, they told her that the day she finished the film she was to go back to her typewriter until they had discovered whether the public liked her or not. But Dorothy wasn't kept on the anxious seat very long. There came another fast break for her.

They didn't have to wait for the public. The reviewers settled the matter right then and there in that projection room.



Gaston Longet

HERE'S the most annoying picture of the month. Look at these three Radio Pictures mermaids—and who wouldn't?—playing around in a Hollywood pool while the rest of us slave. Phyllis Fraser, wearing one of the new bathing caps that look like hair, Rochelle Hudson and Mary Mason show how difficult it is to be a film actress



Hurrell

THEY were talking about this Robert Young the other day in Hollywood. "That boy has everything—pep, poise and real screen warmth," was the consensus of opinion. And lots of movie-goers wrote to PHOTOPLAY protesting because his name wasn't in electric lights over "The Wet Parade." It'll be there soon or we don't know star stuff!



THEY'VE taken Joel McCrea out of the drawing-room and given him a couple of desert islands to roam around in *a la Tarzan*. In both "Bird of Paradise" and "The Most Dangerous Game," he gives Johnny Weissmuller competition. But this cinematic change hasn't affected Joel's private life. He is still Hollywood's favorite *Beau Brummel*



Cecil Beaton

IT'S funny about Evelyn Brent—Betty to her pals. Directors say that she's an A-number-one actress, yet months go by and Betty's lovely, brooding face is not before the cameras. So clap hands while you have the chance. She now has a rôle with Marlene Dietrich in "The Blonde Venus." (Aside to Marlene: You're up against competition, girl)

Harold Offers \$1000⁰⁰ To Photoplay Readers for Gags



These stills from Harold Lloyd's new comedy, "Movie Crazy," illustrate what Harold considers a perfect gag. In fact, it is one of a series of gags, or, as is known in picture parlance, a "running gag." When you see "Movie Crazy" you'll find out how the gag ends. We can't spoil your fun by explaining it here. But we can give you these tips. The gag is simple. It involves the crushing of a straw hat. Just to *break* a straw hat comes under the heading of slapstick. But here, because of the situation that has been worked out, it is elevated to high comedy. Now read about Harold's Gag Contest

HOW many times have you thought of some hilarious joke, stunt or situation which, if enacted upon the screen, would send movie audiences into convulsions of laughter?

Probably every time you see a motion picture comedy you say, "I know one as funny as that."

Well, here is your chance to write one as funny as that—and cash in on it!

What everybody needs and wants right now is a great big laugh—and the more the merrier.

Harold Lloyd has done his share to make the world laugh by producing and acting in "Movie Crazy," and dozens of other comedies. Now he is going to give every reader of PHOTOPLAY an opportunity to demonstrate his or her wit and, at the same time, make money out of it. He is offering, through PHOTOPLAY Magazine, \$1,000 in cash prizes for the best 107 jokes, stunts or situations selected by a judging committee composed of Harold Lloyd, James R. Quirk and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff.

All you have to do is think up a "gag." In Hollywood the lads who get weekly salaries for doing this call themselves by the high-fallutin' name of "comedy constructionists." But around the studios they are known as "gag men."

A gag is simply a funny situation—the sort you see on the street or in your homes every day. It may involve one person or a group of people. The main point is that it must be funny.

Perhaps you may remember a gag that you have seen or experienced in real life. Maybe it will be just a bit of fanciful fun that seems to you to have photographic possibilities. If you think it is funny, put it on paper. You can use up to 500

words, but if you can say it in less, so much the better. Send your gag or gags to the Movie Crazy Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Your situation, joke or gag may win one of the prizes.

The prize money will be divided as follows: First prize, \$250; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50; four prizes of \$25 each; one hundred prizes of \$5 each, making a total of 107 prizes.

There is nothing complicated about entering this contest. All you have to do is to describe the joke, stunt, scene, situation—in other words, the gag—in simple, everyday words and send it in.

BUT before you do this, be sure to turn to page 125 of this magazine and read the rules of the contest very carefully. Don't fail to do this, for by neglecting to follow the rules, a very fine gag of yours might be disqualified.

A later issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine will tell you when the winners will be announced. The judges assure you that it will be as early as possible.

Remember that this doesn't take any literary genius. Just sit down and write the gag as you would tell it to a friend. Think back and remember all those situations that have caused you to say, "Why, that ought to be in a movie—it would be a scream."

You can send in as many gags as you like, but keep them short, snappy and to the point! It's easy and will give you a laugh while you're thinking them up. This is Harold Lloyd's and PHOTOPLAY Magazine's invitation to you to join the contest and have some fun.

Mad, Merry Malibu

The cradle of the beach pajama and the home of the \$5,000-a-week beachcomber. The most interesting and goofiest stretch of sand in the world, where the antics of the stars make the sea-gulls dizzy



Malibu—the craziest community in the world, bounded on the south by Wesley Ruggles and on the north by Connie Bennett. That's her shack nearest to you. The road is from Hollywood. Stars go here to "get away from it all," and build their houses this close together. Note garages and tennis courts in back of homes

MALIBU. Hey, hey. A row of houses on a sandy shore. Bound by Connie Bennett on the north and Wesley Ruggles on the south. With Louise Fazenda smack in the middle.

The spray ground of the stars. Hollywood gone pajama. The gay, hysterical Hollywood of old, moved twenty miles north and twenty times goofier.

The place where stars go to get away from it all only to get in deeper and slightly wet to boot. And love it.

"What's become of the good old Hollywood?" incoming writers mourn. "The gay, mad spirit that made Hollywood, Hollywood? Where is it?"

Calm down, stranger. It's still here. Just a few miles farther north on a damp and sandy shore. All here. Everything, including Lew Cody.

Hi there, Malibu.

A half mile stretch of delirium tremens architecture along an astounded Pacific Ocean.

Even the fish can't get over it. And the sea-gulls fly dizzily around. Squawking for help and a bit more imported caviar.

Where people build seventy-five thousand dollar houses on a thirty foot lot they can never own. And pay a dollar a day for the privilege.

The freak property of the world.

"What, sell my land," cries the owner, "when people, hundreds of people, pay me one dollar every day just for the privilege of living on it? For just ten years? Be your ladylike self."

Malibu. Where everything is dated from the fires.

"Now, let's see. When was it Jack got his divorce from



Stagg

Mabel? Was it right after the big fire or just before the little one? No, remember Fred got sunburned and peeled all over everything just after the little fire, so it must have been the medium one. Yes, that's right. It was just after the medium fire. Only seven houses (contents included) burned that time."

Where the white stone mansion of Miss Ringe, the owner of Malibu's golden sand, sets high above the movie colony on a nearby hill and looks down. Wondering, wondering, wondering.

A good half mile strip of houses. With a tiny three feet between. A Swiss chalet next to a Southern manse. With bell ringers and yodeling in one house and banjo strumming in the other.

A Spanish fandango with a tamale front next door to an up and down board shack. Like the Mulligan's, across the track.

The red and white mansion of Lil Tashman. And a Mexican adobe shack with a water jar (never touched) and two scandals each season.

By Sara Hamilton

A suburban type home with *green grass in the front yard, geraniums, palm trees and shrubs. On a sandy shore.* I

ask you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I ask you.

And all this next door to a sand-drifted front yard, with the sand sweeping across a completely hidden fence into the jellied consommé.

Chiffon curtains to an ocean-sprayed window. Cretonne, next door. Oriental rugs. With grass ones on the other side.

Every house screaming out the personality of the owner. A dead giveaway.

"Here am I. A Spanish complex with a slight leaning to Bank of Italy architecture. Look."

We look.

But no matter the style or period of any house they all have that triangular glass windbreaker on the northwest corner of the fence. There is such a thing as an ocean breeze overdoing it.

It began, this Malibu, with Anna Q. Nilsson, a desire to rest, and a tiny board hut. And, year by year, it has grown bigger and bigger, and madder and madder, and gayer and gayer.



Joan Bennett's house has a color scheme of blue and white both inside and out. The bedrooms are off the balcony

In this little red and white nest, buffet supper may start at 7 P. M. Friday and finish around 10 Tuesday morning. It belongs to Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman. And there are mine host and mine hostess, themselves, snatching a short, quiet sun bath. Lil's bathing suit and Eddie's robe are red and white to match the house. And, you ask, who are those folks at the back door? Oh, just a few droppers-in

People once paraded in old sweaters and corduroy. And now look. If you have a strong constitution, that is.

A 3 by 6, red and white awning on a front porch on Monday, means three new red, white and blue 6 by 9 awnings on Tuesday, four red, white, blue and orange 9 by 12 awnings by Wednesday and on and on, until the next Monday the original awning-putter-out thinks up another one to slap the neighbors silly. It's grand.

And styles. At the beginning of each season all the Malibu-ites gather up last season's clothes and swear this year they'll wear out their old things at the beach. What's a beach for but to wear out old clothes, they demand?

Then, the first warm Sunday, Lil Tashman or Connie Bennett strolls, oh so nonchalantly, up the beach, and the riot is on. A bright green bathing suit, backless on Monday, means four brighter green backless suits on Tuesday. On Wednesday, there are seventeen of the brightest green suits full of wide open spaces ever viewed by mankind. And are they viewed? Until the next Sunday someone thinks up something else.

GOOD old Malibu. Where everything is different from an everyday world. Elsewhere rents go down. In Malibu, they go up. Like a fevered temperature.

Seven hundred and fifty dollars a month for a yellow frame cottage. Including dog kennels, of course. Seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a month for a bilious looking stucco with four master bedrooms, a ping-pong table and quantities of leftover aspirin.

And people claw each other for the privilege of living on the poorest beach along the coast, where the rip tide rips, the undertow tows, Jack Gilbert entertains Hawaiian princesses and everything finally burns down, anyhow.

Where Violet Love walks to her bedroom window and sniffs, "My Gawd, smell. Peggy Pretty is using Coty tonight and last night it was Feu Follet. Where does she get all that perfume, is what I'd like to know."

Or a famous blonde glances through an open window to another open window and sneers, "Humph. Call that real lace



Photos
By
Stagg

Here's the lad who stands guard over Malibu, at the main road. A kidnapper or a casual whoopee-maker with seven or eight too many under his belt wouldn't have a chance against hard-boiled Bill Barber, who shoots a mean forty-five, if the occasion arises. Bill knows who has and who hasn't the right to cavort on Malibu sands



Welcome—if you're invited—to the brand new home of Marie Prevost. Right on the sandy front yard there's a small strip of garden. And what a grand sun porch for bridge playing. But does Marie have any privacy? Just see how close her next-door neighbor's house is. That's Malibu!



The general store at Malibu looks just like the one at Hicktown, except that R. L. Bills, the proprietor, sells more caviar and *pate de fois gras* than pecks of potatoes and turnips. John Boles, in typical Malibu costume—white cap, white sweater and open shirt—does the family marketing for his missus just like you and I do

A gateman is posted here who halts every incoming car of strangers. "All right, where are you going? You expected? Just a minute." As we now have telephones in some houses, the gateman phones. "You expecting visitors from Sedalia, today? Two women, one man, four children, one with the whooping cough, and four guinea pigs? No? Okay.

"Out please, and make it snappy. You're not expected."

And the informal visitors are

on those steps? Ridiculous. Simply ridiculous, if you ask me."

A stone wall along the coast highway protects Malibu from the outside world. At the gateway stands a small white hut. The post office. With old-time open boxes and names printed beneath. And what names! Connie Bennett, Chico Marx, Warner Baxter, Estelle Taylor, Leila Hyams, George O'Brien, Eddie Lowe, Louise Fazenda and dozens of others as famous.

"My dear, there's that same bill for Susan Bigname again. See, sticking out of her box. Well, the way some people don't pay their bills has me under."

Just a village post office where world-famous people gather every day for mail and gossip. Just as thousands of others do, the world over.

on their way. Out.

A kidnapper wouldn't have a chance to ply his trade here.

A straight road leads down from the main highway to the settlement. From the back road all that can be seen is a row of garages and a low black fence marked, "Visitors for number fifty-three park here. Visitors for sixty-eight park here, etc." The owners' Chevrolets, Rolls Royces, Packards, Fords are all tucked away in the small garages.

Seven patrolmen are on duty night and day. Protecting the homes from gate crashers that may have gotten past the gateman, souvenir seekers, over-eager fans and yes, gangsters. Then too, there's the ever-present danger of fire.

After the first fire, when fourteen houses burned to the ground, a new fire engine was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



HERE he is—idol of the New York Stage, now called “the nicest man in Hollywood.” You’ll be seeing Herbert Marshall soon with Marlene Dietrich in “The Blonde Venus.” If you want to know just how fine marriage really can be, read the story on the opposite page

Folks—that's *Romance!*

Neither Herbert nor Edna will allow their careers to separate them. While he is acting in Hollywood, she plays housewife for him



Do you remember the tender love scenes played by Herbert Marshall and Edna Best in the English-made film, "Michael and Mary"? That wasn't acting—that was just the way Herbert really feels toward his wife, and the way Edna loves him. Maybe some Hollywood producer will co-star these two

THE biggest and finest true love story in Hollywood is an imported one, right off the ship, labeled "Made in England."

It's the story of Mr. and Mrs. (Edna Best) Herbert Marshall.

Playing throughout the country today is a British-made picture. It's as simple and unpretentious as its title, "Michael and Mary." If you see it, you will capture something of the rare sweetness which belongs to this couple in real life.

In a few weeks, you will see Marshall in an American picture opposite Marlene Dietrich. It's "The Blonde Venus." Meanwhile, Edna is playing housewife for the first time in her busy career.

You really cannot appreciate this couple unless you see "Michael and Mary." Although it is merely a play, it will make you love them. This may seem like free advertising, but it's okay with the editor because he raved about the picture to me.

Hollywood picture companies are always trying to separate those love birds. Remember when Edna came to Hollywood with a six-months contract with M-G-M? She had her costumes ready and her tests made for the lead with Jack Gilbert in "The Phantom of Paris." Then came the day to start the picture. And with it arrived a telegram from Mrs. Herbert Marshall saying she was on the train en route to New York. She could not stand being anywhere—not even Hollywood, without her husband!

They are as reticent as a pair of high-bred Persian cats. They refuse to talk about themselves. You can't interview them.

Marshall won't talk about his ghastly war experience, which left him with a bad leg. Look sharply when you see him on the screen and you can detect a slight limp, which only adds to his

charm. His nice English face gives no evidence that he still suffers and that every once in a while another operation is necessary.

But if physical suffering can bring to a man the love and tenderness that Edna has for him, perhaps he thanks God for that shrapnel-shell.

There is more than just physical beauty in Edna's face. The physical perfection is there but with it—something beyond. Spiritual loveliness is the most difficult quality to describe. It has a way of defying the adjectives of a human language, because it reaches beneath the everyday understanding of human beings. But when you see Edna on the screen you will catch something of that idyllic love that does not allow her to leave Herbert even for the length of time it takes to make a single picture. In "Michael and Mary," her characterization stretches from girlhood to middle-age. I really do not know in which part she is the more lovely.

THIS love which grows so straight and strong was not a mad first-sight affair. They met on the English stage and played several rôles together. In 1926, they co-starred in their first American success, Michael Arlen's "These Charming People." They thought that they loved then, but they waited to make certain. Love, to them, must supersede everything else. If it were a perfect love, it must help careers; not interfere. They have given their romance some pretty severe tests and it has come through them all valiantly. In 1928, while they were playing "The High Road" in New York, they were married.

Their histories are simple. His shows us a young man who did not particularly want to be an actor and had no illusions about a trouper's life. His father had conducted stock companies in the Colonies, so he knew about the hardships. But when he had lost one accountant's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

By Ruth Biery

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *BACK STREET—Universal*

THE story and spirit of Fannie Hurst's book are here exquisitely translated to the screen—and we can hear state censor boards groaning with rage as they do not dare to ruin, with their clumsy shears, this lovely story of unconventional love. This is the tale of a seemingly ordinary girl forced by fate to tread the lonely back streets of life, sacrificing everything for her man and becoming a character of rare beauty. In this rôle Irene Dunne rises to new heights. She can make the hardest-boiled shed a tear. John Boles does his best work as the young banker for whom the girl stays in the background, content to see him rise to fame.

The motion picture in one of its finest forms—a story that will follow you from the theater, tugging at your heart-strings. Do not cheat yourself by missing "Back Street."



★ *AMERICAN MADNESS—Columbia*

HERE is the first picture that steps up and seriously considers that little situation known as "The Depression." The action covers twenty-four hours. Sounds dull? Wait until you see it!

Why, the run on the bank is more exciting than an advancing army! And the scene in which the small business men rush to save the bank by depositing their profits will bring tears. This story about money is more poignant than most of the sweetheart hokum of the day!

Walter Huston, as the home-spun banker with faith in the little merchants, gives a flawless, delightful performance.

Pat O'Brien is fine as the chief teller. Kay Johnson and Constance Cummings turn in good work—but it's the picture itself that's the big thing! Don't miss it!

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *STRANGE INTERLUDE—M-G-M*

NOT as rollicking or thrilling film entertainment is this picture given the place of honor among the month's productions. But PHOTOPLAY goes on record as keenly appreciating the courage and ability of Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, its producers, and must point out the significance of this contribution to screen art. We have been reading a lot of criticism from screen reviewers. This picture is a devastating answer. Get behind this picture, you high-brow critics, or hold your peace. See this picture, fans, and do your bit to encourage men who dare to spend a fortune to produce such a radical departure from screen fare.

Eugene O'Neill is the Pooh-Bah of theatrical intellectuals. The story of "Strange Interlude" is a morbid one, deficient in the action of the medium into which it is wonderfully translated. It is a tale of a neurotic woman and her three lovers, from youth to old age. Its pace is tedious at times. Its adaptation, direction and acting are superb. Its novelty is the utterance of unspoken thoughts, a technical and at times confusing device, but intensely interesting.

Norma Shearer here takes her place among the great artists of her day. Clark Gable does his finest technical screen work as he ages over a period of forty years. Ralph Morgan, Alexander Kirkland and Robert Young share honors.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

STRANGE INTERLUDE	MOVIE CRAZY
BACK STREET	AMERICAN MADNESS
MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE	THE AGE OF CONSENT
THE FIRST YEAR	TOM BROWN OF CULVER
THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE	CONGORILLA

The Best Performances of the Month

Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude"
Clark Gable in "Strange Interlude"
Walter Huston in "American Madness"
Irene Dunne in "Back Street"
John Boles in "Back Street"
Douglas Fairbanks in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe"
Dorothy Wilson in "The Age of Consent"
Richard Cromwell in "The Age of Consent"
Eric Linden in "The Age of Consent"
Arline Judge in "The Age of Consent"
Janet Gaynor in "The First Year"
Charles Farrell in "The First Year"
Lionel Barrymore in "The Washington Masquerade"
Karen Morley in "The Washington Masquerade"
John Gilbert in "Downstairs"
George Bancroft in "Lady and Gent"
Alison Skipworth in "Madame Racketeer"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



☆ MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE—United Artists

HEY, Rube Goldberg, this Douglas Fairbanks is stealing your stuff! He's got more goofy gadgets on that South Sea island than you've got in a month's supply of your cartoon inventions. He's got a turtle that pumps water, a monkey that milks a goat, he's got hot and cold running water right out of bamboo faucets. And out of a lot of junk, he makes a radio that really works!

Take the little woman and the two boys to see it. It is Douglas at his best. Doug makes a bet that if they put him on a tropical island alone he can have a penthouse on Park Avenue with all the modern conveniences within two months. And what's more, he does it! And Rube, not a word to the wife, but get an eyeful of that hip-shaking Maria Alba, and you will stow away on a ship for Tahiti!



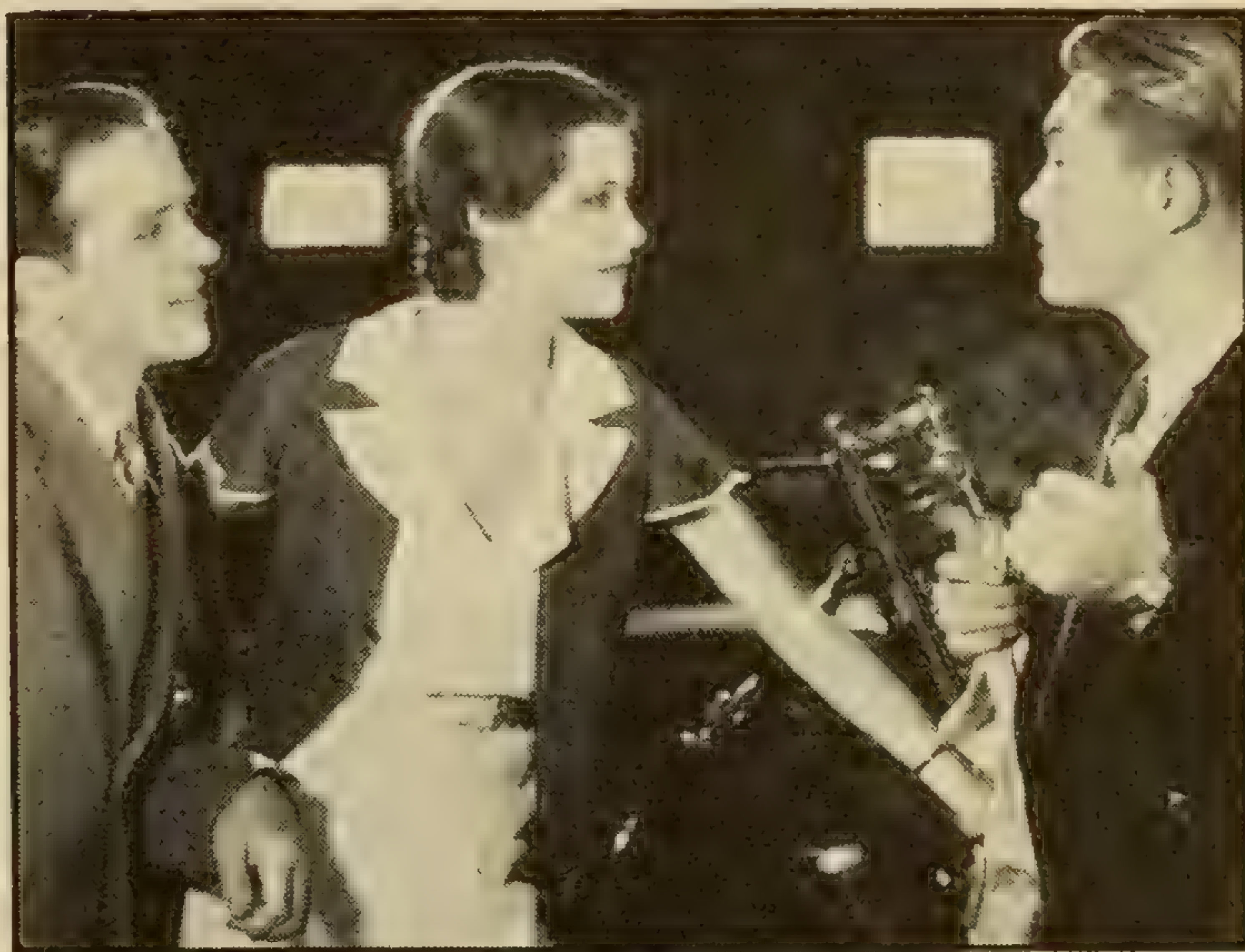
☆ MOVIE CRAZY—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

HAROLD LLOYD'S first in two years—and the best talkie he's made! In fact, "Movie Crazy," in sheer movie merit, harks back to the spacious days of "Grandma's Boy" and "The Freshman." It's a ten-strike for the goggled Harold and will delight his fan army, which, like the elephants, never forgets. Lloyd's new one marks a great advance in the use of comedy dialogue. It never slows down the action nor interferes with the gags. It is, as you may gather, a peach of a picture.

"Movie Crazy" tells the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame. It doesn't, however, satirize pictures and picture people. Its glamorous background helps a lot in building up the romance between movie-mad Harold and two actresses—one excellently played by Constance Cummings; the other no less deftly done by a mysterious Spanish peach-rino. Her identity isn't disclosed until the picture's end.

Harold, himself, turns loose a burst of comedy speed. The film has six brand-new comic sequences, which gives the boy the world's championship. All in all, a red-hot credit to the eternal and immortal Lloyd.

Also in the cast are Kenneth Thomson, Louise Closser Hale, Spencer Charters, Mary Doran and Robert McWade—and all good. Go "Movie Crazy"!



☆ THE AGE OF CONSENT—RKO-Radio

ON another page of this issue is a short story about Dorothy Wilson, a new studio heroine, who will rank with Olympic winners in breaking records. She shines even in contrast with two grand performances by Richard Cromwell and Eric Linden, and for looks holds her own with Arline Judge. Originally called "Fraternity House," your reviewer spoke up in a meeting at the preview and denounced the new title as unworthy of the film's sincerity. The action takes place at a co-educational college, and Judge Lindsey, after he saw the film, said it was a true diagnosis of our educational methods—long on text-book biology but short on the problem of the biological urge of the students. Splendid entertainment, and it will bring about the happy culmination of more than one prolonged engagement.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

☆
**THE FIRST
YEAR—Fox**



AND so Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell were married—again! But this time these box-office darlings go beyond the altar to the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. A bright, homey little picture, from the famous Frank Craven stage play. The two young folks nearly go smash—but Uncle Dudley Digges fixes things. Minna Gombell, Maude Eburne, Robert McWade, George Meeker—dandy!



☆
**TOM BROWN
OF CULVER—
Universal**

A GRAND picture for everybody—mom and pop, and every boy and girl! Devoid of all mushy girl-interest, it moves zestfully through famous Culver Military Academy, with Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell and Ben Alexander fighting nip and tuck for acting honors. The film shows men in the making, and it is evident that at Culver, where the scenes were really shot, they make 'em good!

☆
**THE WASH-
INGTON
MASQUER-
ADE—M-G-M**



WASHINGTON—politics—Lionel Barrymore. Shake up the lot and you have a fine evening's entertainment. Into the capital's intrigue comes *Jeff Keane*, a respected attorney. That's Lionel. He fails to grab a brass ring on the political merry-go-round, becomes involved with skullduggery and a woman, and ends, a defeated man. Karen Morley, as a scheming vamp, is great. You'll weep for Barrymore. Good picture.



☆
**CONGORILLA
—Fox**

YOU'VE seen a lot of darkest Africa lately. You may even have seen a better animal picture. But we'll bet you've never seen a more amusing one than this cinematic adventure of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson among a tribe of Congo pygmies! Watch the Johnsons teaching the black mites the arts of cigar smoking and American jazz! Animal shots are good, but the pygmies steal the show. Swell!

**SKY-
SCRAPER
SOULS—
M-G-M**



THE drama of a skyscraper—that's the grandiose idea they've tried to capture in this one. Pardon is due if they confuse us with a few too many stories to follow, for the film is magnificently produced, and excellent performances are given by Warren William, Norman Foster, Anita Page, Maureen O'Sullivan, Verree Teasdale and Jean Hersholt. Financial wizardry and romantic intrigues are here. Unusual picture.



**DOWN TO
EARTH—Fox**

WILL ROGERS and his rich, four-flushing family lose their butlers and Rolls-Royces and learn to like it! Not a new theme, by any means, and a picture that might have been one of Will's best if it were not quite so sketchy and obvious. Will gets off some real depression philosophy that is comforting to us all, and maybe it's not such a bad depression as depressing things go!

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

DOWNSTAIRS
—M-G-M



JACK GILBERT was dissatisfied with his stories, so he wrote one himself and stars in it. Jack plays a chauffeur. When he isn't chauffing, he's a combination of Beau Brummell and Casanova. Neither his lady boss nor the maid (Virginia Bruce) escapes him. Jack's idea of a happy ending is to drown himself in a barrel of wine. Anyhow, Jack does his best work in a long time. Worth seeing.

LADY AND 'GENT—
Paramount



GEORGE BANCROFT is back again with a good picture, a down-to-earth story with plenty of heart interest. George is fine as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter. There's also a boy, making it somewhat reminiscent of "The Champ." But there's a nice love story, too, the part of the girl being beautifully done by Wynne Gibson. The theme isn't new, but you'll like this.

SPEAK EASILY—
M-G-M



HERE'S a goofy picture that stands up in a month of screen comedies. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante clown their way through six reels of hilarious tomfoolery. Buster plays a college professor in charge of a cheap musical show and Jimmy Durante plays a marvelous burlesque of himself. And oh, is that beautiful Thelma Todd easy to look at! Save enough out of your pay envelope to take the family to this.

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—
Paramount



MARX BROTHERS' comedy technique, without the Marx boys. Nonsensical, rapid and stark mad. How the crazy athletes of mythical Klopstockia win the Olympic games! Lyda Roberti does a broad take-off on a certain Swedish filmster (guess!)—the comics are no less than Jack Oakie, W.C. Fields, Ben Turpin, Andy Clyde *et al.* A new peach appears in Susan Fleming. A good insane comedy for nonsense fans!

BACHELOR'S FOLLY—
World Wide-
Gainsborough



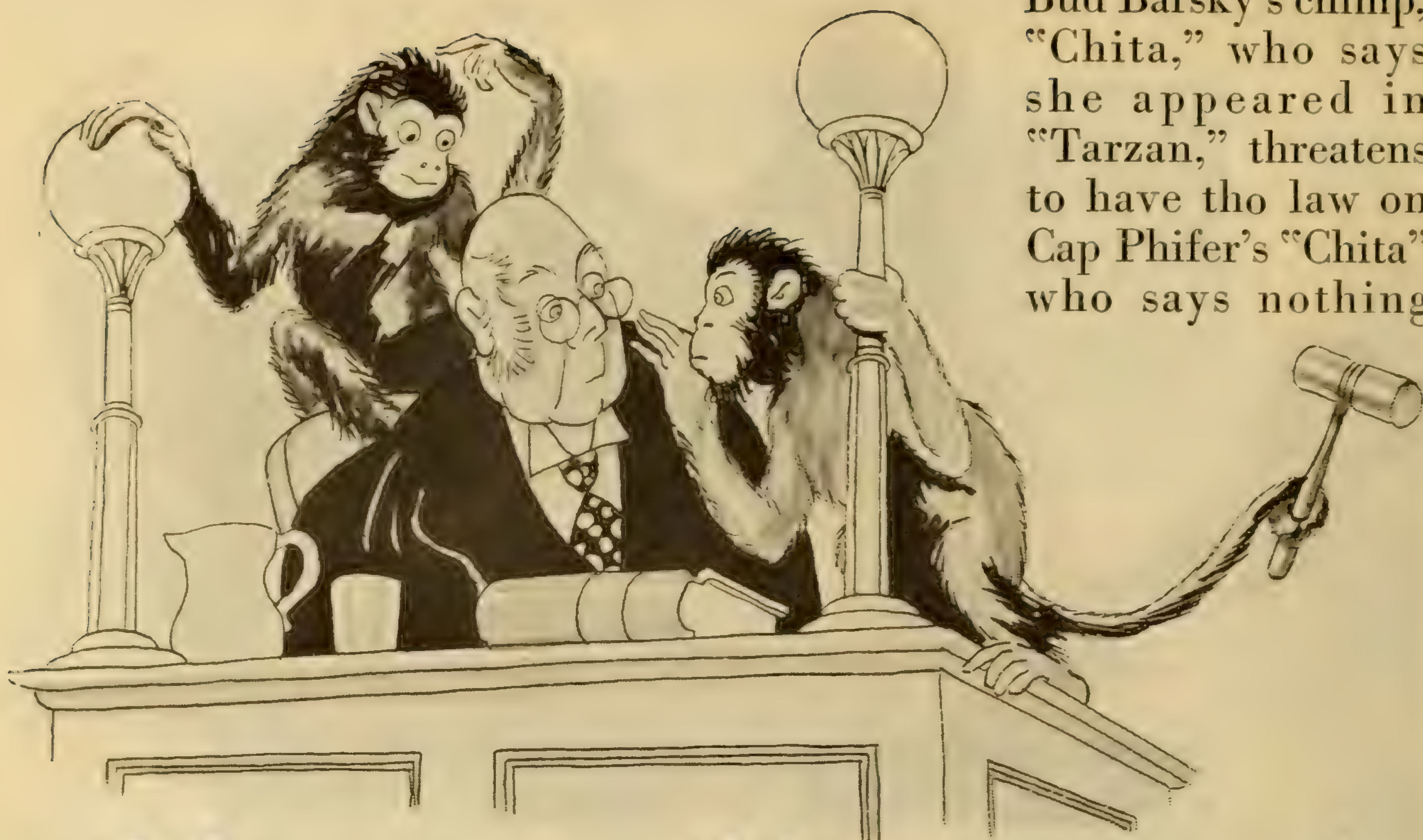
THEY'VE done right by Herbert Marshall in this one and he makes you understand why he is one of New York's favorite matinée idols. Take a look and see. The story—all about honor among race-horse owners—is as charming as the English countrysides and drawing-rooms where the pleasant little Edgar Wallace yarn unfolds. Edna Best, Marshall's wife, has a small part.

HOLD 'EM JAIL—
RKO-Radio



WHEELER and Woolsey's last picture before their recent split. (And now they've made up.) If you like crazy, impossible gags tumbling one upon another, you'll like this. The kids will get a real kick and the grown-ups will get laughs from the very ridiculousness of it. It's the jail football team that plays as no other team ever has or will!

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 110]



Bud Barsky's chimp, "Chita," who says she appeared in "Tarzan," threatens to have the law on Cap Phifer's "Chita" who says nothing

Monkey Business!

(Editor's note: A few months ago Leonard Hall, PHOTOPLAY's ape expert, or expert ape, interviewed one Chita, dainty chimp belonging to Captain Phifer. The lady claimed that Johnny Weissmuller stole all the glory from her in "Tarzan, the Ape Man.")

Now appears another Chita, a chic chimp belonging to Major Bud Barsky of Hollywood, who claims that only she or he was the Simian star of "Tarzan." The major's Chita has the law on Cap's Chita, charging plagiarism, libel, mayhem, transporting narcotics, breaking glass in the street and beating Officer J. McGinnis, Shield 8080, on and about the head and body with some blunt instrument.

The case was threshed out in court. And here is the chaff.)

Supreme Court,
State of Coma,
Chita vs. Chita, or when ape meets
ape the cocoanuts fly.

Justice Abner J. Doze on and under
the bench.

JUSTICE DOZE—(waking sharply and hurling an inkwell at the attorney for the plaintiff)—Call a witness and let's get this monkey business over.

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF—I call Chita.

(Both monkeys leap to the witness stand and start excavating each other's windpipe with claws and toofies. Court attendants separate them with difficulty and scratches.)

MESSRS. BARSKY AND PHIFER—There, there, girls! Soft paws! No scratchie! No bitie! Nice babies!

By Leonard Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE

JUSTICE DOZE—I'd rather have a couple of blood-sweating Bengal tigers in this here court! Which is Chita?

BARSKY'S CHITA—Me!

PHIFER'S CHITA—I!

WALTER WINCHELL—(a lion tamer)—Just a couple of chitas! Hehehe!

JUSTICE DOZE—Order! I'll clear the court with insect powder! Which Chita do you want, Lawyer?

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF—Major Barsky's Chita, you dope! (Major Barsky's Chita clambers to the stand and makes faces at the judge.)

JUSTICE DOZE—That's contemptible!

BARSKY'S CHITA—So are you, doubled and redoubled.

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF—Chita, are you the chimpanzee that practically starred in "Tarzan, the Ape Man" for Metro?

BARSKY'S CHITA—You're darned well right I am. You should see my fan mail! A bunch of the Congo gorillas are booming me for queen. I also starred in "All Quiet on Sunnybrook Farm," "The Shanghai Bad Girl" and "Bring 'Em Back to the Grand Hotel." Now Uncle Carl Laemmle wants me for "The Road Back to the Poorhouse," and Zukor—

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF—That's all—swing down out of there. Good girl! Peanuts I'll give! That's my case, your honor.

JUSTICE DOZE—And a very cute case, too. Send one around to my place. How about this other Chita?

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—I call the other Chita.

(Cap Phifer's Chita hops neatly to the stand and starts eating off the toupee of Court Attendant Dennis J. Cohen.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



The picture that started the whole rumpus. Cap Phifer's "Chita" interviewing Len Hall

What Price Stardom?

By Evaline
Lieber

DOLORES DEL RIO'S contract was not renewed by Radio Pictures!"

That simple news item appeared in a Los Angeles paper recently. Behind the brief sentence lies a tragic and poignant story.

Dolores is the epitome of natural beauty and is the type of woman about whom poets have raved for generations.

She has never attempted to be anything but what nature intended her to be; has imitated no one; used no artifices to enhance her native charms.

Her raven hair has never known curling-iron or finger-wave. She has always (and still does!) pulled her hair back from her forehead and parted it in the middle, in the straight, severe lines typical of the high-class Spanish Senorita. It has never been cut.

Her eyebrows are natural, too. She plucks only a few stray ones near the eyelid. She has never arched or shaped them, and they are fully one-half inch thick. Her long lashes are likewise her own. No stuck-on-with-glue additions.

She uses neither powder nor rouge on the screen or off. Once in a while, she reddens her lips. But the color is applied on the natural curve of her mouth. Of course, only a woman as radiantly beautiful as Dolores can get away with all that. It's all right for Dolores, but not for girls less richly endowed with good looks.

In other words, her dark beauty is one hundred per cent her own. The artificialities of our new "Shady Dames" (we told you about them last month) are completely foreign to her.

Two years ago PHOTOPLAY conducted a search for the most perfect feminine figure in Hollywood. Our judges were medical men, artists, designers. Their unanimous choice was Dolores Del Rio.

Dolores still has her lovely figure. She still has the same beauty. But she is without a contract.

DOLORES is the outstanding and tragic example of what happens when producers take an unknown girl and launch her as a star immediately. She is the living proof that girls must grow to stardom through shrewd, careful and intelligent training. They must learn to crawl before they walk; walk before they run. They cannot be skyrocketed to lasting fame, even though they possess the greatest beauty and talent.

Her case is also an example of what happens to stars who play exclusively in million dollar productions. Million dollar spectacles seldom make money. Although the star is not to blame for the extravagances of these productions, she automatically receives the censure. "Oh yes, Dolores is a grand actress; she's a great beauty—but her pictures never make money."

Her last picture for Radio, "Bird of Paradise," is a perfect example. She does splendid work and reaches the same heights she did in "Ramona." The picture is good entertainment. But it cost more than a million dollars! It can't possibly make that money back.

A cast of forty-five was taken to Hawaii on location and lodged at the ultra-expensive Royal Hotel for a month and a half. When the company returned to the United States, the production costs were already \$450,000 and not one scene of the first half of the picture had been taken.

Not Dolores' fault, certainly, but it was her picture. Another Del Rio picture would not make money, they said.

If Dolores had not been starred, but built to popularity little by little instead, she would not have been blamed.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Dolores Del Rio is one of the few absolutely natural beauties in Hollywood. She is also a fine actress, yet upon the recent completion of "Bird of Paradise," her contract was not renewed

Being stamped as "a million dollar baby" has almost cost Dolores Del Rio her career





Thrift In A Palace

Here's Harold Lloyd's nine-hole private golf course. During this time of depression and while he is busy putting final touches on his new picture, he would give it up—but he doesn't, since it would throw men out of work

MILDRED and Harold Lloyd live in a palace. There is no getting around that—and who would want to? The fairy-land twenty acres are landscaped and gardened and floralled until one thinks of famed Versailles and velvet swards and jewelled fountains and avenues of flowers where kings have walked. Within the mansion is such luxury and warmth and beauty and color as might strike awe to the costliest heart.

Yet no awe is struck.

For within this castle two bungalow-dwellers-at-heart play at house. Two home-makers, two simple children-loving, friend-loving young people keep budgets, practice economies, petty and enormous, plan and work and consider "tomorrow" as do any young Mr. and Mrs. Man-and-Wife in any bungalow court or small apartment in the land.

Harold set the pace the very first night they dined in their new home. He came to dinner in his bathrobe. And not a very elegant bathrobe at that. The kind of bathrobe any young husband's mother-in-law might have given him, with a grunt, the Christmas before last. And if you could see that dining-room with its sumptuous gold brocade hangings, its deep-piled, sea-green carpet, its sheen of priceless polished wood (the table cost \$5,000), Raymond, the Major-domo, in full evening toggery and manner to match, you would get the full value of Harold's gesture.

Harold said to me, "This is our *home*. I'm going to be comfortable in it. I'm going to wear what I please when I please. When I come home from the studio at night, or from golf or wherever I happen to be, I'm tired. I want to relax. I want to be myself. And I can't relax in a museum. It's *got* to be a home. And a heck of a home it would be if I had to 'live up' to my surroundings. I'll make my surroundings fit *me*. Now and then Mid dresses for dinner. She does it because she likes to look pretty for me. She would do the same in a log cabin or in a beach shack. Now and then we give a small party. I tell the boys to dress if they feel that way about it, but to wear



Amid all the grandeur of his home, Harold spends his evenings in a comfortable sweater, reading—mostly mystery thrillers. And he doesn't dress for dinner, either. Sometimes Mildred does, but that's just because she likes to look pretty for him

soft-collared shirts and be comfy. It's swell to live in the midst of beauty, but you don't have to be a stuffed shirt to do it."

At almost any hour of any day you may "run in" on Mildred. You'll find her sewing, more likely than not, in her small and exquisite dressing room. She'll be clad in a simple gingham frock, priced \$3.95, with a \$5.95 coolie coat flung over it. Gloria and Peggy will be tumbling over her, begging for a piece of cake or a piece of candy. Harold, Jr., will be parked on the floor at her feet playing with his favorite toy telephone. And you'll forget that you are in what is undoubtedly the most gorgeously expensive home in all Hollywood and think only of the home it is, of the warm and homely living that pervades.

ON last Easter eve, for instance, we dropped in to see the Lloyds. The Major-domo, elegant in coat-tails, said that Madame was in the kitchen. Mildred giggles and says, "It's fun to be called 'Madame'!" We tramped into the kitchen and there were Harold and Mildred and Mildred's mother and dad and aunt, and all of them were dyeing Easter eggs with the most intense absorption. The majority of Hollywoodians were dancing on each other's feet at the Mayfair that night. The Lloyds were in the kitchen!

By Gladys Hall

The Harold Lloyds allow themselves the luxury of a magnificent home, but Harold knows where every cent needed to manage it goes. He checks over the bills himself and keeps a budget. Just look at that beautiful living-room



And how does Mama Mildred occupy herself in their palace? Skilful herself, she teaches the children to make hooked rugs. That's Peggy, the adopted daughter, with bobbed hair. Gloria (right) is their own child. And the love given them is equal

Mildred could so easily have had the maids perform this task for her. But not Mid! "Why, it wouldn't be any *fun!*" she said.

Harold, that night, was perched tailor fashion upon the kitchen sink, a large apron hung about his neck, very pleased with himself because he was dyeing his eggs in smart, solid colors.

And, again, you forgot your surroundings. The huge and serried ranks of electrical ice-boxes. The metal, shining-topped tables. The uniformed maids, capped and gowned and smiling, in the background. You saw only *people*, the blonde and eager figure of Mid, the bent and eager figure of Harold, deep in a task other mothers and fathers were performing in the same eager fashion the country over wherever mothers and fathers live in a *home*.

THIS boy Harold, who started life in a small frame cottage in a mid-Western town, who sold newspapers and was usher in a theater, whose father clerked in a shoe store and whose mother worked in a millinery shop to make the lean ends meet, has never got entirely away from his average-American boyhood. He still remembers the days when he wanted a bicycle

with every beat of his small heart—and couldn't have one. He remembers the Christmases when, under a stringy tree, two or three cheap toys made brave display.

But he knows what money is worth. He knows that nothing it can buy is so precious, so vital as the things it does buy for himself and for his family—*Home*. The simple pleasures, the simple contentments. If you can have the other things, too, Harold says, the luxuries, the beauties, the softnesses of living—fine. But if there had to be a choice, Harold Lloyd would give up the luxuries and the softnesses without hesitation for Mildred's wholesome zest, for the laughter of his three children, for the unpretentiousness of living he maintains in his palace of a home.

His one and only extravagance has been this house. And they have made this house—a home.

NO small house in any suburb, subsisting on a meagre salary per week, is more carefully budgeted, more carefully run than is the home of the young Lloyds. Mildred and Harold know every detail of the housekeeping, every item of the expenditures. The servant problem has been estimated and worked out down to the last gardener. There are nine in help in the Lloyd house itself. The cook and her assistant are two. The Major-domo and the man under him make four. There are two nurses, one for the baby and one for the little girls, making six. Two upstairs girls make eight and one house-boy to fill wood boxes, wash windows and do other small chores makes the nine. Outside, there is a pool boy in constant attendance, two chauffeurs and eighteen gardeners. The indoor help are the only ones who eat on the estate. The outside help eat in their own homes.

"The household bills," Harold told me, "are taken care of by my studio secretary. Every month I go over them myself, item for item. I know what we pay for butter per pound. I know the price of eggs and when these prices go up a cent or two, or go down. I know the price of beef per pound, and the prices of lamb and veal and poultry. If the bills of one month exceed the bills of the month before *I find out why*. I question the extra amount of butter used, for instance. I want to know why we have used four dozen more eggs this month than we used last. If the bills sky-rocket too high I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



They came to see Crawford, but they remained to rave about red-headed, blue-eyed William Gargan

He plays the tough marine opposite Joan's *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain." He comes from the New York stage but when you see him in that picture, you'll never let Bill Gargan go back to Broadway

He Upset Joan's Party

HAVE you heard of William Gargan? Well, don't be discouraged. You will. So don't say you haven't been warned. For this Gargan man—

Well, first let me tell you. You see, Joan Crawford and company were over at Catalina putting good old *Sadie Thompson* through her paces for "Rain."

And as Catalina is quite a watery distance out in the Pacific from Hollywood, the usual newspaper men, magazine writers and so on, couldn't get round to get much news.

So United Artists decided something had to be done about it.

Practically every member of the press, with wives and sweethearts, were loaded on Joseph Schenck's well nourished yacht and taken for a boat ride. They were on their way to see Joan. Half-way there, several reporters were waving bye-bye to leaping porpoises and confiding to flying fish they were going to see Joan. Whoops-de-whoops.

Joan, with her grand smile and ready hand-clasp was waiting to meet us. More gorgeous than ever.

Feminine hearts sank ten miles in two seconds.

Then suddenly, there *he* was. On the top step of *Joe Horn's* old general store. He stood there in that marine uniform, looking down. A strapping lad of six feet, blue eyes, his marine hat tilted at a wicked angle, revealing a glimpse of reddish-brown hair. His blue eyes twinkling at the open mouths below. A slap-him-down slayer with a bit of Irish about him. Beat that combination!

There stood William. And the feminine press of Hollywood, as one, claimed him for their own. Husbands, sweethearts and unattached males completely forgotten. They bombarded the publicity man with questions. Who is he? Where did he come from? Why have we never seen him in Hollywood? And what was the idea of holding out on us like this?

And then it developed that William Gargan was born in Brooklyn, and was taken out of the cast of "The Animal Kingdom" with Leslie Howard on the New York stage, to play the part of the hard-boiled marine who loves *Sadie* in "Rain."

He had been there seven long weeks and had never yet seen Hollywood. He had been rushed from the train to the

Catalina boat. And the romantic scar, it was explained, had been added after he arrived. He was just so darned handsome something had to be done to make him more suitable for the part.

He has been a little of everything—including private detective—and he went on the stage when the detecting business wasn't so good. "Aloma of the South Seas" was the first thing he did. He didn't do much acting in that—just put on a brown make-up from head to foot every night. Try it some time and see how you like it. But that wasn't all he had to do. The stage manager needed a little assisting. Bill assisted by working a complicated storm scene that kept him busier than a shop girl at a penny sale. For all this labor—brown make-up and everything—he got thirty dollars a week.

BUT that gave the Broadway folks an idea. Whenever there was a real hard job to be done they thought of this Gargan fellow. It was in a Theater Guild production that a member of the cast lightly tossed him off a ship into thirteen inches of water every night. Outside of a slight limp and a couple of bruises in vital spots, Bill fared well enough in that job. He doesn't limp any more.

There's this to be said. At least he's not going to mind the hard work in Hollywood. Bill has had hard work and he isn't afraid of it. But what he wasn't prepared for was the way the press fell for him—all in a heap.

The feminine writers followed him about in a pack. He scarcely seemed aware of their existence. But did it discourage them? It did not!

Three husbands wandered dejectedly down to the beach and sat idly watching the sad, sad waves. Darn it all, they liked him themselves.

So what started out to be a serenade to Joan turned out to be a hysterical outburst over William Gargan.

You'll see him soon and you'll learn why feminine Hollywood went completely Gargan. He's gone over to Radio Pictures on a seven-year contract and will make "The Animal Kingdom" next.

So be prepared, girls. For a red-headed man is on his way.

By Jeanne North

Three Youthful Fashion Pointers



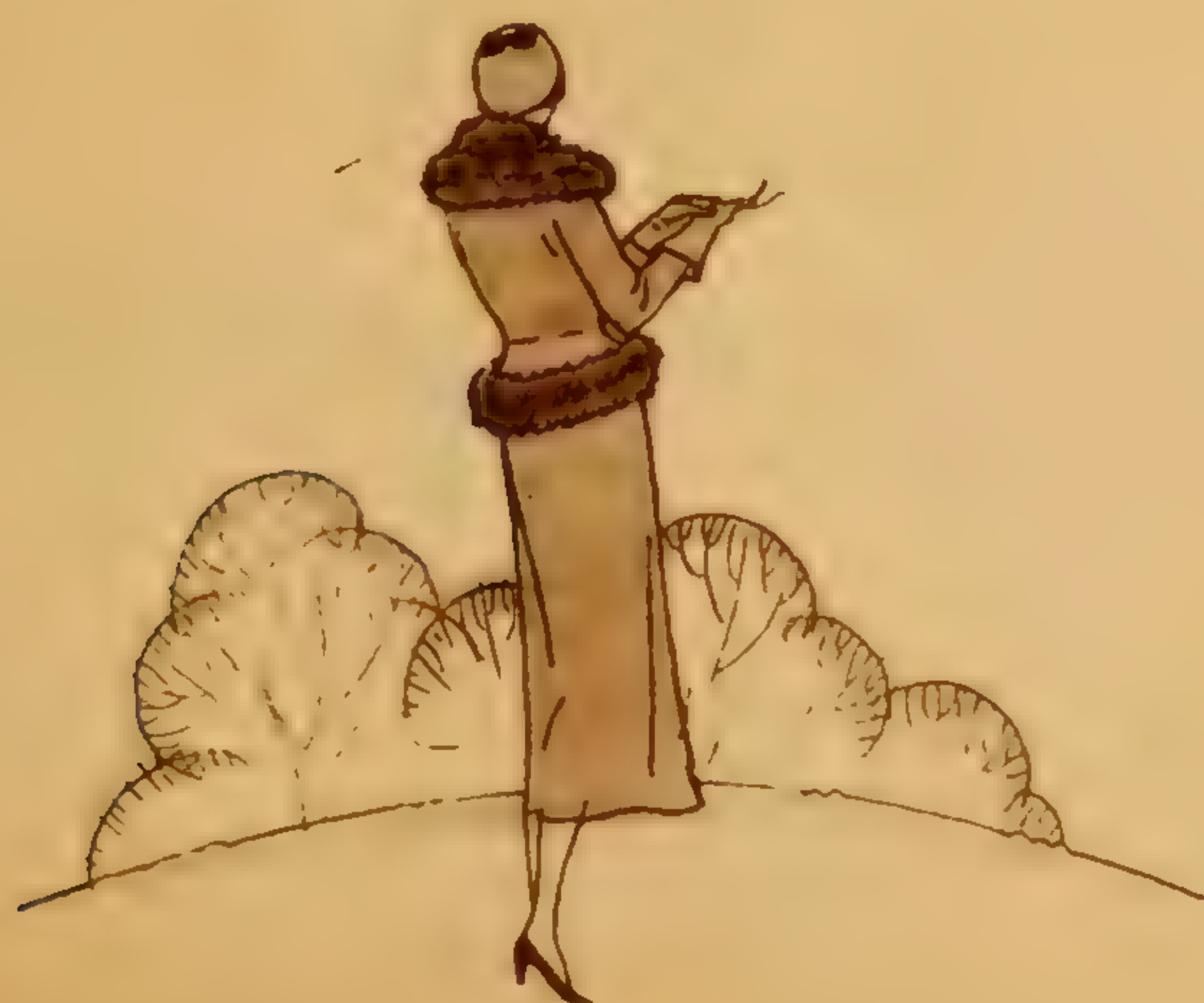
SUSAN FLEMING is going to start some new fads with the young set this fall. This young star wears some of the cleverest clothes you ever saw in her new picture, "Million Dollar Legs." Each costume has some new twist worth copying—a belt, an unusual collar, a different color scheme. Three of her costumes are shown here—don't miss a detail. New clothes are slim and young-looking, you know. There are trick details in necklines and sleeves. Waistlines are still high, as you like them. And there's loads of flattering fur on everything. Many silks look as if they were masquerading as woollens. Watch the new pictures for clever, original trends.

— Seymour

LONG live the short jacket says Hollywood! And Susan Fleming recommends this one she wears in "Million Dollar Legs" for college wardrobes. It is one of those abbreviated ones that has earned itself the name of a "bellhop" jacket. Susan's is yellow chamoisette with brass buttons. Blue wool fashions the slightly flared skirt. And that knitted cap which looks like the kind you used to wear skating, is also blue and yellow. Several such jackets in various colors and materials would make one skirt look like a number of costumes. This in leather would be a grand idea, too. Why not copy it?



A TRICKY belt is this one above, of brown suede trimmed with big metal discs. Susan wears it with beige crepe. Those buttons are mere trimming, the dress really opens with a slide fastener!



A PERFECT suit for fall is this of blue ostrich tweed which Susan Fleming wears in her new picture. Interest centers about the fur trimmed neckline and flounce of the jacket. That second row of fur on the collar is a little detachable cape of sable—this detachable fur idea continues to be one of the cleverest fashion ideas in seasons. Notice how the fur bordered peplum is brought to a point at front.

Smart Details And



FLORENCE ELDRIDGE, who is Mrs. Fredric March, you know, will be seen wearing this charming dinner gown at left, in "Thirteen Women." The dress is a sheer black crêpe with top of Valenciennes lace and is posed over a black satin slip, the hem of which is also edged with the lace. This gown is a perfect illustration of the simple type of formal costume which will be much worn this season. The covered shoulder line is an important detail—and note the slim line of the skirt. The pendant clip at the neckline is a further mark of good taste.

— Seymour —

FLOWERS are appearing in all sorts of interesting arrangements on new screen costumes. When you see Irene Dunne in "Thirteen Women" be sure to notice how ingeniously the daisies are placed on her dull crêpe hostess gown. A sketch of the front and back of this gown is shown, above. Yellow daisies with brown centers are used in a single row, rising to a point at front. In back they are massed at the low decolletage in double formation.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT is French by birth so she has that flair for chic which is universally attributed to her countrywomen. In regard to jewelry, Claudette has very definite ideas—ideas which are dramatically illustrated in the photograph and sketch, at right. For instance, with rhinestone earrings, no necklace but clips are permissible. And she, like so many other smart screen stars, likes to wear a sparkling bracelet or two over her evening glove. The glove is black suede and her stunning frock is black crêpe roma.

HERE'S a close-up of the rhinestone clips. And also that wide diamond bracelet.

Accessories That The Stars Like



THOSE are rhinestones at waist and shoulders.

LOOK closely at the unique tucking on this.

WHO doesn't wait eagerly for every new Constance Bennett picture to give new and wearable style tips? In "Two Against the World," her latest picture, you are not going to be disappointed. I have sketched an evening wrap and the dress that accompanies the ensemble partly shown in the picture above. The coat is a soft wool trimmed with fox and has sleeves with elastic bands at the wrists to make them adjustable. The dress is shown in the sketch, at right. It is the same fabric and has a tricky scarf of dull white crêpe. The hat is stitched fabric—a smart touch. The black velvet evening wrap endorses the long, slender silhouette fitted at the waist.

ISN'T it nice to have Lila Lee back again? And especially looking as slim and stunning as she does in "War Correspondent." This suit is one of the interesting outfits she wears. The jacket has a pointed line at back and front. A collar of blue fox is cleverly arranged. The skirt has a wide belt, boned in front, to give a high waistline. Although this suit is a light beige wool, it could be copied in a heavier and darker material for fall. A deep green or the new dark brown, perhaps.



THIS beige lace blouse, sketched left, is worn under the jacket.

Four New Screen Style Notes



SO much interest is directed at the necklines in the new screen clothes. Karen Morley who has established a reputation for looking smart, uses white organdie to trim the neckline of this black cloth frock she wears in "Washington Masquerade." Not only her collar line has the touch of white but also the sleeve cuffs—and a large flower of the same fabric is posed close to the neck on the left shoulder. Karen's hat is black felt in pancake shape.

THERE'S a wintry look to this black broadcloth coat which Karen Morley also wears in "Washington Masquerade." A huge collar brought down in front with wide lapels has the air of the military top-coats Garbo has immortalized. The luxurious mink fur gives it a very feminine look, however. And the wide flaring cuffs of fur give a graceful line to the sleeves. Note how almost form-fitting this coat is—a most popular silhouette trend for fall. The button fastening is a knowing style detail. You will find a great deal of fur is bulked at the top of coats—to give that wide-shouldered effect. The tiny hat is a fitting accompaniment for these large collared coats. And broadcloth is one of the best coat fabrics.



— Seymour

I HAVE had two of Constance Cummings little accessory foibles sketched above for you. One is a twelve-inch square handkerchief of white linen with large applique initial in two colors. The other is a tiny enamel cigarette holder

All the girls are young. One has blonde hair, two have brown. One comes from the Emerald Isle, one is a little Southern girl and the third is from the "show me" state. Only one is married

Cut Yourself a Prize

1. Eighty-three cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$300.00
Second Prize.....	100.00
Third Prize.....	50.00
Thirty Prizes of \$10 each.....	300.00
Fifty Prizes of \$5 each.....	250.00

2. In three issues (the August, September and October numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Six complete puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When completed, six portraits may be produced. \$1,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named, spelled and most neatly arranged set of eighteen portraits, and who name a motion picture in which each of these actors and actresses has appeared.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the October issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of eighteen only. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry and that it carries sufficient postage.

4. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired. The eighteen puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below, together with the name of some motion picture in which he or she has appeared.

5. Contestants can obtain help in solving the puzzle pictures by studying the suggestions appearing below the pictures in

each issue. They apply generally to the six sets on the page. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

6. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions should be in at that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be impossible to return any of the entries. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1933, issue of PHOTOPLAY.



Yum-yum, take a look at that groaning table. (Guests who overeat groan later.) When Herbert Brenon gave a big tennis party the buffet supper, consisting of fried chicken, salads, hot biscuit, etc., was served at seven P. M. That's Billie Dove asking Herb what that meal will do to her figure

Let's Have A Hollywood Party

LET'S have a party. There's nothing like it to keep up inevitable games of bridge were in progress for those who didn't

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Here's the way Mary Pickford's table looks when she gives one of the delightfully informal formal parties for which she and Doug are noted. You can copy many of Mary's ideas. The cloth is gold-colored linen, the service crystal and silver. There's a printed menu (you can have them at very small cost for your more elaborate dinners) and cigarettes near every place. Just study the individual set-up carefully. It's the last word

By Lois Shirley

Have you, for instance, considered the gorgeous effects that can be attained with the new colored linens? Mary's cloth was gold-colored with gold-colored napkins and candles. The flat table silver and the crystal service gleamed richly against that background. An elegant effect, achieved by simple means.

Printed menus were placed about the table at various points.

Hors d'œuvres consisting of cheese puffs, anchovy canapés, caviar canapés and tomato juice cocktails were served in the drawing-room before dinner.

Mary's menu (and it's a good one to copy) began with consommé Julienne, celery, olives, radishes, enchiladas and fried bananas (try the fried bananas by all means). Then roast lamb with mint sauce, vegetables, rainbow salad made of chicory, endive, water-cress, romaine lettuce, chopped eggs and French dressing. There were chocolate rolls and mints for dessert. Coffee was served in the drawing-room.

People, even those in Hollywood, have the weirdest ideas about parties at Pickfair. They imagine dukes and duchesses, counts and countesses bowing formally from eight o'clock till one. Until there isn't another bow left in their systems.

What's the fun, people wonder?

Lots of fun. There's a grand sense of informality at Mary and Doug's. People have grand times. Doug usually puts on a show that is hard to equal.

Even the guests are seized with the uncontrollable urge to do monkey shines and eventually find themselves clad in one of Doug's old movie costumes, cutting comical capers. It's fun. And *there's* the success of a Pickfair party.

The famous Shri Meher Babo, who hasn't spoken a word for seven years and couldn't out-talk Doug even if he tried, was there to amuse the guests at this particular party. With his alphabetical board, Shri Meher Babo read their future. Not a dull moment.

A MARION DAVIES party means something out of the ordinary. Marion goes for Hard Times Parties—and couldn't we all? Guests must wear old, discarded clothing, the get-ups of the arriving guests throwing everyone into hysterics for hours.

Then, too, Marion gives her famous baby party once every year. Picture to yourself the very plump Mr. Brown (the bank president) in rompers, or the sniffing Mrs. Van Dyke-Brown in a ruffle to the knees and a blue sash, and get ready to send out those invitations.

Or, how about a horseback party for the early fall days? Does your set like to ride? Good. Marion gave just such a party last week, and it was grand.

The guests gathered at Marion's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

If You *Have* A Good Figure—Keep It!

DON'T fall over backwards (although it would be a good exercise at that) when I tell you I'm not going to bawl you out this month—well, not much, maybe just a little bit along toward the end of this article.

The reason I'm not going to give you one of my big, riproaring lectures, is because most of you have been so good, followed my instructions so carefully and are at the point where you want to know what to do with that good figure now that you've got it.

Don't think for a minute that you can lie down on the job and give up your exercises and diets just because you've reduced or built yourself up to the weight you want to be. The time has come to work and work hard to keep what you've gained.

And this goes for you girls with naturally good figures. There are plenty of you. I get your letters telling me that you take some of my exercises just to keep healthy, but that there's nothing wrong with your hips and waistline. To you I say, now is the time to preserve and keep that figure. If you don't watch out, Old Lady Age will come creeping up on you. There's no reason for you to get old. I'm over fifty and I've as much pep and vitality as a girl of twenty—more than a lot of girls of twenty I know—the lazy things!

TO keep the good figure that you already have or that your work with me has brought you, you've got to stimulate your ambition to be young in spirit. And then start watching out for danger signals. The first, and most important, danger sign is in the abdomen. Take a look at that old lady who lives in your block. She may be fat or she may be thin, but I'll wager that she has a big stomach. You've got to watch the abdomen. It's the keynote of a good figure and most of your grace and beauty hinges upon it. You owe it to yourself and to your friends to keep the lovely figure you have.

So, on these pages you'll find the best abdomen exercise in the world. Get your kid brother or sister or your husband, mother, father or a friend to work with you on this exercise. And you folks with lumpy, bad figures or you who haven't gone right through with me in my course of instructions—it's grand for you, too.

It is almost harder to keep a good figure good, than to make a bad figure good. The reason is that when you look at yourself in the mirror and see yourself sloppy and fat and awful, you say, "I've



To Take Lump of Flesh Off Back of Neck

Sit in chair in the position Sylvia is in. Push head back until it rests on lump of fat. Slowly, feeling the back of neck pulling, lower head until chin touches chest. Concentrate on the lump and feel it move as you do the exercise



How to Get a Firm Chin

Push chin out, lower lip protruding. Press up and out with the hand. Relax. Repeat this exercise twenty times. Use cold cream while doing it

By Sylvia

got to do something about myself." You're shamed into getting off those pounds. But when you see a nice, slim figure reflected you say, "I look nice. There's no need to worry."

Well, that's where you're dead wrong. You do need to worry. Now let that picture in the mirror fade and imagine yourself twenty or even ten years from now. That ought to put the fear of Sylvia in you. So buck up and start today, at once, to keep lovely.

THE second danger signal is the waistline. As you grow older—I mean as you change from twenty-five to thirty, you'll be inclined to slump and as you slump, your stomach will stick out and your waistline will enlarge. I know this—I've seen it happen too many times. The best exercise possible for the waistline is dancing—just dancing a gay little fox-trot either around your own room alone or with a partner at a dance. But—there are two ways to dance. One of them gives you a good figure, the other will spoil it. I show you this month the right and wrong way to hold yourself when you dance. Now see that you study the pictures and live up to my instructions.

Whether you dance a lot in the evening or not, be sure to dance at least one hour every day to the radio or just humming a little tune by yourself. That dancing is absolutely necessary to the preservation of your figure. You can't get along without it! Look what dancing has done for Joan Crawford's figure, and Joan dances the right way.

This hour's dancing gives you pep, poise and vitality. It makes you alive, if you put your whole heart and soul into it as you should. Then, no matter how plain your face is, you will arrest attention with the spring of your walk, your energy and your lithe, graceful figure.

The third danger signal to a lovely figure is the lump on the back of the neck—you know that little bit of fat that ruins a nice back. If it has reached a very advanced stage, you can squeeze it off with your fingers, as I've already told you how to do to get rid of lumps; but I show you an exercise this month that will keep it off. Do this exercise every morning of your life without fail. Of course, what makes the lump is a wrong standing and walking position. If you keep your shoulders

SYLVIA is known throughout the world as the beauty marvel of Hollywood. She is responsible for many of the beautiful figures you see on the screen. For the past five or six years she has been making the stars lovely and she has received as high as \$100 for a half-hour's treatment. She is the masseuse de luxe of the film colony. But now she devotes her time to teaching women and girls throughout the United States how to do for themselves what she has done for the actresses. And hundreds of readers of PHOTOPLAY express delight with results. Sylvia is ninety-five pounds of concentrated energy, and the magic of her reducing and form-remedying knowledge is imparted to you each month on these pages. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine for which she writes.



Reduce Your Stomach This Way

Sylvia says, "One of the first signs of losing your figure is a big stomach. But this is the sure way of making your abdomen perfectly flat. Get a member of your family or some friend to do what I'm doing to this girl. I raise her legs high in the air and then lower them to the floor. While I'm doing this the girl is stretching the stomach and arm muscles and keeping her figure. This should be done twenty times a day"

back and walk with your head up, you won't get the lump. But take the exercise, anyhow. It's good for you.

Now for a diet for you girls with good figures or for you who have gotten your figures to what they should be. You thought I was going to let you off a diet, didn't you? Well, I'm not, for the reason that women lose their figures when they eat incorrectly. So here is a balanced menu—a health-building, figure-preserving diet.

BREAKFAST

Half grapefruit or orange juice
Two slices crisp whole wheat toast, buttered lightly
Cup of black coffee

LUNCHEON

Salad of lettuce, two heaping tablespoons of cottage cheese
One slice thinly buttered whole wheat toast
Dish of fresh fruit in season
(And that's plenty. You can vary the salad.)

DINNER

Tomato juice cocktail
Four ounces of roasted or broiled meat
Six heaping tablespoons of vegetables (turnips, string beans, lima beans, peas, carrots or 12 stalks asparagus)
Skin of baked potato, with about half inch of the potato left on the side and the center scooped out
Dish of fruit gelatine
Demi-tasse or glass of skimmed milk

I WONDER if I can make you understand the value of that sensible, balanced diet. It is designed to keep you healthy and you simply cannot be lovely unless you are well!

Lots of mothers have written me asking if their young daughters could safely follow my diets. They can certainly follow that one and it will do them lots of good. I know that often girls between sixteen and eighteen have surplus fat which they will just naturally slough off, but that's no reason why they shouldn't have nice figures right now. My exercises and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood



All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

"FOR perfect harmony in skin tone and texture, begin powdering at the forehead and end well down on the chest," advises Frances Dee. "Never forget the back of your neck, and press on the powder over a cream or lotion base."

ROCHELLE HUDSON and her hair brush are on the friendliest of terms. For a flat, smooth coiffure always brush the hair against the scalp, as Rochelle is doing. For a wind-blown, vagabond effect, brush up and away from the head.



MARY BRIAN'S lashes owe much of their length and lustre to nightly brushings. Castor oil, white vaseline or lash grower will help a silken, skyward sweep.

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck



THREE marvelous masques: At left Sylvia Sidney applies beaten egg white over a cream-cleansed face for an instant beauty treatment. When the skin begins to tighten, remove masque with water. Use about once a month. A favorite with Kay Francis, also. At center, Frances Dee mixes cornmeal with buttermilk for face, neck and arms as an effective bleach against tan and freckles. Keep the moist masque on fifteen minutes, then allow to dry twenty. Remove with warm water. Three masques usually remove all summer signs. At right, Sylvia Sidney mashes a yeast cake in water to paste consistency for an excellent cleansing, soothing and refining treatment. Keep on fifteen minutes, then remove with water.

GLORIA STUART likes those pancake vanities that set us agog on their first appearance. Lilyan Tashman says that her silver one, designed by Schiaparelli, was the grandfather of all. A boon to escorts, for none can fail to sight them when they're dropped. A grand gift suggestion!

Combless Coiffure

HERE is the coiffure adopted by Adrienne Ames for her current role in "Guilty as Hell". Those curls are fresh from the hands of the coiffeur, uncombed, merely loosened a trifle with the fingers. Adrienne is still an ardent advocate of the shoulder-length bob because of its adaptability. A tight curl will give it that short, chic effect, if you wish, or a looser arrangement create a flattering, youthful frame for the face.



THERE is the precision of sculpture almost in those little tumbled, uncombed curls that caress the neck like a soft fringe. A charming disguise for the long, too-slim neck, also. Preserving them is somewhat of a problem, but with a good wave set lotion, innumerable hair pins and a sleeping net you're on the right way. Adrienne's eccentric, interesting eyebrows accent the color and size of her eyes. High, thin brows always do that.



ADRIENNE convinces us that simplicity and sophistication may well combine in a coiffure. There is a mere suggestion of face curl in that second broad wave. Cut just a fingerful of hair to temple length and press in with your wave for that feathery, frivolous touch.



Rag-Tag

Bob

CONSTANT confusion seems to be the keynote of this very amusing and insouciant bob introduced by Claudette Colbert. The more disarranged, the smarter it is. The beginning of this bob is a short shingle, with the shearing continued all over the head. An uncurled margin of hair is left about the face for those twisty curls and forehead fringe. Then the hair is crisply curled over the entire head. As chic and original as Claudette!

FROM all angles this coiffure is both pleasant to the observer's eye and pleasing to its owner's face. Those brisk ringlets are attained by curling each shingled layer separately, then combing them all together. Notice that its true charm lies in its easy grace of unconcern and willful waywardness. There must be no attempt at precise order or design. Either formal or informal, according to your costume, occasion and make-up.



THE elfin quality of this head-dress is emphasized through those ear and temple curls. A beautiful line that follows the natural neck growth and reveals the ear tip has been achieved. Perfect for button earrings! An ideal coiffure for the animated, sparkling young person!





SYLVIA SIDNEY is not playing hide-and-go-seek with you. Instead, she is showing you a miraculous method of resting the eyes. With hands tightly cupped so that they do not touch the eyes yet exclude every ray of light, Sylvia sits in velvety blackness for five minutes.

FOUR steps in the magic of eye make-up. Above, Ruth Hall is placing shadow. Usually, this should cover the upper lid only for day use. The space between Ruth's brow and eye lacking sufficient natural shadow, she applies a brown tone there for clearer eye contour. Next, Ruth draws a light line with a brown pencil along her upper lid for a little more depth and mystery. The pencil is then used to extend those brows, a telling touch for almost all types. The final step is application of mascara. And here's a Hollywood secret—dampen your brush with saliva instead of water. After all, they're your own eyes and mouth! A sugary quality causes the mascara to adhere better. Then, having beautified her eyes, Ruth, at right, smiles and hopes you like them.



Two Steps for Charm and Chic



THIS portrait of Karen Morley is fairly pulsing with romance and glamour, achieved, please notice, not by that chin-chilla collar nor those devastating lashes. Her new hair arrangement for "Washington Masquerade" is entirely responsible. And doesn't it strike a note of memory somewhere? Of course—those post-war days when we were bobbed, banged and marcelled just like Karen.



POLA NEGRI makes an unusual observation about those profound brows of hers. That serious, straight line is harmonious with the fuller face. The high, arched brow belongs to the small, oval face. An interesting experiment for yourself.

A FRONT view of that bang is worth attention. A dozen ringlets cluster irregularly against the forehead. The side dips are pronounced and those back curls do something regal for you. You appear taller, slimmer, more picturesque.

[More Beauty Tips on Page 90]



He's No Romeo, BUT —

THE only stage, outside a picture studio, Jack Holt was ever on was the stage he drove, up in Alaska.

And yet, here he is, eighteen years a movie star and going strong.

Though sheiks, he-men, and the sophisticated highbrows may come and go (and do, thank heaven); though silent pictures may die and talkies be born; John Gilbert get married and John Gilbert get unmarried; Jack Holt just keeps right on going. Ringing the bell year after year after year. Unconcerned and unflustered.

It's something to think about, isn't it?

Why, he's been all our Dads' favorite since before the War, through the Coolidge prosperity, prohibition, Al Capone, before radio and after talkies. And what's more—he still is.

It's a record. And how, in the face of all the rapid fade-outs in Hollywood, does he do it?

He wouldn't know himself. Unless it's the fact that Jack Holt has always looked on the making of pictures as a business. Something to get up in the morning for, hurry downtown, work hard at all day, and then come home and read the paper. Or go swimming. And forget it. Just as every average business man does with his job.

HE doesn't allow it to slop all over his private life, or the front pages. He wouldn't know how. It's a pleasant job to do, and waving "Yoo-hoo" across the Brown Derby, or sipping cocktails at Fluffy Fussmore's or grinning ape-fashion at a Hollywood premiere, has nothing to do with that job.

He'd quit, if it did.

And there's part of the reason for his long success. He's so much a man.

He gives the audience good pictures and no after-work hooley. In fact, you never see or hear much about Jack Holt off the screen. And for that reason he's lasted eighteen years. There's nothing to get tired of.

Jack comes from Virginia. One of those "first family" kind. His father was a well known Episcopalian minister. And while many a star would hire the Hollywood Bowl to scream out the interesting fact that Lord Justice Holt of England and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, John Marshall, were both direct ancestors, Jack would squint up those brown eyes of his and demand, "Aw, who the heck would be interested in that?"

You see, there's nothing of Hollywood about him.

After being graduated from the Virginia Military Academy, he de-



Jack Holt is Hollywood's favorite he-man, and did the home towners let out a hearty laugh when a visiting New York actress asked at a military ball, "Who is that fascinating person? He must be Continental!"

cided to be an engineer instead of an army man and got himself a job on the Hudson tubes. And fell into the river the second day.

At the conclusion of the tunnel business, fate stepped in and sent Jack to pictures. Indirectly, of course.

He held a coin in his hand. Heads, he went to Havana. And rhumba-ed through the tropics. Tails, he went to Alaska. And froze himself silly.

It was—tails.

HE drove stages, leaped from ice cake to ice cake, like no Eliza with or without bloodhounds, fell into another river—slightly colder—hunted for gold, for food and for some good reason why he was there. He could find none. So he came down to Oregon and tried being a cow puncher. His military training came in handy. He could ride like a wild Indian.

The life appealed to Jack. It was big and rugged and outdoorish, like Jack himself. So he decided to stay right there and raise apples.

And then his engineering experience came in handy. Instead of planting the trees in rows as they always had been

planted, he worked out a system of planting them in circles, getting 4,800 trees where only 2,400 grew before. A system that is used in plenty of orchards today.

But the apple adventure turned out to be a lot of applesauce after all, so he came down the coast to San Francisco. And there a strange tale came to Jack's ears. Something about some people making a movie or something over at San Rafael. Sounded kind of interesting and adventurous, so Jack took himself over to see.

THE rumor was correct. They were making a movie called "Salomy Jane," and what's more they needed a man who could ride. And was he right there? And could he ride?

He doubled for the star, rode a horse off a thirty-foot cliff and into still another river. He could not, it seems, keep out of the wet.

But he practically leaped into movies with that leap. He came to Hollywood and in two years was a Famous Players-Lasky star. And starred in everything from drawing room triangles to Zane Grey Westerns. And was at home in either. And still is.

We watched him on the set the other day. It was warm. He sat in the cockpit of a plane on a Columbia sound stage, with leather helmet and heavy suede jacket buttoned tight. Smoke was constantly fanned in his already sweaty, grimy face. Engines [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

The most revealing story
ever written about a man
who has been a favorite
star for eighteen years

By Sara Hamilton

"Keeping my skin lovely at home is so easy now —"

M^{RS.}— Lawrence Coolidge



Mrs. Coolidge photographed removing with Pond's Cleansing Tissues the rich Cold Cream used for cleansing . . .

Pond's Cold Cream does *more than cleanse*. It has the perfect consistency. Not too heavy. Not so thin it dries the skin. Use it to bring life and freshness to a tired skin.



Applying her favorite Vanishing Cream to protect, give velvety finish and hold powder for hours.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a godsend to women whose skin roughens and chaps. It smooths and heals the skin. Is not drying. Use it before and after exposure. One application gives a lovely finish.



Photographs by Nickolas Muray

MRS. COOLIDGE AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

Brilliant young society leader shows you exactly the simple steps of her home beauty treatment

MRS. COOLIDGE's fresh girlish complexion is as natural as her unaffected cordiality. "Certainly I'll show you my complexion care. As a matter of fact, I do it myself.

"First comes *cleansing*—I always use this Pond's Cold Cream, its rich oils get every bit of grime out of my pores. And Pond's Cleansing Tissues to remove it—they are *softer*, more absorbent than ordinary tissues.

"Then comes *stimulating*. A brisk patting like this with cotton soaked in Pond's Skin Freshener to refine the pores, tone and bring up my natural color.

"Now for *protecting*—this silky Pond's Vanishing Cream protects my skin, holds the powder and doesn't dry my skin.

"There—that's all. Simple, isn't it?

"Of course, *at bedtime*, after thoroughly cleansing my skin with this rich Cold Cream, I put on an extra bit of the cream and leave it on overnight to *lubricate* my skin.

"These four Pond's preparations give just the things your skin needs—Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating and Protecting."

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9.30 P.M., E.D.S.T. The program of continuous dance music rhythm for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for free samples of Pond's four delightful preparations.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J
114 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Copyright, 1932, Pond's Extract Company

Over 30

"I'm over 30" *says Betty Compson*



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

Screen Stars know how to KEEP the radiant charm of YOUTH

SCREEN STARS have no fear of birthdays! A woman can be charming at *any* age, they declare, if she knows how!

"I'm over thirty," says the fascinating Betty Compson, adored screen star. "And I don't mind admitting it in the least. No woman need fear the years ahead if she knows how to take care of her appearance."

And Anna Q. Nilsson agrees! "Keeping young isn't a matter of birthdays," says this exquisite star, whose recent return from Sweden caused thousands of fans to rejoice. "Stage and screen stars have learned how to *keep* their youthful charm."

What is the secret the lovely stars know? *Guard complexion*

■

Who would believe this lovely star is over 30! "Actresses *must* keep youthful charm," she says, "and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for some time—it certainly does wonders for the complexion."

LUX

but gloriously YOUNG

beauty above everything else, they advise. Use Lux Toilet Soap, as we do!

On Broadway, as well as in Hollywood, this luxurious soap is the favorite complexion care. It is found in theater dressing rooms throughout the country.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap—so gentle, so beautifully *white* no other soap can rival it. It has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Surely *you* will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!

Over 30, and so amazingly youthful! "Keeping young is a matter of knowing how," says Anna Q. Nilsson, beloved star. "A smooth, clear complexion always says 'youth.' I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin always at its very best."

"I'm over *says*
30" *Anna Q. Nilsson*



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

Toilet Soap



Three guesses! But perhaps you only need one. It's Claudette Colbert, all right. We'll say she's all right. Tired of ordinary dramatic rôles, Claudette begged to play the *Empress Poppaea* in DeMille's "The Sign of the Cross." No one thought she could look wicked or seductive enough for the famous consort, so Claudette had her picture taken thus. P.S. She got the job

Nero, by the way, will be none other than Charles Laughton, the English actor who has refused all offers of stardom in favor of real parts. And, by the way, have you heard the latest DeMille gag? "Is it true that Cecil DeMille is remaking 'The Ten Commandments'?"—"No. He's improving on them. It's twenty this time. He's calling them 'The Sign of the Cross'."

"IS JUDY USING
A REDDER LIP
ROUGE LATELY?"



"NO, HER TEETH
ARE WHITER
THAT'S ALL"

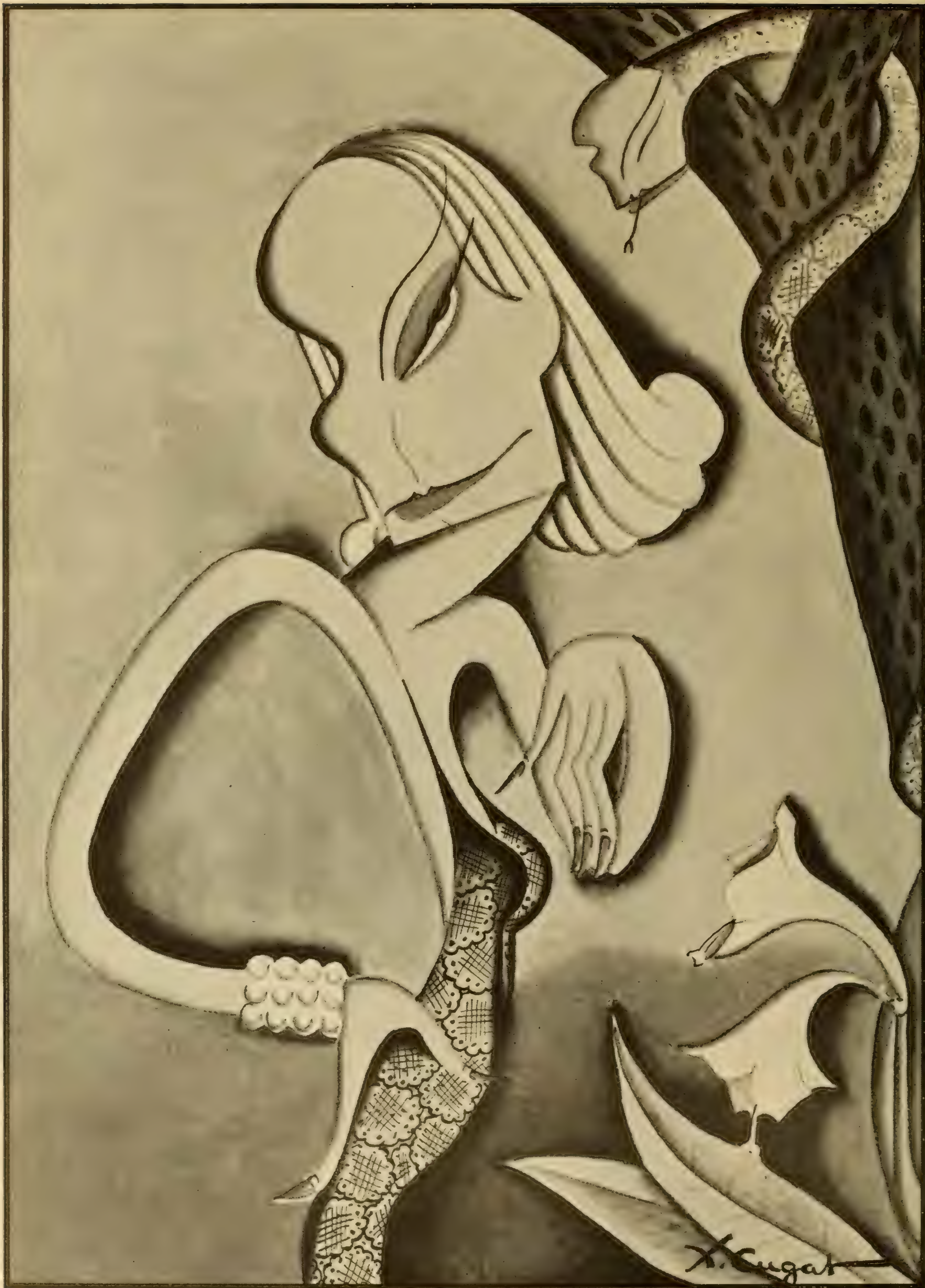
"Though it costs
only half as much
I like it
twice as well"

"COLGATE'S costs me half what some people pay for toothpaste. And I'm saving these quarters because of something my dentist told me. 'Judy,' said he, 'toothpaste can clean—nothing else. Now the best one I know of is Colgate's. Those people have studied how to clean teeth for thirty years. Not how to cure—that's my job—but how to clean teeth thoroughly and honestly. So my advice to you is not to pay out money for fancy-sounding claims—because Colgate's does all that any toothpaste can do.' That seemed sensible to me. So—frankly, if Colgate's cost twice as much, I'd still like it. But since it costs only a quarter—I like it twice as well."



This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.





An impression of Garbo

Yes — You can have a silk that won't "pull" at the seams



A smart example of the short overblouse—made of "shore beige"
Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe.

WHY be doubtful about your fabric when you start to make a dress? Why take infinite pains with the pattern, the fittings, the drape of the skirt, only to have the gown go bad at the seams or "pull out" at unexpected places?

Why, in short, spend good money for a nameless fabric just because it is cheap in price?

Thousands of women, disillusioned, are turning again to known brands—responsible goods they know they can trust. Sad experiences with "miracle prices" and "miracle values" have proved how impossible it is to get something for nothing.

To these women, Skinner offers a new and remarkable fabric—*Trouble-*

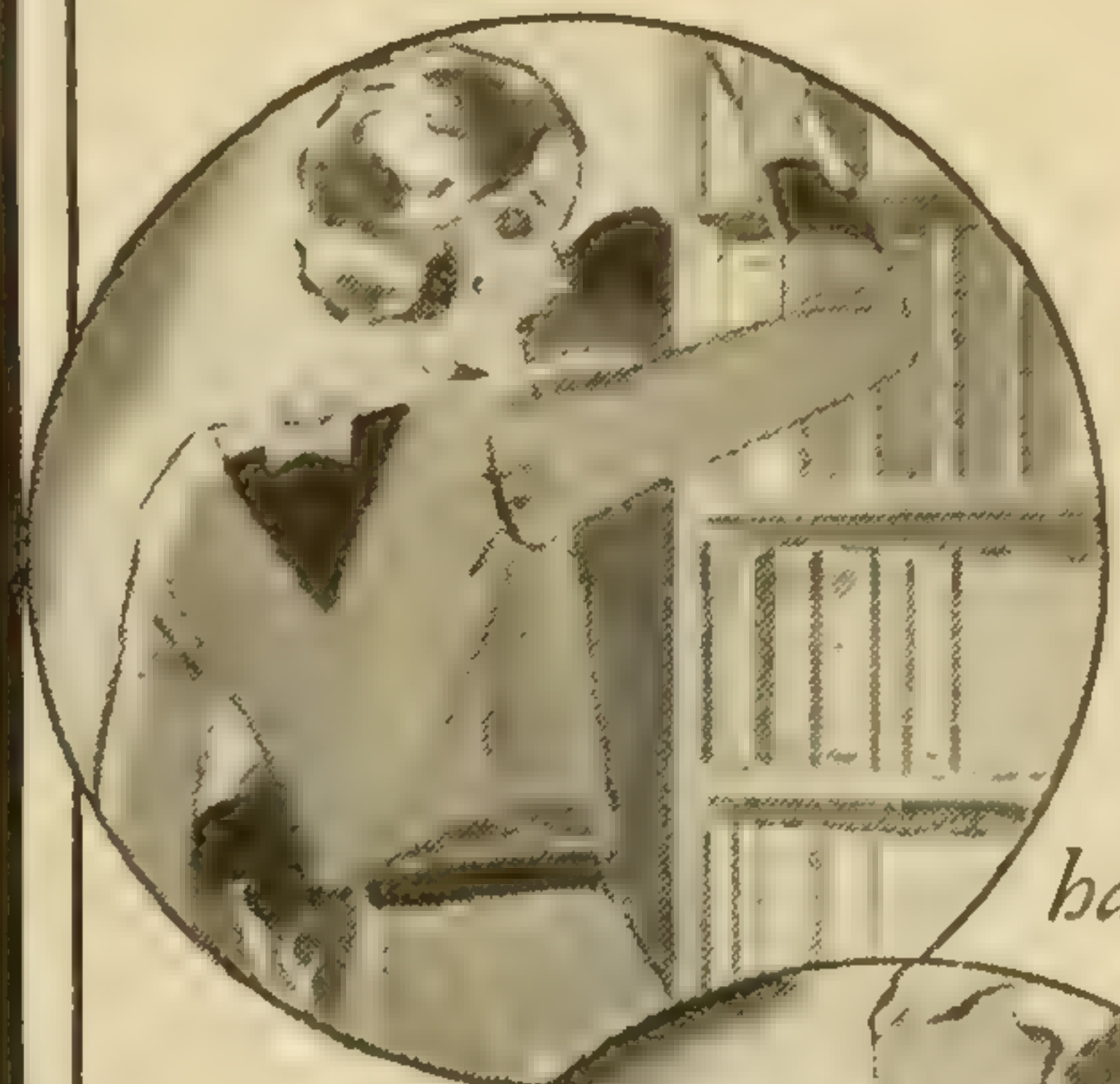
proof Crepe. It sells at a moderate price, yet has extraordinary wearing quality.

It is slip-proof—woven of specially-twisted threads of fine silk—four times as strong as ordinary crepes at the seams.

It is pure-dye and pre-shrunk. Washes beautifully. It is soft and beautiful in texture.

If your favorite store does not carry *Troubleproof Crepe*, write us direct. We want every woman in America to have the opportunity to secure this wonderful dress fabric.

William Skinner & Sons—Established 1848—New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles.



*This
won't
happen...*



*nor
this...*



nor this...

with
**SKINNER'S
TROUBLEPROOF
CREPE**

•
"LOOK FOR THE NAME
IN THE SELVAGE"
•

Skinner's
TROUBLEPROOF CREPE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



The most married couple in the world—Walter Pahlman and his Tahitian bride, Simone Terai. Pahlman, who is Doug Fairbanks' chief technician, met Simone in San Francisco where she had been sent from her home in Papeete for an education. Married there first, they were re-married in Hollywood by a priest. Then they went to Tahiti with Doug to film "Mr. Robinson Crusoe" and, since neither of these marriages was recognized by Simone's tribe, another ceremony, including three days of feasting and dancing, was performed

But the happy couple did accomplish something. They saw, for the first time together, a little old New England homestead that Ken bought six years ago—and never saw the inside of!

It was just what he wanted, and he bought it without inspecting the innards of the house. He furnished it with rare antiques, planning the rooms from blue-prints.

Somehow, he never managed to get around to his New England home, though his mother and father have been using it as a summer home lately.

This year, for the first time, Ken was able to visit and enjoy his own little farmhouse. And to it he brought his beautiful bride. Nice little story about nice people.

YOU think you've seen a lot of Marlene Dietrich? Pshaw, friends, you practically haven't beheld anything so far.

La Belle Marlene wears a costume in "The Blonde Venus" that is guaranteed to make a blind man yell "Uncle!"

It consists, solely, of a sheath of gold cloth that has a very high neck, but downstairs is cut—well, a bit above the bathing suit line, to put it mildly.

All this, I suppose, because her underpinnings supreme were not unveiled once in "Shanghai Express!"

One hot noon she wore the costume right into the Paramount lunch room, and was there a sensation! Fifty strong, sun-burned men fainted dead away!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

THE Hollywood jump-off of "Strange Interlude" was one of the big moments of this or any other year.

Hardened to eternal "permeers" though it is, the film town turned loose a few new tricks for the big Metro picture of tortured loves.

Four women fainted in the sidewalk mob and had to be carried away feet first. One small boy was run over. Store windows were kicked in, clothes were torn and a general melée was had by all.

Norma Shearer, Clark Gable and the missus, and other film lights, escaped with their lives.

THE sympathy of all Hollywood—and the thousands of his fan friends—has gone out to Bill Haines in the loss of his dearly beloved mother. She died recently at their Hollywood home, at the early age of fifty-four.

The bond between this mother and this son was particularly strong, and Bill is desolate.

A MARY PICKFORD story has just come to light, and is titivating the girls who gather round the old parchisi board.

It seems that while last in New York Little Mary went to an exceptionally high-hat party.

A maid, passing south of the star at table, spilled a cup of hot chocolate down Pickford's neck, and was ossified with fear.

The host went purple, but Mary just said "never mind" and the host didn't, though the fluid ruined a very fine white evening gown. The hostess, who hadn't seen the mishap, was honored by never having the star turn her back on her the whole evening.

And did the maid get the merry old bounce? Next morning came an autographed picture from Mary, inscribed "Think nothing of it." A nice display of all-around tact and graciousness.

AL JOLSON was leaving a Hollywood theater after a benefit performance, when the usual crowd surrounded him.

"What were they after, Al," a friend asked, "autographs?"

"And touches!" Al replied. "Why, these days you can't even play a benefit and break even."

KAY Francis and Ken MacKenna didn't get to Europe on that honeymoon, after all. They reached New York—and then Kay was called back to work on the new Lubitsch picture.



Eugene Robert Richee

She has been called temperamental, hard to manage and very, very ritzy, my deah, but since her contract troubles Nancy Carroll has changed. Softened, and playing the game one hundred per cent, she is not too proud to admit she's made mistakes. So let's give the little girl a hand

"His eyes don't stray to other faces since I took my beauty expert's advice"

She said: "Start tonight! Apply this beauty treatment to your skin. Use this soap rich in olive oil. See how yielding softness—youthful firmness returns to the skin."



WARNING—to careless youth—to discouraged age—to women of all ages who know...but too often forget, the lure of a soft, seductive skin.

Don't ignore it! Never forget it! Remember—there is a simple, easy way to guard the inviting skin of youth...to win back the charm that you may think you are losing as you grow older.

Olive oil in soap is the answer. Doctors advise it from the time of baby's first bath—even an olive oil rub *before* baby's first bath. Beauty experts are unanimous in advising it to their patrons. In fact, nothing compares with the softening, soothing, firming effect of olive oil.

But how to use olive oil. The answer is Palmolive Soap. For Palmolive chemists know the exact proportion of olive oil needed to produce a genuine cosmetic effect in soap.

Remember—beauty claims don't make a beauty soap. A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. Palmolive's beauty claim is based on olive oil. Don't expect beauty results from a soap that does not contain Palmolive's generous olive oil content.

Watch—expectantly, confidently for visible results from Palmolive. Notice how satiny smooth and clear skin becomes after regular use of Palmolive Soap.



"Don't try this, that and the other thing. Olive and palm are the finest of cosmetic oils. Palmolive combines them for you in an excellent skin cleanser. I endorse its use after prolonged experiment in my salon."

Elin Dahlstrand,
Stockholm's most distinguished beauty expert.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]



Irving Lippman

Maybe that's a jacket for sister Barbara's baby that Connie Bennett is knitting. And maybe not. Little birds have been whispering industriously that an heir to the de la Falaise title is expected and that is why Connie wants to go to Europe for a vacation

ANN DVORAK is the latest Hollywood trouper to burn up at what they call "picture slavery." Accompanied by Spouse Leslie Fenton, Ann arrived on Broadway in a dither.

Ann told reporters that while she was getting \$250 a week from Howard Hughes, who has her under contract, Hughes was collecting a thousand a week from Warners, where she was on loan. She said she needed a long rest—and away went Ann and Leslie, Europe-bound.

What really angered her, she says, was the fact that while her pay envelope held \$250, a child in the film was drawing down \$500 a week.

FATTY ARBUCKLE is married! And happy! While on a vaudeville tour Fatty and Addie McPhail, his partner in a vaudeville act, were wedded in Wesleyville, Pennsylvania.

JIGGS is dead. That famous talking bull dog of the movies. Known and loved by thousands of stars who mourn his death.

Back in the old "Leather Pusher" series at Universal, Jiggs began barking his way to fame. With such stars as Chevalier in "The Love Parade," with Buddy Rogers in "Wings,"



International

And if this isn't just about the cutest picture you ever saw, we don't know a cute snapshot when we see one. Honestly, the baby couldn't have been half a day old when the cameraman tip-toed into the room and got this shot of Sue Carol's first child, Carol Lee Stuart. Papa Nick Stuart almost burst with pride when he saw his little daughter, and all the folks around the studio are smoking big cigars. Little Carol weighed seven pounds and three ounces when she was born

the kids in "Skippy" and the dog comedies of M-G-M, Jiggs always gave an outstanding performance. And now, at eleven years of age, he's dead. And friends gathered to mourn for Jiggs. He was buried in the tiny redwood casket made especially for him, and beside him rested his youngest puppy who died the same day as his father.

Movies will miss good old Jiggs. It will be a long time before his place can be filled.

DON'T tell a certain Hollywood director that the Si Perkinses of the Crossroads aren't as modern as the next one. The tale goes that this director sent a scout out in the back country to find a suitable location, one of the requirements being a place for thirty extra men and thirty extra girls to dress.

An ideal spot was found and the farmer promised the necessary accommodations. A week later the troupe arrived to find just one large room built. The director stormed. "I've got thirty men and thirty women," he said, "They can't all dress in here."

"Why," the farmer asked in surprise, "what's the matter? Ain't they speakin'?"

THE name of Gary Cooper's chimpanzee has certainly caused a riot of discussion! Half of Hollywood claims it's Tallulah and the other half bets on Toluca.

Here's the low-down, as reported to us. Gary called it *Tallulah* but the publicity department at Paramount (where Miss Bankhead and Mr. Cooper both work) thought that not so hot and rechristened the animal Toluca. Oh me! Oh my!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Sound your A, crooner! All those actresses who have been emoting to Bing Crosby's phonograph and radio singing gave him a big welcome when he arrived in Hollywood to work in "The Big Broadcast." That's wifey, Dixie Lee, with him

Absolutely new

most radical advance in sanitary protection
since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Leaves no trace of revealing outline—even under closest-fitting frocks.

FROM THE makers of Kotex comes this announcement of supreme importance to women. Announcement of an utterly new design in sanitary protection.

The new PHANTOM★ KOTEX—called Phantom because you are scarcely aware of its presence—is so skilfully shaped and tapered that you wear it under closest-fitting gowns without slightest hint of revealing outline.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new PHANTOM KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Other Kotex features retained

It is—as you will see—amazingly soft—delicate—five times more absorbent than cotton; can be worn on either side with the same protection. Easy disposability is still a superior Kotex advantage.

Another thing: You get this vastly improved product at no increase in cost. So important is it for you to get the new PHANTOM KOTEX that we have stamped the name Kotex on both ends of the new pad. All dealers have it. Also in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Note! Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.



To ease
the task of
enlightenment

This message is sent to
parents and guardians
in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heart-breaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation, parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2161
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."
Signed.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Copyright 1932, Kotex Company

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



Sergis Alberts

Hollywood's most exciting wedding of the month was that of platinum Jean Harlow and executive Paul Bern, for just when the town had it all doped out that Paul would continue being an eligible bachelor for the rest of his life and that nothing could tempt Jean to the altar a second time—the marriage ceremony was read. Congratulations, Paul! And worlds of happiness for you, Jeanie!

I THINK the following little true story of Ann Harding illustrates her change in heart and attitude toward life and Hollywood more than the numerous articles of thousands of words.

A little more than a year ago, while she was still happily married and living in her world of unmarried ideals, she visited in the home of James Frazier, sculptor, in Connecticut. She met Frazier's nephew, John Schraye.

"You look exactly like Joel McCrea," she told John. "You should be in pictures. You'd better come back to Hollywood with us."

John shook his head. "Don't be silly. I'm teaching school and like it. Why should I give up something sure which I like for pictures?"

"Well, if you ever change your mind, look me up," Ann answered.

Three months later, Lawrence Langner started his theater guild in Westport and John Schraye became leading man. He discovered

that he *did* like acting better than school teaching.

Then he fell in love with Helen Clarke Robertson, leading lady and daughter of wealthy, socially prominent attorney Francis Robertson of New York City.

The young folks eloped and started for Hollywood in an old car.

Private detectives and police searched the country for them.

They landed at Ann Harding's hill top house, a dirty, worn couple, late one evening. "Here we are. We've come to go into pictures. You told me to come," John added.

Ann took them in and telephoned their people.

And the next day she talked to them. She told them Hollywood was no place for people who wanted happiness.

She pictured its pitfalls, its jealousies, its artificialities.

"Go home and live life as it was intended. Forget what I told you a year ago—"

And the youngsters went home to snatch at happiness according to the recipe of the Hollywood-disillusioned Ann Harding of to-day rather than by the one of the optimistic Ann Harding of a year ago.

THELMA TODD, of the glorious contours, is honeymooning. At Prescott, Ariz., not long ago, the beauteous Todd said "I do" to one Pasquale de Cicco, aged twenty-three, of New York City. Heigho, Thelma! Lucky boy, Pasquale, old boy!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Cosmo-Sileo

This charming family group was snapped just before they sailed for Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark on a Midnight Sun cruise. Of course, you recognize your old friend Richard Barthelmess and his missus. The boy is Mrs. Barthelmess' son by a former husband and the girl is little Mary Hay Barthelmess, Dick's own daughter. Dick has become the champion globe-trotter of the film colony. He is just as much at home on a ship as you are in your own front parlor

TINTED *nails* or NATURAL... *which* does the smart sportswoman prefer?

*All Colors for sports, too!
Use the shade that's best for
each costume says world
authority on the manicure*

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple, orange, yellow.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender, dark green, black and brown.

Coral is enchanting with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black, dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades . . . is a good shade with gray, beige, the new blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

Garnet, a rich wine-red, just right with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for very bright or "difficult" colors!



Wear GARNET nails with cinnamon brown, ROSE with black and white stripes, CORAL with a dark blue turtle neck. Clothes from Best & Co.

AFTER all, the smart Sportswoman is a Woman . . . just as feminine these days as anybody else. And all the time she's collecting large silver cups, she's thoroughly aware of the importance of powder, rouge, lipstick and Variety in Nail Tints.

She varies her nail polish with her sports clothes the same as she does with her evening clothes, because she doesn't see why she should look any less smart by day than by night.

And the opportunity for alluring combinations of nail tints with this summer's sports clothes is nothing short of exciting.

Coral nails with your white tennis dresses and little beige golf sweaters will give you a great big advantage. Rose finger tips with the new aquarelles look pretty lovely on the sidelines. And aren't

Cardinal nails with those dark blue swim suits making the beaches more dangerous than ever! You know you should do the toe tips, too, don't you?

It's not a bad indoor game to work out your color schemes yourself. But if you're just too busy winning championships, it's all worked out for you, anyway, in the panel above.

And don't forget that Cutex, which is making records for smartness on two continents, has quality, too.

It flows on with marvelous smoothness and lasting lustre, will not crack or peel no matter how active you get. Nor fade in the sun and that makes it pretty practical for the tan worshippers.

For extra value it has a new bake-lite top with brush attached, so the tip can't touch your table top. Get

your shades from your dealer today.

THE EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on Cutex Liquid Polish. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream. NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

*2 shades of Cutex Liquid
Polish and 4
other manicure
essentials for 12¢*



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 209
191 Hudson Street . . . New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked . . . ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

CUTEX *Liquid Polish* . . . ONLY 35¢

Some Do's And Don't's For Beauty



By
Carolyn
Van
Wyck



"If your eyes are without natural shadow or your lashes light, apply shadow on the tip of a narrow camel's hair brush," advises Fifi Dorsay. "Work lightly and blend to attain a life-like, subtle nuance in eye and shadow tones."

WELL, here we are at the end of the season of revelation—the season of the bathing suit, the tennis frock and the sheer chiffon. Trying days for some of us, big moments for others. Summer sets the stage for the girl with a good figure. Winter robs her of some of her chances. All of which brings us to that debatable question, what is a good figure? What are Hollywood standards for a good figure? At the moment, broad shoulders sway power over those of less breadth, hips are small though rounded, busts are the same, and the legs and arms are gently rounded, easily curved. In short, here is the figure that can wear clothes to perfection, the body that can walk with a lilt, that can dance with music in its every movement. That is, it should be able to. Those broad shoulders give the upper part of your body a stationery position. Arms should move but slightly when you walk, never when you dance. Thus, you see, all freedom comes from the hips down. They must swing from the waist independent of motion above it. If you want to develop an easy, graceful walk, try walking with all motion from the waist down. It is surprisingly easy and you will never tire as you do from walking with your whole body.

Another gross error to which we are all heir—do not walk with your toes turned outward. We were taught that, I know, but try keeping them straight ahead, not outward or inward. You balance yourself thus and walking is easier, lighter, a more graceful movement.

SYLVIA SIDNEY knows a grand bedroom trick with gardenias. When you have worn sheaf or boutonniere and it is wilted and yellow, place it in a drawer with your lingerie. The fragrance will linger on, permeate and



JOAN CRAWFORD, in the rôle of the shady Sadie in "Rain," is a startling example of what not to do if you would look your best. That unkempt hair, heavily made-up eyes, surly, over-rouged lips—they speak plainer than words.

Are you suffering from too many signs of summer—too much hips, sun-burned, dry hair, freckles, coarsened, dry skin? First aid lies just around the corner in our reducing booklet, skin leaflet and September beauty letter. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 211 West 57th Street, New York City.

ANITA LOUISE knows the beauty value of a drop or two of brilliantine smoothed over her brush, which in turn will smooth those unruly little curls in order. It will bring out the color and beauty of the hair, too.

perfume your belongings most divinely. When Sylvia was in New York recently she showed me a drawerful of dead gardenias, a bit macabre, I admit, but I had only to sniff the silk and chiffon beneath to realize that no Paris perfumer could do better than those wilted and browned gardenias.

JOAN CRAWFORD, passing through New York en route to Europe, contributes two newsy bits to this column.

Joan, you know, has always used very dark and vivid nail polish, a predominant Hollywood habit, by the way. Joan now continues this deep red over the entire length of the nail. No platinum or snow-white edge graces her nail. This is just one of those things with Joan whose nails are naturally quite long and well shaped. The short, plump hand, however, will find that this use adds decidedly to the illusion of length and is very becoming.

Jean Harlow is using platinum nail polish to match her platinum hair, while another element of Hollywood goes in for polka dotted and striped nails. When are we coming to little pictures and designs!

IN the picture above you will notice Joan's hair comb for "Rain." Joan rearranges this in a charming coiffure which may suggest just the arrangement for your own hair. You need a long bob for this. The hair, including bangs, is combed straight back from the forehead. There it is held with invisible holders, over which Joan slips jeweled clips. The ends are then rolled into curls. The bangs are now combed forward, the ends twirled gently under. By first combing these bangs back and then bringing them forward, they have a kind of buoyancy, so that they do not hug the forehead too closely. A good stunt for all bangs.

JOAN CRAWFORD,
in M-G-M's
"GRAND HOTEL"
Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively



The
CHARM
of Lovely Beauty

... is Created with the Magic of Hollywood's New

MAKE-UP

How you can accentuate YOUR CHARM and beauty with color harmony make-up for your type

BLONDE, brunette, brownette, red-head...each is a study in color harmony for the make-up artist, girl or woman who creates beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. Now, 96% of Hollywood's stars, and all studios, use Max Factor's.

Face powder, for example, is created by a secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts that satin-smooth make-up you've so admired on the screen, giving the skin a live, youthful beauty...yet remaining invisible. A face powder that never appears spotty, off-color, or powdery; and never "shines". So perfect in texture, even

the motion picture camera does not reveal it. Even under the brightest sunlight or artificial light you may be sure of this satin-smooth effect...for screen stars have proved its beauty magic under blazing motion picture lights. And it clings for hours, too, for the famous beauties of motion pictures will not trust a face powder that fluffs away.



JOAN CRAWFORD, M-G-M Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, using Max Factor's lipstick.

Now you may enjoy the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, originally created for the screen stars, at the nominal price of one dollar the box. Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, based on the same revolutionary color harmony principle... in shades to blend with your face powder... fifty cents each. Purity guarantee in each package. At all drug and dept. stores.

Discover what lovely charm and beauty you can gain with your own personal color harmony in Max Factor's Society Make-Up. Mail the coupon.

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Cosmetics of the Stars ★ ★ HOLLYWOOD
Face Powder...Rouge...Lipstick...Eyeshadow...in Color Harmony
96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



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Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

MR. MAX FACTOR, Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send me a Miniature Powder Compact, in my color harmony shade, also, my make-up color harmony chart and my complexion analysis; and your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	KEDHEAD	
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Ask The Answer Man

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



The old Answer Man will make a wager that if Bette Davis knew just how many folks called her "my favorite actress" in their letters this month, she would be too excited to finish reading that book

BETTE DAVIS has been in the movies for almost a year, but you folks have just discovered her, apparently. Bette walked away with this month's mail bag, and when you get through asking, the poor girl won't have a secret left. She started her film career in December, 1931, but the studio boys thought she was one of those meek sisters who could be conveniently shoved into nice mild parts and no harm done. You know the type, younger sisters without much acting to do, and rôles like that.

But what they didn't know was that Bette is a poised, self-sufficient young woman. "The Man Who Played God," with George Arliss, "The Dark Horse," and "The Rich Are Always With Us," in which she was up against that tough Chatterton competition, gave her a host of fans and question-askers.

First of all, she is younger than all that sophistication she tosses off on the screen would lead you to believe, for she was born April 5, 1908, which, if my arithmetic doesn't fail me at this vital moment, makes her just 24. Her very correct Boston family christened her Ruth Elizabeth, but when she went to school she wanted to be called "Betty." However, her spelling wasn't so good, so when she signed her report card—or whatever children sign at school—she wrote "Bette." Her mother thought it was cute and let it go. But it's still pronounced "Betty."

Although no one in the family had ever been on the stage, Bette was bitten by the theatrical bug and she and her mother went to New York. There wasn't much money, but mama Davis persuaded John Murray Anderson to give her daughter instruction.

While she was playing on the stage with Richard Bennett in "Solid South," he told her she was a combination of his two daughters, Constance and Joan, and maybe that's what put the idea of pictures into her head. You will admit that she does seem to combine Connie's sophistication with Joan's sweetness, and yet remain a distinct personality.

Bette was born in Lowell, Mass. She's 5 feet, 3½; weighs 110 pounds, has blue eyes, blonde hair and those dark eyebrows are natural.

She isn't married, but she admits that she has been in love off and on—mostly on.

ANNA BOOTHE, DETROIT, MICH.—Yes, ma'am, that item you read in the paper which stated that Garbo and Joan Crawford wore the same size shoe was all wrong. So let's settle it once and for good. Garbo takes a 7-AA slipper, whereas Joan's trim little foot fits perfectly into a 4-D. I sometimes wonder myself where these strange stories start. Probably lots of girls in Hollywood wear shoes as large as Garbo's, but certainly not Joan, who has an unusually small foot for her height, which is 5 feet, 4 inches. So now that burning discussion is all finished.

EARL HUGHES, JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND.—Hope this information breaks up the tong war that you and your pals are having. It was Halliwell Hobbes who played the rôle of Rose Hobart's father in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

T. M. K., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Yes, of course, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg are still happily married. Irving Junior was two years old on the 24th of August. And does he boss the lot where his mama and papa work!

D. J. OLIVER, ROSWELL, GA.—So you folks way down theah in Gaw'ja are interested in that little Southern honey, Una Merkel. She was born in Covington, Ky., suh, and proud of it.

Yes, Marie Dressler has been married. She is the widow of James H. Dalton and everything you want to know about Marie you'll find in that grand story by Adela Rogers St. Johns on another page of this magazine. Isn't she a great woman—that Marie? You'll think her even greater when you've read the story.

Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City. And now for your last question. That little bunch of cuteness who plays in "Our Gang" comedies and is known as "Spanky" was born with this monniker—George Robert Phillips McFarland.

And isn't that a mouthful? We'll just keep on calling him "Spanky" for short.

JOHN BOWLING, BUTTE, MONT.—Hi, Mickey! So you're interested in the Mickey Mouse Club, are you? The way to join is to

go to the theater manager of one of your local theaters and ask him if he has a Mickey Mouse Club, for each manager handles an individual club, although all are under the exclusive leadership of that bright little lad Mickey and his equally bright sweetheart, Minnie. You'd better join; you'll have great fun.

LORENA KUNDERT, DAYTON, OHIO.—No, you're not unusual, Lorena, wanting to know something about Kane Richmond, the lad who played the rôle of *Tom Stone* in "Huddle." That boy made a big hit in a small part and lots of folks have been asking questions about him. He won't be 26 until December 23. And he isn't married.

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were married June 3, 1929. Right now Doug is realizing an ambition of long standing—he is "doing" Europe with Joan. It's her first trip. Before they left, Doug had a list of points of interest as long as a Marlene Dietrich close-up. And Joan's got to see them all.

BECKY, DAYTON, OHIO.—Connie Bennett's latest is "Two Against the World." If you like Connie, don't miss her in "What Price Hollywood." What a performance *Madame la Marquise* gives in that one!

Madge Evans' latest picture is "The New Yorker." Dorothy Jordan has a couple of films up her sleeve—"Down to Earth" and "Cabin in the Cotton." No, Becky, I don't believe you'll have to bid Garbo a last goodbye just yet. Of course, nobody is sure about anything about *la Greta*.

JUNE CREDLE, TAMPA, FLA.—There's no doubt about Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s favorite sport. It's football, football and a little more football. He never misses a game and the Western players are all his personal friends. Doug likes nothing so much as hanging around with the pigskin heroes. And are those boys for him? One hundred per cent! He plays football, too. He and Doug Sr., and several of the other actors have an amateur team of their own. Doug also likes good looking cars. Yes, he likes dogs and cats, too. Now are you satisfied about the lad?

Don't Let Him *Substitute* With You



SWITCHING ADMITTED BY 84.5% OF 591 NEW YORK DRUG STORES QUERIED

State Association Hears That 34.2% Switch Every Third Sale; Prac- tice Greatest in Cities

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Exactly 84.5% of the 591 New York State druggists answering a recent questionnaire stated that they attempt to sell competitive items in place of nationally advertised cut-price articles. The questionnaire, which queried druggists on many pertinent questions, was sent out by the Committee on Pharmaceutical Economics of the New York State Pharmaceutical Association. It was reported on at the Fifty-Fourth annual meeting of the association held here last week.

The summaries of the answers to a second question asked by the committee showed that, of 478 stores reporting, 34.2% were successful in actually selling the competitive item in place of a cut-priced advertised item in more than one out of every three sales.

*“This is much better
than what you ask for”*

Of course, no such proportion as five out of every six druggists everywhere substitute unknown products for nationally advertised articles.

But a shameful number of them do.

You have a right to resent this. Reputable manufacturers spend money for advertising only because they are assured that their products are good enough to deserve your continuing patronage.

Merchants only try to substitute unknown or inferior products because they have a bigger margin of profit on them. You pay more for less value.

We urge PHOTOPLAY readers to buy only those reputable, worthy products of known quality. Don't permit a merchant to substitute unknown and inferior preparations, when your mind is made up to purchase a product of known quality.

Men Will Love The Fragrance of **FEU-FOLLET** on you

And You Will Love **FEU-FOLLET** On Yourself —

Feu Follet is that piquant fragrance from Paris which, in only a few months, has become so much desired. Especially by younger women! *Feu Follet* is light, gay — tantalizing as a will-o'-the-wisp! Offered in extract, face-powder, talcum, sachet, toilet-water and soap. Other exquisite Roger & Gallet fragrances are *Fleurs d'Amour* and *Le Jade*. Although the finest of imported perfumes, they are all moderately priced. Send coupon below for your FREE copy of "Fashions in Fragrance."

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast From Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

ANOTHER honeymooner of the hour is our own Sylvia, whose articles on the care of the body are such an interesting feature of PHOTOPLAY.

Sylvia is the bride of Edward Leiter, an actor and a nephew of the late Edward Leiter, Chicago financier.

They are living in New York, where Sylvia is writing, talking on the radio—and, of course, making little ones out of big ones.

THREE guesses on the latest rave at Hollywood's gayest parties? No—you'll never get it in ten!

Janet Gaynor, no less—shy, wistful Janet. The men buzz around like bees, and Husband Lydell Peck lurks in the background, smiling amiably at Janet's sudden social tornado.

Oh sure, Charlie Farrell's often around in the buzz—but Hollywood understands that fine friendship now.

Incidentally and at the same time, it appears that Janet is a little fed up with the attentions of the press.

"Let them say what they like without seeing me," is the Gaynor dictum.

Well, maybe you're right, Janet.

But that isn't the way helpful friendships are made.

HERE'S the funniest gag of the month—but the little street urchin who pulled it was entirely innocent of its irony!

When Joan Crawford was in New York she and one of PHOTOPLAY's staff were riding along Fifth Avenue, as Joan was telling how mad it made her for folks to say she imitated Garbo.

"You know how it started?" Joan asked dramatically. "I once said I admired Garbo above all other actresses and I suppose people thought that because I admired her I wanted to imitate her. Which is dead wrong. They say I do my hair like hers. Listen, I wore a long bob in a picture I made five years ago. Lately Adrian made me a hat that looks like one Garbo wore—but it's simply a smart hat. You see hundreds of them on the street. And then they say I try to imitate Garbo. Bunk!"

Just at that moment a little boy jumped on the running board and asked Joan to buy a gardenia.

Joan smiled sweetly and gave the child a dollar telling him to keep the change.

"Thanks lady," he said—and then he looked at her more closely.

"Say, why say," he murmured in an awed voice, "ain't you Greta Garbo? You look just like her."

And as the traffic lights changed and the car slid forward Joan practically swooned!

THAT ole rebel, George Bancroft, finally left Paramount for good and all, after years of intermittent bickering over salary and stories.

Reliance, an independent outfit, is the name of the company which now proposes to exploit Big Ban's talents, torso and biceps. "Brooklyn Bridge" may be the title of what may be his first story.

Drolly enough, George's last Paramount picture, "Lady and Gent," is the best he's had in the last couple of years—which shows how quaintly Fate operates.

FROM Claude Binyon's "A Girl Ought to Work," a story of one girl's fun in Hollywood, published by Harrison Smith:

"After the premeer Henry Henry introduced me to Mr. Bowstein the director and he said, Charming girl Henry, charming girl. She's just the type for the street walker in Hot Hearts. And Henry Henry said, She sure is Mr. Bowstein, she sure is that, yes sir. Then I said, I been a street walker lots of times, and everybody laughed. I said, The last time I was a street walker was for Mr. O'Malley at Pathe.

And Mr. Bowstein said, It's a pity that guy can't live on his own salary, and everybody laughed again."

KNOW when and where that classic remark of Garbo's "I tank I go home," originated?

It was during the making of her first American film, "The Torrent."

Garbo was compelled to plunge into an icy pool of water.

She emerged shivering and cold.

"Fine" the director said, "now let's do it again." Once more Garbo plunged into the icy pool and this time emerged shivery and shaking.

"That's great," the director said, "now let's do it again."

Garbo walked around the studio made pool of water and gazed into its clear, cold depths.

Then picking up her cloak from a chair, she strolled away calmly remarking to the director, "I tank I go home."

And history, brothers and sisters, was made!

SALLY EILERS and Hoot Gibson have just celebrated their second wedding anniversary — and you should see the diamond brooch Hoot gave!

It's enormous, in two parts, with a clasp that either binds or looses the parts. Separate, they can be used as hat clasps or what would you? Some jools!

DID you hear how Ben Lyon capped the climax at Bebe Daniels' famous tennis tournament?

Thinking he could add a little splurge to the party, he presented the winners with cups he had won at the dog races.

The girls were thrilled to death until one noticed the inscription on a cup, "For the Best Female Whippet in her Class."

And at sundown they were still chasing Ben along the sandy shore!

HOLLYWOOD is a pretty blasé town, if you ask me. World-famous celebrities arrive in droves and rate no more than a passing nod.

Hollywood is too used to fame to do nip-ups over anyone. But recently there happened the exception.

It was in the Paramount dining-room, crowded, as usual, with famous people. Chevalier sat at his table. George M. Cohan, New York actor, writer and producer, sat at another. Dietrich smiled languidly across the way. Bing Crosby fussed with his salad. The Marx Brothers were deep in a ridiculous discussion.

Bankhead's husky voice could be heard above the din.

And suddenly it happened. The door opened and she breezed in, like a young stenographer with twenty minutes for lunch. Her towseled hair flying.

For an instant there was a deep silence. And then with one accord those famous celebrities burst into an applause that was deafening.

Such an ovation has never before been given. And Amelia Earhart, the lion-hearted lady who recently flew the Atlantic alone, blushed and smiled like a school girl.

HARRISON CARROLL tells one about the Hollywood actor who came up to a friend and said:

"Say, I was just over to the office of a well known director on this lot. His secretary was out so, without thinking, I walked into the inner office. And, what do you suppose? He was kissing a beautiful girl."

"Yeah," said the friend. "Who was the girl?"

The actor whispered her name.

"You don't say! And who was the director?"

The actor drew back.

"Say," he exclaimed, "do you think I'm a cad?"



Don English

When Marlene Dietrich made "Shanghai Express" she didn't show even so much as a dainty ankle. And did the movie-goers howl! "Okay," said Marlene in a throaty guttural, "if they want legs—I'll give 'em legs." And this is the way she got herself decked out for "The Blonde Venus." If you can waste your time looking at the lady's wig, you will discover that it's so very, very blonde and exotic

QUICK, SAFE SUDS without hot water



This is the way to wash your woollies

Ivory Snow is pure—as safe for wools as Ivory Soap is for a baby's tender skin. For Ivory Snow is Ivory Soap, blown into fluffy little puffs so that it will dissolve instantly.

Ivory Snow doesn't need hot water to make it melt into a rich lather of wonderful suds. You can start with the tepid water wools require. Ivory Snow will dissolve completely. It has no flat particles which can cling to the fabric and cause a soap spot!

Don't rub wool garments. Just

swirl and squeeze them through gentle, lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. No clingy flake particles to rub out! Baby's soft little sweaters, your own knitted suits and trim Jersey frocks, your fleecy blankets, will be as softly woolly as when they were new. For with Ivory Snow you avoid the three great dangers in washing wools—harsh soap, hot water, and rubbing.

Ivory Snow is extra safe and convenient for washing *all* fine fabrics. And it is economical to use lavishly, because that nice big package costs only 15¢!

MANUFACTURERS THEMSELVES SAY SO!

"Ideal soap for woolens," say leading woolen manufacturers, such as the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, to mention only a few! "Perfect for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu.

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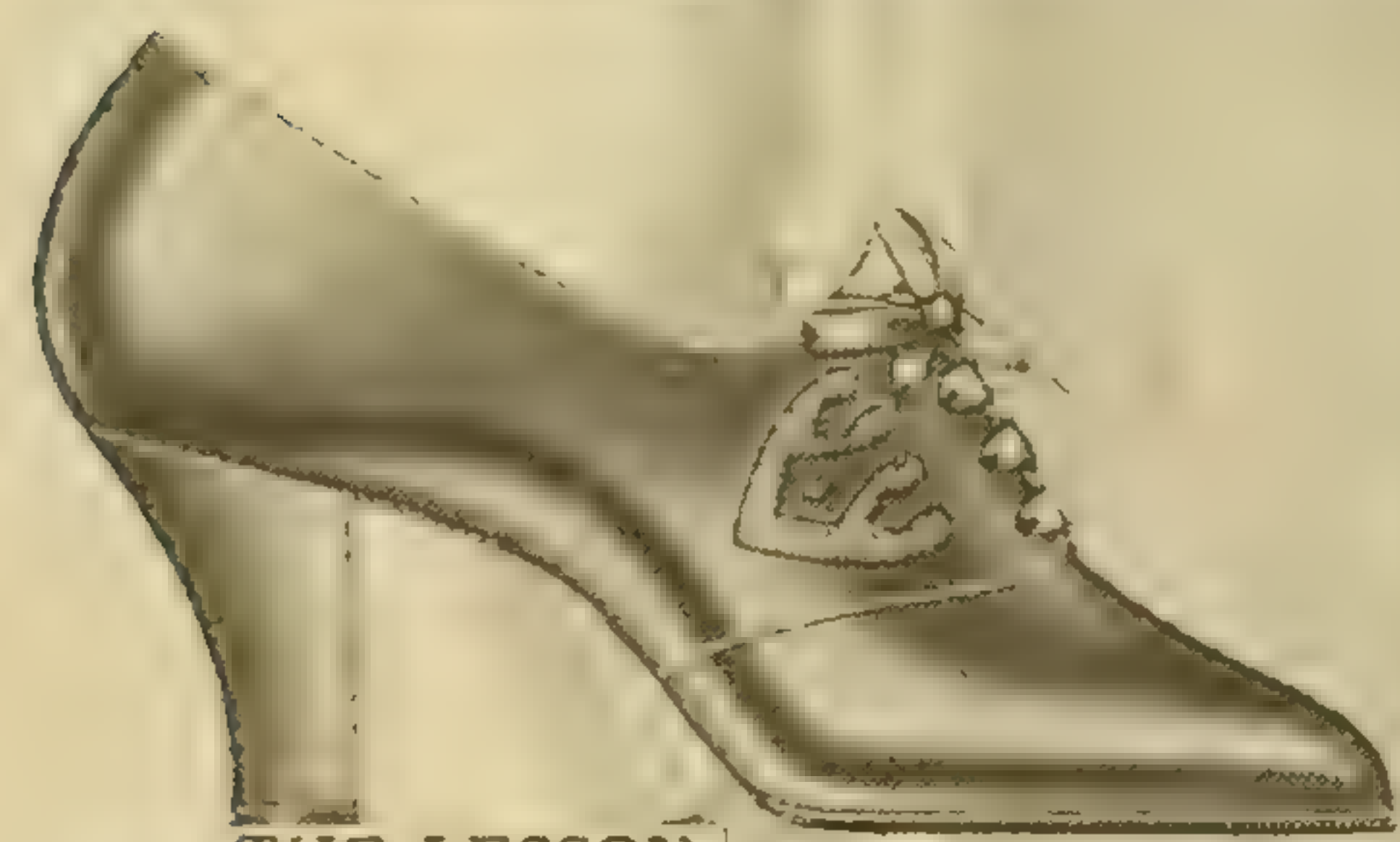
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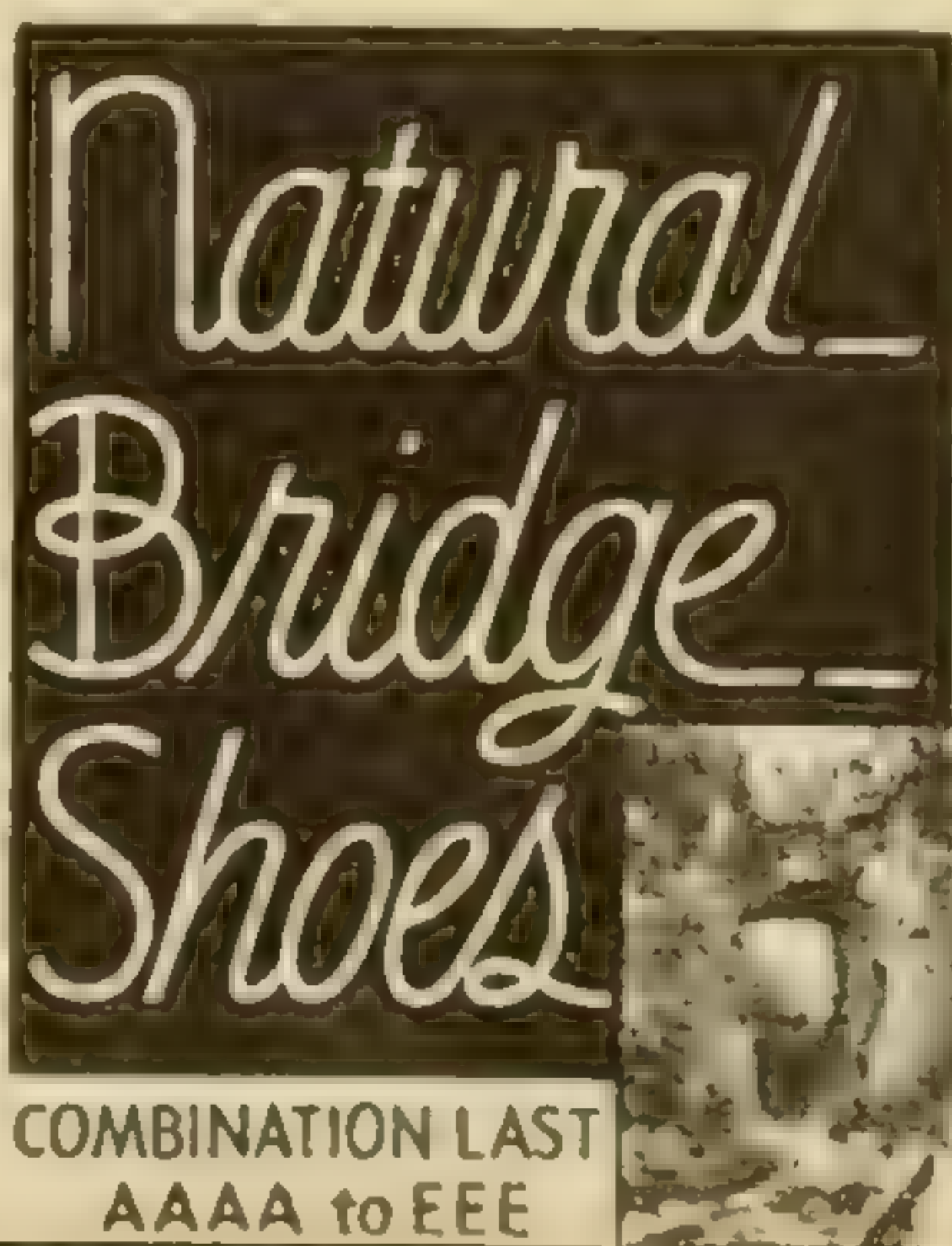
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Every step is invigorated by the Natural Arch Bridge, with its constant, normal support for your *natural* arch. Trim lines that make you proud of your feet.

Leathers that hold their shapeliness, for added months of service. A perfect fit, comfortable from the first step, because the combination lasts are moulded to the natural contours of your foot.

Most styles of Natural Bridge Shoes NOW \$5.00. A few ultra smart models, \$6.00. Other styles, including the new Junior Hi line for growing girls, at \$4.00.



FRANCES DEE is not only heartbroken, but in the worst quandary of her life. Her boy friend, French-actor Charles Boyier, has returned to Paris for at least six months.

This is really one of the lovely love-stories of pictures. Frances was the second Mary Brian of the city. Popular with all the men. So many dates she had nervous breakdowns from keeping them. The college girl type of popularity.

Then she met the Frenchman. Love at first sight. He was leaving for France in a week. He begged her to marry and return with him. But she couldn't believe that real love comes that quickly. Letters; cablegrams; across-the-water telephone calls.

Then Boyier returned for "The Man From Yesterday" at Paramount and the love deepened. But Boyier's English (for pictures, not love-making) needs improvement. He must make a living. He had a splendid six-months' offer from Paris. He took it. He begged Frances to go with him as Mrs. Boyier. She wanted to—how she wanted! But Frances has a career, too. She has a family. She has a future. To give it all up to go to a strange land—perhaps forever?

She speaks no French. She's a one-hundred per cent American gal with one-hundred per cent personal ambition.

The old, old problem. Career versus love. Neither has won. She admits she may join him any moment. Or he may return.

In the meantime, she's turning to work as the panacea!

JACKIE COOPER Cute-Saying for September—

On the day that Jackie commenced work on "Father and Son," he walked up to Chuck Reisner, his new director, held out his hand and announced, "I think this is going to develop into a beautiful friendship between us two."

THERE'S a scene in "Red-Headed Woman" where Chester Morris knocks Jean Harlow down.

"Give us the real stuff," Director Conway instructed. "Don't pull your punches, Chester!"

He didn't! In between each take, the prop boy rushed in with ice and poulticed Jean's face so the punches would not leave a swelling.

JOAN BENNETT celebrated the first anniversary of her broken-hip accident by taking up tennis again.

Of all the things which Joan was forced to forego because of that tumble from a horse, she missed tennis most! Incidentally, she is a cracker-jack player.

THOSE two handsome boys of Charlie Chaplin's are going into the movies, in spite of Charlie's opposition. A contract has been drawn up with Fox Studios and, according to report, a photostatic copy of one page from Lita Grey Chaplin's divorce decree is attached to the contract. It's the page wherein Mrs. Chaplin is named sole and legal guardian of the boys.

So it looks as though some opposition from Charles Chaplin was expected.

The boys' contract calls for five pictures, at \$35,000 per picture.

GOOD old Catalina Island! It never rains but it floods, over there! The minute Joan Crawford and Walter Huston finished work on "Rain" at Catalina, another company sent an outfit to the same location to shoot a film called "After the Rain."

AT the Biltmore Theater here, the cast of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was thick with English accents.

Harrison Carroll, the Hollywood columnist, tells the story of a certain Hollywood producer who came out into the lobby shaking his head.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend. "Don't you like the show?"

"Do I like it?" said the producer. "I can't understand it."

"Smatter? Seat bad."

"Vunderful seats," he said. "Second row."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"I ask you," groaned the producer, "who can understand such a dialect?"

GUESS what those South Sea natives called Doug Fairbanks, who's been busy making a picture on the island of Tahiti?

"Man Whom Devil Fears." And this, if you please, because the mosquitoes never bit Mr. Fairbanks' anatomy.

The natives simply figured if the skeeters were afraid of Doug, so was the devil. And there you are!

WHENEVER a fire truck goes screeching down Hollywood Boulevard the natives look for Marion Davies' limousine in its wake. Marion's passion for fires amounts to a mania. Her chauffeur no longer needs to be told to follow the trucks. When he hears a siren, he automatically swings into line.

All of our best fires find Marion among those present. She attended both Malibu holocausts—had a front row seat. In fact there hasn't been an important conflagration in years that hasn't boasted her presence.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

What Price Stardom?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Of course, her first three million dollar productions did make money. That was the root of the trouble. They stamped her as a million dollar actress.

"What Price Glory?" cost a million, but it netted between four and five. Together with Janet Gaynor's "7th Heaven" it brought the Fox company into the limelight as a large production organization—lifted it from a firm that had been known largely for Tom Mix Westerns.

"Loves of Carmen" and "Ramona" also showed profits.

With these three successes, what chance did Dolores have of playing in small, simple, human-interest productions of the type that had brought Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and others to stardom?

Dolores' gorgeous beauty must have gorgeous settings.

She was definitely typed as Hollywood's million dollar production baby.

Dolores knew what was coming. She felt it. She begged for simple rôles in simple pictures. It was a waste of breath.

She wasn't surprised at what followed. "The Trial of '98," "Revenge," "Evangeline" were all ultra-expensive flops.

"The Bad One" was her first talkie. It would have made a nice little program picture and should have been made and billed as such. But no! Del Rio was the star. That meant a super-production. It cost \$650,000 when it should have cost less than \$250,000.

With four poor pictures to her credit, it was decided she should have a super-super-super. Something more pretentious than "What Price Glory?," "Loves of Carmen" and "Ramona" combined. An extravaganza which had never been equalled.

"THE Dove" was chosen. There was to be no end to the millions expended. And on the fourth day after they started work, Dolores was carried to the hospital with what threatened to be a fatal kidney ailment. According to the sick clause in all contracts, the studio had to wait thirty days for her return. United Artists waited four months before they cancelled Dolores' contract and shelved "The Dove."

She was ill for a year and a half and lost exactly \$700,000. She was receiving \$125,000 a picture at the time.

Dolores believes this illness to have been the "worst break of all." She often says, "If it hadn't been for my getting ill—" But I think she is wrong.

"The Dove" was as well-known as is "Bird of Paradise." Radio bought it later from United Artists for \$100,000 and played Dolores Del Rio in it. It was a flop and only further stamped her as the million dollar star whose pictures did not make money.

In a way, that illness and the stopping of "The Dove" may have been a blessing. Just as the severance of her relations with Radio Pictures will probably prove one. Now, she is definitely through with million dollar productions. She doesn't even care whether she is starred. She's going to free lance. She wants a sophisticated, drawing-room drama in which she can wear modern, smart clothes. With the most perfect figure of them all she has never had an opportunity to wear modern clothes.

Harry Edington, who manages Greta Garbo, has taken over Dolores' career. His first move is an attempt to break this million dollar jinx. He's going to start her where she should have started in the first place.

And the saddest point of all is—Dolores' story is typical of so many others. Lila Lee started with a million dollars worth of publicity and stardom and it was not until she had lived it down that she found an uncertain footing in the business.

Carman Barnes was ballyhooed as the new-star-of-all-time by Paramount. Fabulous sums were spent on her publicity. She was thrown into stardom without preparation or training. And her first—and last—picture was shelved.

MARIAN MARSH was starred before she had even learned camera angles. Now she is on the outside trying to get a peep back in.

Radio Pictures is, today, holding back publicity on Gwili Andre. "Let's see what she can do before we talk about her," is their slogan. Paramount has sent Randolph Scott to school to learn the technique of camera acting. The studios are learning. Too bad they didn't learn sooner before they almost ruined the most natural beauty of them all.

We're rooting for Dolores Del Rio's comeback—no, that's the wrong word. It's not a comeback when one has not had a fair start. We're rooting for the success of this girl who is really just now beginning. We're hoping that her story will be a lesson to producers and newcomers now and forever.

But it won't.

STYLED for tea at the Ritz — but PRICED to suit the modern purse



colors

to Complement the
Fall Fashion Picture

*Crystal Taupe
Brownwood
Rhumtone
Dovebeige
Haze Beige
Lt. Gunmetal*

*Olympic Tan
Gunmetal
Smoketone
Duskee
Sandee
Fawn Brown*

Style 5454



ROLLINS HOSIERY DOES ITS AUTUMN PROMENADE

A dollar—big as it is today—becomes a little thing to pay for a chiffon stocking as sheer, clear and lovely as Rollins Style 2323. All silk to the aristocratic tip of its narrow-soled low-heeled foot. Runstop protected at the hem, which is exquisitely finished in a lace design.

And the very finest of this new Rollins lineup, Style 5454—sheer as a light mist and dull as a chalk mark—for a dollar ninety-five. . . . A stocking that self-confidently presents itself to the woman who has

two-dollar bills where fives used to be. You will find also a selection of other lace top chiffons by Rollins at a dollar thirty-five and a dollar sixty-five.

So, don't let a false sense of economy persuade you to buy hosiery of inferior quality. And don't let your innate good taste tempt you into paying the extravagant prices that went out of date in 1930. It's so simple to go to the dealer who is showing Rollins.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
New York, Chicago, Denver, Des Moines, San Francisco

ROLLINS RUNSTOP HOSIERY

D R A W S T H E L I N E O N G A R T E R R U N S

Marie Dressler's Own Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]



Revelations of an ear-lobe

Just touch your ear-lobe with your fingers . . . feel the skin's texture! Is it soft and satin-smooth as a baby's? Well, that's your *unspoiled* skin . . . your *natural* complexion!

Wouldn't you like your face to recapture this same beauty? Then try using a really *pure* face-powder . . . for often it's impure powders that cause imperfections, coarseness.

Try Luxor—the *pure* face-powder. It is made in scientific laboratories. So it's fine and delicate as chiffon. And its shades are perfect for the new costume colors from Paris.

A box of *pure* face-powder costs but 50c . . . yet Luxor couldn't be better if it cost \$5. Why not send the coupon below, for the introductory box? And achieve the petal-smooth complexion Nature intended for you!

Other Luxor toiletries are: Rouge, Lip-stick, Cold, Vanishing, and Hand Creams, 50c each; Tissue Cream, one dollar.



Luxor, Ltd.



LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Ill. PPH

Gentlemen: I want a finer, smoother complexion. Please send half-month's supply of Luxor. I enclose 10c to help cover cost of packing, mailing, etc.

(Check) Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐

Name

Address

I like, somehow, I cannot tell you exactly why, to think of Marie in terms of contrast. As, on the screen, she swings me from shrieks of laughter to real sobs, as she passes from the dignity of an empress to the maddest clowning—that is the picture of Marie's life.

From the day when, at thirteen—a big, awkward Canadian kid—she joined one of those cheap little traveling theatrical companies, to the night when she stood before a madly cheering throng of all the motion picture celebrities in the world and received the Academy medal for the greatest acting of the year.

From the days of the war when, in a few weeks, she delivered one hundred and forty-nine speeches and sold 90,000,000 dollars worth of Liberty bonds, to those bleak days after the war when she was flat broke and couldn't get a job.

In the war hospitals, before our wounded soldiers, singing a sad song one moment and telling them a funny story the next.

There is a story about that which to me reveals as much as anything I know the heart of Marie Dressler, the understanding for which Solomon prayed as the greatest gift God could give him and which Marie has.

Someone asked her why she sang sad songs for the boys, why she didn't just make them laugh.

And Marie fidgeted and smiled and finally said, "You see, I know they are sad. I know they want to cry—like little boys who are sick and frightened. But they are too proud to do it. So—if I sing them a sad song, they've got a perfect excuse and they can weep those tears which take a load from the heart."

FROM cheap hall bedrooms where she cooked over a gas jet, to the stately, charming home with its beautiful gardens where she now lives. From that classic comic song, "Heaven will protect the working girl," to the majesty of her performance in "Anna Christie." From nights when she slept in cold, funny old "opera houses," because the snow outside was too deep for her to get back to her hotel, to

nights when she has been the honored guest of such women as Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Lady Ravensdale, Mrs. U. S. Grant; when she has jested with presidents and laughed with world leaders.

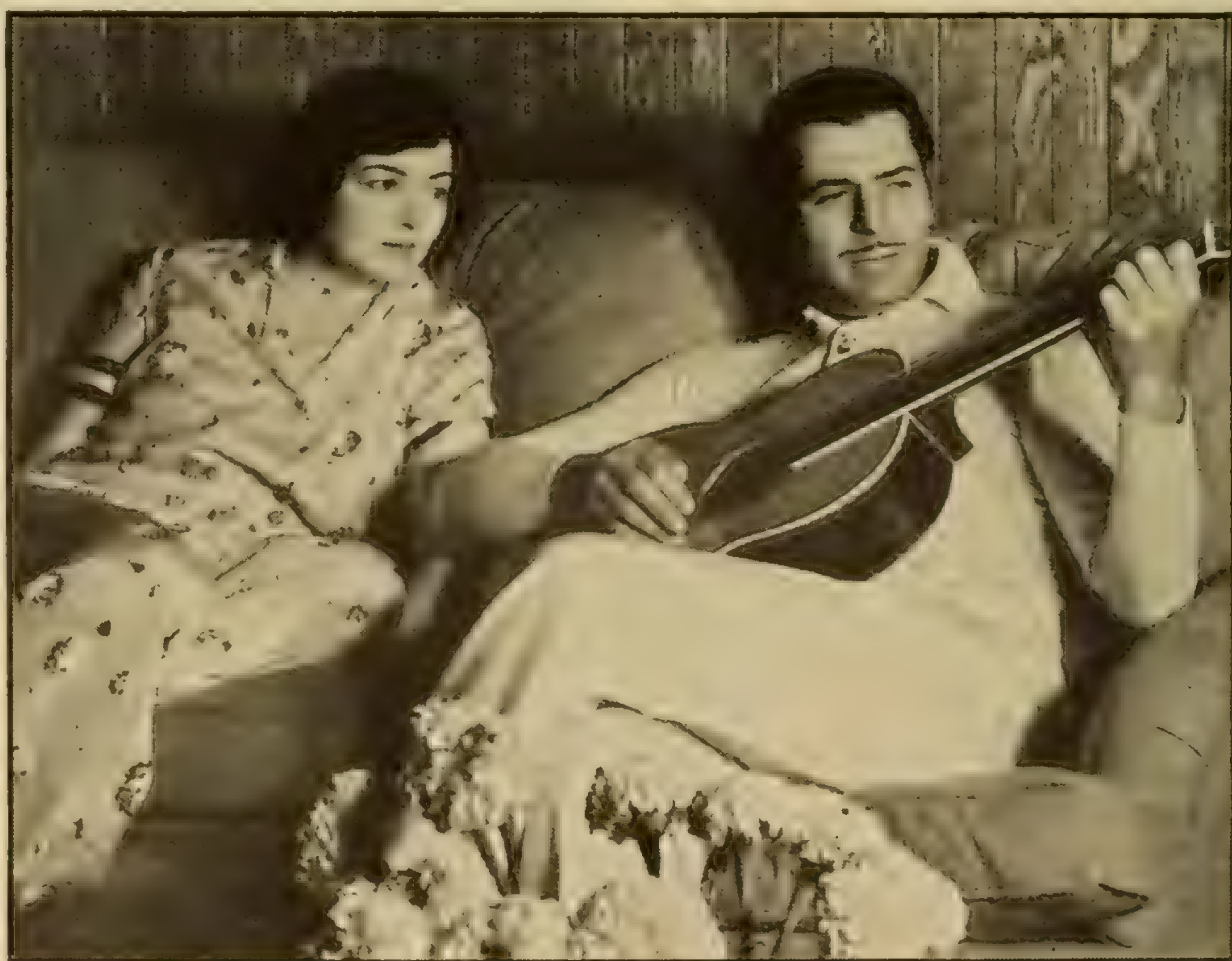
When she was a little girl, Marie was the ugly duckling. And she had one sister, a beautiful, gold-haired child whom everyone adored and admired. Some young girls are embittered by that. The ordinary woman may become unkind, resentful, self-pitying, super-sensitive. It is a proof of the thing that is within Marie Dressler that she loved that sister better than anyone else, that she was always calling attention to her beauty, always putting her forward. And their father's health failing and desperate poverty staring them in the face, it was Marie who, at thirteen, went out into the world to make a living for the family.

SOMETIMES Marie mentions, quite sweetly, that she is a woman of no education. It always makes me laugh to hear her say that. It is true, of course, that she had no academic education, that she didn't go to school very much.

But she had a brain like a sponge, a brain that absorbed and a heart that distilled knowledge. And for forty-seven years she has lived with people, and known them, and gained from them. Vaudeville, burlesque, the lowest ranks of the chorus. Stage stardom. Motion picture stardom. Travel all over the world. These things, because she knew how to take advantage of them, have made her one of the best-educated women in the world. There is no situation she hasn't seen, no character she hasn't met, no problem she hasn't faced.

Perhaps that is one reason she has been able to play every character you could imagine on the screen.

And Marie Dressler knew a great love—one and one only. A love that lasted for many years, faithful, complete, beautiful. It is the one thing of which she never speaks. I think it is because she cannot. It is too sacred.



You'll be amazed when you read the story about merry, mad Malibu beach on another page of this magazine. Now look at a couple of old settlers. Warner Baxter and his wife, Winifred Bryson, a stage actress, built a summer home at Malibu six years ago. They're still crazy about the place

Her grief at his death is an ever-green sorrow and yet she has learned to take what happiness she can from the memory of him.

Today Marie Dressler holds a great place in the world, not only upon the screen, but in all the affairs of life. Her voice is heard upon the radio appealing for help for unemployed women. Her opinion is sought upon political questions of all kinds.

And she has done something for the motion picture industry—her own beloved profession—which we of Hollywood cannot forget. She has proved to us for all time, that such pictures as "Emma"—such pictures as "Min and Bill"—pictures of simplicity and beauty, of honest, down-to-earth reality, will always bring millions to the box-office. In a time when we are fighting to know what the public wants, when every producer is striving to find the right medium of story, Marie Dressler has meant honesty and fineness.

It is better not to live than not to love.

In that one line is written the keynote to Marie Dressler's philosophy of life.

It is better not to live than not to love.

To do for others—to make every day worth living—to face each hour with a high heart, with courage, with laughter. To serve with loyalty and with sweetness in the work that happens to be ours to do.

Those things are written large in her life and, in a way, her character is her message.

When Norma Shearer presented her with the Academy medal last year she called her, "the grandest trouper of them all." And then, with a smile, and with tears in her eyes, Norma called her, "the grand old fire horse of the screen."

MARIE loved it. For she knew that it meant a great tribute. Unfailing response, unfailing effort, always giving the best and more than the best—that's what Norma Shearer meant when she used that homely phrase.

From such a woman, philosophy comes gaily, deeply, truly. Her views upon marriage, upon youth, upon everyday problems must give us laughter and tears.

Today she is one of the great women of the world. When you read the story of her life's philosophy in the next two issues of PHOTOPLAY, you will know why.

And don't forget that she is giving it to you, freely, in spite of pain and overwork and service in many, many fields during these trying days. She is giving it to you just because she believes it might help you. It is her gift to you—because she loves you as you love her.

He's No Romeo, But—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

roared. Jack smiled, was shot and died eleven times straight with the smoke blowing and temperature rising.

He didn't mind. He climbed out of the plane with a grin.

"Take off that heavy suede jacket or you'll smother," we urged.

He kept it on.

"For heaven's sake," someone else said in passing, "take off that jacket or you'll pass out in here."

He grew a bit confused. And grinned sheepishly. And turned watermelon pink and confessed. He hadn't expected visitors and was just raw underneath.

Clothes? Shucks, he isn't bothered about them. Usually trots around in white linen trousers and sweater and a scarf tied about his neck.

It's amusing about the New York stage star, newly arrived in Hollywood, who was attending a swanky military ball and went into near hysterics over the tall, handsome man who wore his full dress suit like a fashion plate. And danced with a divine grace that outshone any man present.



no wonder Woodbury's won the Half-Face Test



You powder your face with a *face* powder . . . a powder especially for your complexion.

You soften your skin with *face* creams . . . made to suit the delicate tissues of your skin.

Then cleanse your skin not just with *any* soap, but with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . a *specialized* soap, definitely prepared for the complexion.

Woodbury's is a FACIAL soap . . . made with cosmetic ingredients not usually found in soaps.

It is infinitely better suited to your skin than an ordinary soap which is also intended for the laundry and bath. Woodbury's formula was not created by a soap chemist, but by a skin specialist. Woodbury's is not sold in chip, flake, or any other form for kitchen or laundry use. It is much too fine, too specialized a soap for that. Besides cleansing, Woodbury's Facial Soap provides a stimulating and corrective beauty treatment.

The superiority of Woodbury's Facial Soap was proved when 15 leading dermatologists supervised a scientific test on 612 women's faces. For 30 days, each woman cared for one side of her face with any creams, lotions, soaps, etc., she wished. The other side of her face she washed with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Records of that Half-face Test show that Woodbury's softened dry skin, brightened dull skin, checked oiliness, benefited coarse pores, cleared blemishes . . . *more than other soaps and other beauty methods did on the same faces.*

YOU try Woodbury's Facial Soap against any pet facial treatment YOU have. The results will win you to using Woodbury's faithfully from then on. It costs less than 1¢ a day to use Woodbury's. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

USE THIS COUPON FOR DAINTY SAMPLES AND PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 821 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐ Flabby Skin ☐ Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐ Pimples ☐
For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp. Normal Scalp ☐ Dry Scalp ☐ Oily Scalp ☐

Name _____

Address _____

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Tune in on Woodbury's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. Leon Belasco Orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.



**Critics
Acclaim**

**GREATEST
PICTURE
OF THE
YEAR!**



**DARING, SENSATIONAL THEME—CLOSEST TO
EVERYONE'S HEART TODAY!**

**A dramatic thunderbolt challenging the nation, it hurls a
smashing answer to the burning question of the hour!**

**Hearts aflame in a whirlpool of tremendous thrills and
the most spectacular dramatic scenes ever filmed!**

You must see it—you'll love it!

**WALTER HUSTON
PAT O'BRIEN — CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
A FRANK CAPRA Production
A COLUMBIA PICTURE**

Ask your theatre when it will show "AMERICAN MADNESS"

"Who is he? Who is he?" she kept whispering, "he must be a Continental." "Continental, my eye," came the surprising reply, "that's Jack Holt."

And the lady nearly passed out.

For Jack can wear clothes when he has to, and they fit his splendid frame with a certain dash.

There's a calm ruggedness about his face. His lower lip protrudes. His eyes are small and very brown. And twinkle with amusement. He has to do something about his rapidly thinning hair.

He wouldn't know a smart quip if it up and quipped him in the face. He speaks directly and man to man. No wisecracking. Or exchanging of *bon mots*.

ANY one can walk onto the set and talk to him. There's nothing of the aura of "hands off" that usually surrounds a star. He's easy. And natural. A man's man. And a woman's man. The kind that happen often in books and rarely in life.

He owns a ranch somewhere beyond Fresno, with 2,000 head of cattle. Four cowboys, one wife, two girls and one boy. And the minute the last scene has been shot, he's on his way ranchward. And is into the saddle in a jiffy. One of the cowhands.

"What are you going to do now, Mr. Holt?" an interviewer once asked him, "now that talkies are coming in?"

He looked at her in that puzzled way of his. "Why, I'm going to talk, lady," he said. "I always have. See?" and to the utter amazement of the interviewer he demonstrated very slowly and distinctly his ability to talk.

Some of his best pictures have been made with director Frank Capra. "Submarine," "Flight" and "Dirigible" were among the Capra films. And it's a bit funny the way they met.

Holt and Ralph Graves had gone down the coast to make a picture. And everything was wrong. The director proved a dud and left. It rained, someone got the hiccoughs and either wouldn't or couldn't stop and someone else came down with tonsillitis or something. It was awful. And there they were, stuck.

Capra had just been let out of a Langdon picture. Here he was, unsung, unknown and certainly jobless.

A friend met him strolling aimlessly down Hollywood Boulevard. Frank explained his plight to his friend.

"Come with me," the friend said, "got a job for you." And the next day the little unimposing Italian arrived to take over the Holt-Graves catastrophe. Well sir, they took one look at their savior and passed out in droves. They argued and fought and packed for home. At last, in desperation, Holt argued to let Capra try it.

He tried it. And "Submarine" was the result. And he's been the bright spot in Jack's, and many another star's career ever since. With "Flight" and "Dirigible" soon following.

HE'S had 120 hours in the air, this Holt. And had given up polo before more than two people in town learned it wasn't played on the dining room table. In 1926 he rated a two-goal handicap in national polo rating but gave it up because it proved too expensive. Today he's in constant demand as referee at all the big military games.

His closest friends are among army and navy men. They are the type that appeal to him most.

The studio wouldn't let him fly in his new picture, "War Correspondent." Roy Wilson, a crack flyer, was hired as a substitute. Jack sat and thrilled to Roy's skillful handling of the plane in the air. And his boy Tim, just thirteen, sat beside and thrilled with his dad.

Tim had always wanted to go up and at last Jack consented. Tim went up with Wilson.

And somehow for the first time in all those eighteen years, Holt's mind wasn't on his

work. He was restless. Uneasy. Above location the plane droned reassuringly.

And then the half hour was over.

And Tim was back.

And Jack snapped into his old routine again.

A few hours later the hum of Wilson's plane could again be heard off in the distance.

And then suddenly there was a sickening silence and Roy Wilson was dead. Tim's pilot had lost.

It broke Jack up.

The quiet sort of fellows like Jack feel things pretty deeply.

YES, Jack Holt is a man. He's worked hard at his business. He's kept his slate clean and his record clear.

He's given eighteen years of downright, solid entertainment.

With no fuss or hullabaloo.

And something tells me that when some of the flashy laddies of the screen today are just a pleasant memory, Jack Holt will be going right on.

For eighteen years more, anyhow.

Monkey Business

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—Are you the Chita who appeared in "Tarzan," in support of Johnny Weissmuller's torso?

PHIFER'S CHITA—Judge, did you ever hear the one about the two apes named Oogly and Woogly who stopped at a small farmhouse upstate, and—

JUSTICE DOZE—Yes. Answer the lawyer's question.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—Did you tell Len Hall, better known as Frank S. Buck, a PHOTOPLAY reporter, that you appeared in "Tarzan"?

PHIFER'S CHITA—Well, I appeared at the Boston Store, the Big Bazar, O'Connell and O'Klein in Philly and several other places. Me and Cap might have done our stuff in "Tarzan," wherever that store is.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—Do you know Len Hall, better known as Clark Gable, personally?

PHIFER'S CHITA—Do I know him? Do I know Len Hall? Why, we had our picture took together! He's a darling, he's—

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—Let's keep sex out of this! Did you or did you not appear in "Tarzan"?

PHIFER'S CHITA—Judge, that reminds me of the time I was down on the Rapidan with Hoover, and—

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE—I'll beat your skull in when I get you outside. That's my case, your honor.

JUSTICE DOZE—(who has been snoring in A-Flat for a few minutes)—Ladies and gentlemen, lawyers and apes, you can't make a monkey out of this court. It remains—

WALTER WINCHELL—(an old Civil War transom-duster)—Then who did? Hehehe!

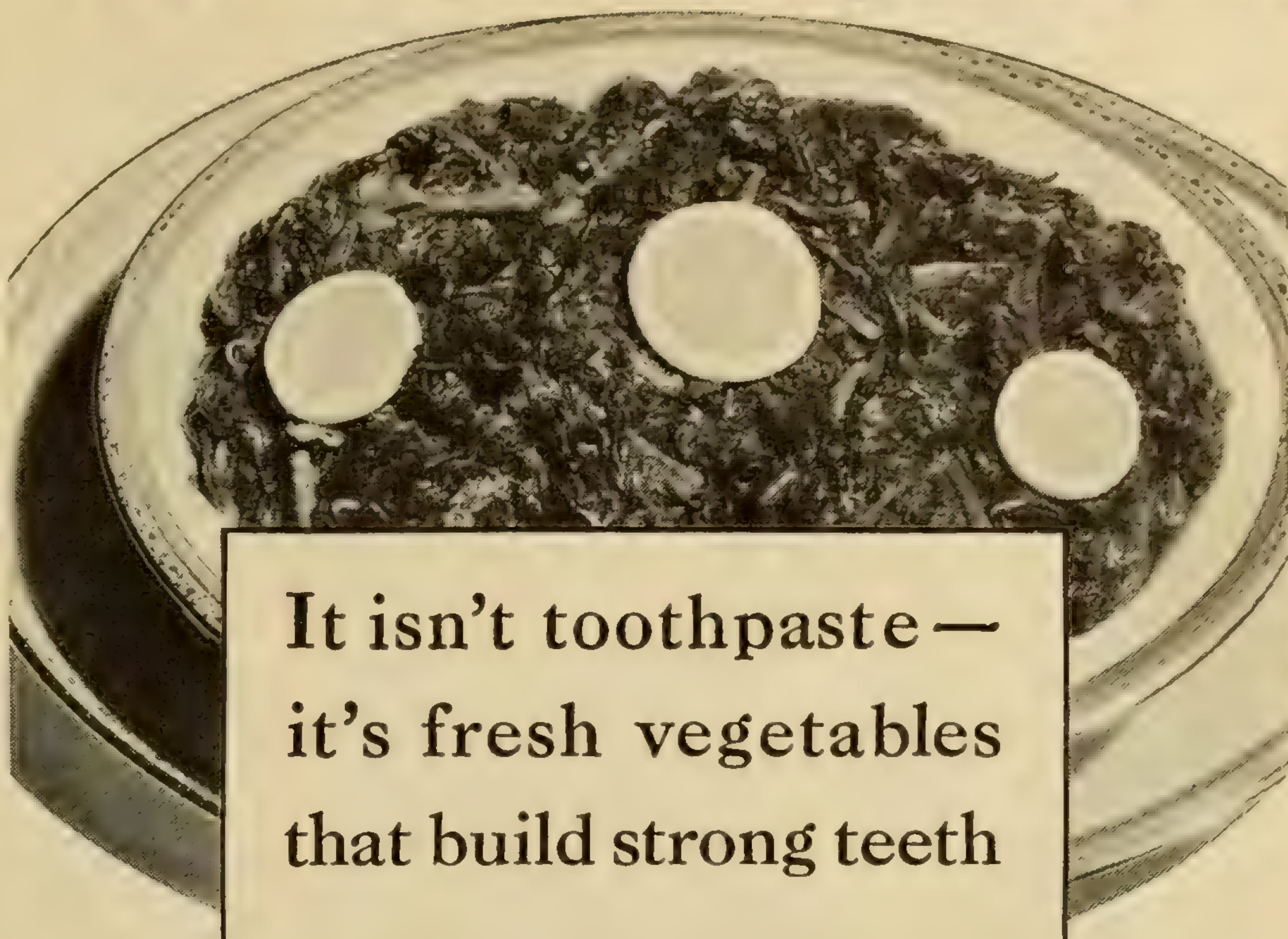
JUSTICE DOZE—That will cost you ten, Winchell. As stated in the case of Amos vs. Andy, State of Idaho, Page 1905, *e pluribus unum multum in parvo* and a dash of bitters. The court finds, after due deliberation, that Major Barsky's Chita appeared in "Tarzan, The Ape Man." Cap Phifer's Chita, on the other hand, had her photograph taken with a notorious magazine reporter and hi-jacker. We find for the plaintiff in the sum of a bunch of red bananas.

WALTER WINCHELL—(a retired keyhole-polisher)—Life is just a bowl of Chitas! Hehehe!

JUSTICE DOZE—Ten more, Winchell. Court's adjourned.

(The two Chitas leap into the witness box and scratch each other tenderly. They then sing, "So I Chita you, and you Chita me, under the bamboo tree!" The celebrated case of Chita vs. Chita, or who put the ape in "Tarzan," is over. Thank goodness!)

We say it's Spinach!



It isn't toothpaste —
it's fresh vegetables
that build strong teeth

... but Pepsodent helps
preserve them with this
modern safety factor

TO build strong, hard teeth is the purpose of right diet. You must eat foods rich in essential minerals and in vitamins. But building teeth is only half! You must *preserve* teeth too. That is done by removing destructive film each day. To *preserve* teeth Pepsodent Toothpaste was especially developed.

Remove film from teeth

Film is the greatest single enemy of teeth. Film covers teeth with a gelatin-like coating. In it are germs glued against enamel . . . producing acids that dissolve the enamel, penetrate the tooth and finally reach the nerve.

Film absorbs the stain from food and smoking—and ruins the most charming smile. Film clings stubbornly to teeth—sticks so defiantly that toothpaste manufacturers have spent years in seeking the ideal material to remove it. Now Pepsodent has found it! A revolutionary cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different.

New safety for teeth

This new material removes film quickly and effectively. As it removes film-coats it polishes enamel to high brilliance. Above all, this cleansing and polishing material is *safe*—absolutely safe—and

twice as *soft* as those in common use.

Eat the right foods. Use Pepsodent Toothpaste. And one thing more: See your dentist periodically. For no toothpaste can truthfully guarantee immunity against diseases which only your dentist knows how to treat and overcome.

These are the 3 rules modern science lays down for lovely, healthy teeth. Observe them faithfully.



Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

NO
after-effects
with this safe,
gentle Laxative!

The laxative you're using may "work" all right.

But does it work safely or harmfully—in the long run? Does it have any harmful after-effects? Do you really know?

Violent laxatives cause elimination of the food waste in utter disregard of the *normal* action of the bowel muscles. Often they are habit-forming. Repeated dosing with violent cathartics does more harm than good.

Acts as Nature does

The right kind of laxative works like Nature. It gently stimulates your bowel muscles to return to work. It gives these muscles just a friendly "nudge" when normal action is delayed.

That's the way Ex-Lax works!

Ex-Lax does *not rob* your bowel muscles of their natural impulse to function properly. Ex-Lax helps these muscles to function easily and normally—as Nature intended. Ex-Lax gives Nature gentle, friendly, but effective aid. That's why doctors everywhere approve the Ex-Lax way.

No secret about Ex-Lax

Phenolphthalein is the only medicinal ingredient in Ex-Lax. The Ex-Lax formula combines this famous laxative agent with a delicious chocolated base—in just the right proportion, the right quality, the right dose, to produce best results.

Ex-Lax does not gripe. It is not habit-forming. It does not disturb digestion.

If you've been using the *wrong* kind of laxative, get Ex-Lax. At all drug stores—10c, 25c and 50c. Or mail the coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
 —the safe laxative
 that tastes like chocolate

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170

A-92

Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

Hollywood Is A Woman's Town

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

three women, Gary would have given that kind of party at all?

You never hear of men in Hollywood getting together to play poker and drink beer until the dawn! You rarely hear of stag parties at all.

Bob Montgomery once gave one for Noel Coward. "All we did was sit and talk," he says, as if that were the most astonishing thing he had ever heard.

"And they stayed until four in the morning. It was grand, really!" But he never gave another.

Which leads one to wonder whether men would choose to play ping-pong and "murder" and backgammon. Whether men, left to themselves, would spend hours and hours putting jig-saw puzzles together, while wearing dinner coats.

That's what they do at Constance Bennett's dinner parties. And Connie's parties are models for all Hollywood.

JOEL McCREA, who is one of our most beleaguered bachelors, says that Hollywood men never take any initiative about these matters at all.

"Women tell us what to do and when to do it," he said. "They are amazingly adroit about it. I find that I go to nearly every opening that occurs. Yet I can't remember that I have ever planned to attend one, on my own initiative. It usually happens like this. I am calling on a girl and she says, 'Grand Hotel' opens Thursday, doesn't it?' I say, 'Why, I guess it does.' She drops the subject. A little later, when I am taking leave of her, I say, 'When may I see you again? Tuesday?' Now, she is busy Tuesday. She is busy, it seems, every evening except Thursday—and she had rather thought of going to the opening. So I say, 'Well, why not go with me?' And she does.

"I always find that I am glad it came about that way. She looks charming and we see lots

of people we know and it is all rather nice. But I never should have planned it myself!

"As a matter of fact, I think I should never call on a girl at all unless she invited me. They have the control of these matters so thoroughly in their own hands that we simply don't expect it to be any other way. If a girl doesn't ask me to come and see her—and set a definite time for it—I take it for granted that she doesn't care to see me. I leave it to her to decide whether we shall go to someone's party or dine in the country or go dancing. I don't care. And it wouldn't do me a bit of good if I did!"

Joel, however, has his moments when he flees from all this femininity. He had his first vacation a little while ago—having made twelve pictures in almost the same number of months. He hid himself to the ocean and slept in a tent on the sand; stayed there by himself for the entire time and cooked his meals over a little fire. Which wouldn't be any woman's idea of a way to spend a rare vacation!

How many men would actually choose to go to the Mayfair parties, if left to themselves? I haven't been able to find one who would admit that he would go unless some woman urged him. Yet those parties are very well attended and there is certainly no dearth of men at any of them.

THE Montmartre and the Embassy Club were both designed to appeal to women—thick-carpeted, flower-decked. The menu features salads and chicken-in-aspic and sweetbread patties. But the Brown Derby started out to be a distinctly masculine restaurant. It featured Hamburg steak, served sizzling, straight from the fire, in its own iron skillet. But now—the lunch hour there grows later and later, as people dally over their coffee, waiting for a glimpse of Lilyan Tashman's newest saucer hat. The menu boasts a "Ladies' Special" every day now—chicken short bread or a turkey cutlet.



Fred Hendrickson

Richard Dix feels pretty secure about his own marriage when he considers the grand example that has been set for him. Here he is with his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Brimmer, who recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home in Hollywood. And would you look at them closely? They're still holding hands. Scandalous, sez we!

Voices are subdued and fans cluster about the door to beg for autographs and criticise the women's clothes.

Lunch at the Derby is a fashion parade these days.

And no longer do you see tables occupied by comfortable, besweated men, thrashing out production problems over plates of corned beef and cabbage!

Men without coats are no longer admitted to the Derby.

The place has gone feminine.

THERE is not a men's shop on the Boulevard which does not have a woman's section, devoted to feminine sports apparel. Florists tell me that the demand for really rare orchids, at any price, grows apace and that on gala days it is impossible to buy orchids at all unless you order them days in advance!

Automobile dealers say that their customers in the film colony are demanding luxurious closed cars equipped with vanity cases and crystal vases, with gold and silver accessories, in place of the open sports roadsters of a year or two ago.

I haven't seen a cowboy hat or a pair of golf knickers in a night club in a year.

Maybe it's the influence of the people from the New York stage. Eastern women have always known better how to control their men than we have.

Perhaps it is the growing power of women like the smart and ultra-sophisticated Constance Bennett and Lil Tashman.

Maybe our men are just getting a little effete. I don't know. But you can see how the wind is blowing.

Personally, I am going to stay right here and enjoy it!

Folks—That's Romance

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

job after another, he turned to the stage simply to earn a living. Before he could get fairly started, the trenches claimed him. Invalided home, he turned to the theater again at a time when theaters were booming and actors in great demand.

Suffering had matured him beyond his years, so a young man brought depths of feeling from the front lines of France across the footlights of London.

Edna Best, on the other hand, had the usual illusions that young girls have about the glamour of the footlights. She entered a dramatic school at sixteen and served the average apprenticeship of road-show hardships. Impatient with her understudy days, she determined to find an opportunity that would prove her ability, and was just about to resign from the company and try to find a leading rôle for herself when the star of the troupe became ill and the understudy had her opportunity. Edna played the leading rôle—was seen, appreciated and graduated from understudying.

DURING the first season in London, she met Herbert Marshall!

Hollywood has not had a successful co-starring husband and wife team since many years before the talkies.

It is the ardent desire of both Mr. and Mrs. Marshall to act together on the American screen. They did in England.

They were eminently successful on the New York stage in "There's Always Juliet." Hollywood producers have sought them separately, but never as a couple. Yet, when they work together, they seem to give each other so much.

Wouldn't it be the perfect culmination to this beautiful, true love story for them to send their message throughout the world by playing together in many American pictures?



Save ELASTICITY —it makes stockings *fit*

Those dowdy little wrinkles at the ankle and heel...seams that ride around...do you know why they happen?

WHEN your stockings are *new*, they fit smoothly and hug the leg closely because the silk threads are *elastic*. They *give*, then spring back into shape.

But when elasticity is *lost*—then the stockings wrinkle and bag where they should fit most snugly! Seams

are apt to ride around and if you fasten garters more tightly to try to keep them in place—then the lifeless threads *break*. Another run starts!

Don't take chances that may ruin stockings! Lux is especially made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes stockings keep their flattering *fit*, and makes even sheer ones *wear*.

LUX
preserves stocking
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"I'm going to . . . Little Tricks Make Hollywood Fashions Individual

WASH your FACE!"

by Seymour



"I COULDN'T imagine what Henry meant until he showed me how painted my lips really looked."

What about your own lips? Do they have that painted look all men dislike so? Perhaps they seem natural to you . . . yet they may look obvious and unattractive to others.

So use Tangee, by all means. It can't make you look painted . . . it isn't paint. It's entirely different . . . in the stick it looks orange . . . but once on the lips it changes to the *one* color most becoming to you.

And Tangee is permanent . . . it won't smear. Try it today . . . at any druggist's or cosmetic counter. Or send 10¢ for the Miracle Make-up Set.



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P 9-9

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SO many of you have mentioned the clothes that Joan Crawford wore in "Letty Lynton" that I know you will be interested to hear that she took one of the gowns abroad with her. No, it wasn't the frou-frou organdie one, but that stunning white evening ensemble she wore the night she paced the deck with Bob Montgomery. Remember it?

And Adrian made Joan any number of those little side-slanted hats for her European wardrobe, too.

JUST before sailing from New York, Joan did some busy shopping. She isn't going to buy much abroad because she says she hasn't the time. She did tell me a grand evening gown gag though. Listen carefully. She has a plain, straight evening gown that looks almost like a slip except that it is made of a rich, heavy crepe in deep blue. Over this she wears a puffed sleeve blouse tying high about her waist. She has several of these—one in plain organdie, one in eyelet batiste and still another in dotted Swiss. Each blouse is a little different in design and color so that one evening gown looks like several!

You could do the same thing for a fall evening costume, only not have such summery materials for the blouses. Those sleeves, by the way, are the huge puffed variety *a la* the gay '90s.

HOLLYWOOD is giving black satin a hand for daytime. It is usually relieved with white accessories, however. Watch this trend for fall.

In "Blondie of the Follies" Billie Dove introduces something new in ties for the informal riding habit. Look for it when you see the picture. It is white angel skin satin, quite short, and tied in a casual knot beneath the collar of her blouse.

LONGER evening wraps for this winter are a certainty. Already they are appearing more and more often at swanky Hollywood affairs. Big sleeves that puff and billow out above the elbow and high flaring collars are important details. These huge puffed sleeves also appear on the short jackets which continue to hold their own.

Leave it to Norma Shearer to change her type when she felt there was danger of its becoming a rubber stamp. When you see her in "Smilin' Through" she will be as quaintly demure as an old valentine. Under one costume she wears yards and yards of ruffled petticoat. Now you can't complain about her daring clothes. Norma also wears very, very British tweeds in this picture, too.

That clever young designer, Josette de Lima, has made a sports coat that you will all want. It is designed after the French vineyard boy's blouse. It has the swagger lines that are so popular and its blue suede material makes it a very striking garment.

EVER since buttons started filing up feminine backs and attracting attention, back interest in fashion is increasing. At a luncheon party in Hollywood the other day, a smartly dressed star's back caught everyone's eye because her white pique collar had a large white pique flower posed right at the back of the neck. All this topped a blue and white plaid frock.

The trend for rough surfaced silks that look almost like wool is sponsored by Connie Bennett. She wears a pale blue ensemble of gown and short jacket made of that Schiaparelli crepe—its texture looks like the rough graining in wood. She and Joan did a sister act in twin sailor beach pyjamas at a recent Malibu party. A tip for sisters who don't mind looking alike!

Thrift in a Palace

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

read the riot act and what I mean is, it is a riot act!

"I SEE to it that there is no waste and nothing thrown away. If we have corned beef for dinner one night there has got to be corned beef hash for luncheon the next day. If there is turkey for dinner on Sunday night there must be turkey croquettes for luncheon on Monday.

"There isn't an item, however small, that I don't consider and check up on. The flowers, for instance—in a house the size of ours flowers are an item. We always have them around and like them to look beautiful. White gladioli in silver bowls, for instance, and blue delphinium and lilies in Mildred's and my bedroom. During certain seasons of the year our own hot-houses and gardens supply the flowers for the house. There are off seasons when it is necessary to buy them. I buy them at a wholesaler's, which saves us several dollars a week. I also see to it that they are not changed too often or unnecessarily. . . ." (I know of no other star in any state of finance who would even *think* of buying flowers from a flower wholesaler!)

"Mildred dresses and lives, personally, on an allowance. I give her three hundred dollars a week. And she must and she does keep within that weekly sum—for everything. All of her clothes and luncheon and theater money—everything. I don't care what she does with it. She can save it or give it away. She can spend the whole three hundred dollars on one dress or buy ten for thirty dollars, which is about the sum she usually does spend on a dress.

"But whatever she does with it, that is all she gets and she must keep within it.

"We have no charge accounts. There are none allowed in our household. Once, when we were first married and were in New York, Mildred got very giddy and ran up some bills to the tune of \$18,000. I paid the bills, but that was the last money Mildred saw the color of for five months.

"Since that time charge accounts have been severely taboo.

"I allow myself an allowance of one hundred dollars a week. And I'm as strict with myself as I am with the rest of the family. If I want some extra golf clubs or shoes or any personal

The Story Behind Their Wedding — by ALBERT DORNE

whim and I've run short of cash I wait for the next week. I save up for it.

"We're both careful of our clothes. Mildred has a mink coat she bought five years ago. I looked it over the other day and was pleased to find that it is in just as good condition now as it was when it was bought.

"There is a dress allowance for the children, too. They must keep within that allowance no matter what arises.

"There isn't a tree on the place that I haven't shopped for. When we were putting in the olive trees I found that one pays one hundred dollars for a tree with a guarantee and fifty dollars for a tree without a guarantee. I bought one of each and I watched 'em. I found that the fifty dollar tree did fully as well as the hundred dollar tree and the rest of them were bought at fifty dollars per tree.

"OUTSIDE of the house itself and the necessary cost of maintaining it, we have no personal extravagances.

"We do not maintain polo ponies, for instance. We do not keep a yacht. We do not have apartments in New York, or London, or even in Los Angeles. We have no villa in Cannes. We do not go in for gambling.

"When I go to Caliente, which I do very seldom, I allow myself sixty dollars to play with. If I lose that I stop.

"We do not have large liquor bills. I never take a drink myself and our parties are apt to be small and, in the Hollywood sense, I guess, comparatively non-alcoholic.

"Last New Year's Eve, for instance, we gave a small party. We were much more interested in the favors Mid bought at the Five and Ten—the paper caps and snappers and tin horns—than we were in the kind of cocktails we would serve, if any.

"I'm crazy about penny candy. Mid doesn't eat candy. The only candy we go in for, as a result, are penny dreadfuls and licorice shoe-strings and those fat chocolate bananas sprinkled with pink poison, probably.

"We have a beach house, now, at Santa Monica. It's cheaper than taking the family to the shore in summer. It's small and economical to run.

"And while we are away, we put the staff on a five-day time schedule.

"The children are taught to give some of their toys away to other children. And they can't give only the old, broken toys, either. They can't give just the things they don't want themselves. When they make up the boxes to go off, some sacrifice must be involved.

"They are taught, too, to cook and sew and clean and make beds. They cannot have whatever they happen to fancy at any time they fancy it.

"When they go shopping and see some special toy they think they would like to have they are told that they must wait for it—wait for a birthday or for Christmas or Easter or some gift-giving holiday.

"I want my boy to go to public school. I wanted the girls to go there, too, and stuck out for it until Mildred and her mother convinced me that, in public schools, the other children are more apt to cater to and make much of those who have more than they."

MILDRED and Harold have done a great thing. They have made money human. They could have created an atmosphere of frigid formality with the little, heartening things of life smothered under. They could so easily have given everything around them the chill touch of Midas. Instead of which, they have given everything about them the warm touch of a mother and a father. They have created an atmosphere of tin toys and penny candy and Easter eggs and fun—of children's wholesome, unspoiled laughter—of a place where other children love to go—and I love to go—and you would love to go—and you—and you—

Where a great gentleman and a great lady dine in a bathrobe and a \$3.95 gingham frock.

1

SUCH A SWEET BRIDE — AND BOTH SO MUCH IN LOVE!

WHO WOULD EVER DREAM THAT ONCE SHE NEARLY LOST HIM?



2

THE FIRST TIME HE CALLED, SHE WAS THRILLED — HE, TOO! BUT BEFORE THE EVENING WAS OVER, HIS INTEREST COOLED



3

TIME PASSED..... HE DIDN'T COME BACK.... SHE WAS HEARTBROKEN. ONE DAY SHE CAME AND CRIED ABOUT IT ON MY SHOULDER



4

I KNEW THE TROUBLE. SO I TOLD HER GENTLY HOW SHE SOMETIMES OFFENDED

—AND HOW EASILY LIFEBOUY WOULD END HER FAULT.... "B.O." —CLEAR HER COMPLEXION, TOO



5

WHAT A JOY TO SEE THEM MARRIED TODAY! NO "B.O." NOW TO SPOIL HER CHARM. SHE'S PERFECT IN HIS EYES



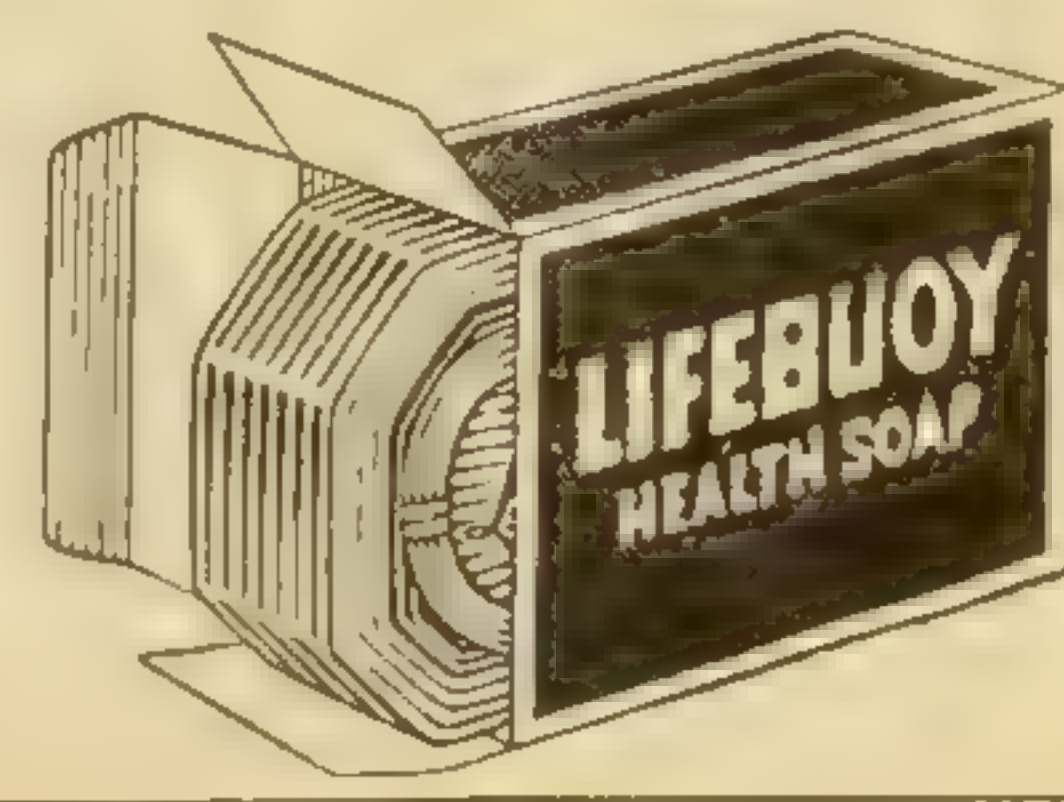
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PHILADELPHIA

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, General Manager



A part of the gay crowd who came to Herbert Brenon's tennis party. The grand part about tennis is that everyone is amused, both the people who play and those who watch. Look closely at this photo and you'll spot Tom Mix, Nils Asther, Vivian Duncan and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris. Nobody knew that the picture was being taken. This was one of the biggest social events of the Hollywood season

Let's Have a Hollywood Party

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

for a buffet breakfast. Then off they started, each on his mount. At noon they arrived at a spot along the sea where a lunch, all prepared, was waiting. And did they impolitely shoulder one another aside for those sandwiches and that salad?

They ate so much, no one could even mount his horse for hours. Then straight into the moonlight they rode and at a secluded little inn, dinner awaited.

There was dancing (for those who could still move) to the radio, bridge, games, and back home again in waiting cars.

BUT the most astonishing thing about the sophisticates of the screen, such as Ruth Chatterton, Constance Bennett and Norma Shearer, is their love of games. Just plain games you played as a child. Hollywood is wild about them.

For instance, Connie Bennett will give a formal but delightful dinner (and you'd be surprised at the simplicity of Connie's menu) and the guests will arise from the tables and make one mad ungentlemanly and unladylike leap for the jigsaw puzzles. You know the kind. All cut up in little pieces. And there they'll sit. For hours on end. Putting together little pieces of cardboard.

Well, dissipated Hollywood. Dear me.

And, by the way, what are you and Jack planning to do about that empty basement? Nothing? Nonsense. You should see what Hollywood does with their's. Furnaces are camouflaged. Bright rugs, or those lovely new linoleum rugs, cover the floor. Card tables are set about, and lo and behold, here's your playroom.

Bebe Daniels has grand parties in her basement. It's all decorated like a ship, with all

sorts of nautical atmosphere. Why don't you try that scheme, too? Sea pictures, life preservers, ship masts and what not.

Bebe had a grand cloudy-day party recently. You see we, in California, merely call it "high fog" when anywhere else in the world it would frankly and unashamedly be known as rain. But we're touchy about it. And Bebe gave a grand "High Fog" Party. Down in her yacht-going basement.

Card tables were set up and dinner served on the tables and, heave ho, sailor, it was chop suey and plump little frankfurters. And did they eat?

As a matter of fact, three guests fell overboard and darned near drowned.

One little dish like this, with salad and ice, can very often overshadow an elaborate ten-course dinner. Try it and see.

After dinner, the tables were cleared and again everyone did jigsaw puzzles. Very small puzzles had one worker frantically hunting about for parts. Medium-sized puzzles had three and even four jigsaws, while huge ones had six or eight people. And the fun of it is, no one has the slightest idea what the completed picture will be. They may be hunting wildly for a cow's tail when all the time the scene is a cottage by the sea. Whoever completes his puzzle first gets the prize. A prize each for the small, for the medium and for the huge ones. It's just grand.

HOW about an ice-box party? The kind Sylvia Sidney has. Are they fun? Sylvia takes her guests to a show or concert. Often as not, a movie. Then everyone rushes home to make a mad dash for Sylvia's ice-box and the party's on.

There are platters of ham, salami, cheese,

cold chicken, everything for sandwiches. A bowl of salad is found; olives, celery, deviled eggs. Sliced buttered bread is found in the bread box. The coffee percolator gets gay. Ice cubes clink in the ginger ale (behave yourself) and the kitchen is a turmoil. And you'd be surprised at the swanky people who just love to mess about kitchens. Try it sometime.

THE Fredric Marches give those absolutely correct dinners. Everything just so. The food elegant. The appointments exquisite. Mrs. March (Florence Eldridge) writes the menus and will shop about in the Mexican quarter for imported cans of spicy delicacies.

Their table is a picture, with its lovely lace runner and pure white decorations. The very last word. The glassware is the lovely new milk-glass. Plain, with initials carved on the stems (brand new idea). Instead of a center flower bowl, two lovely white cornucopias filled with white iris adorn the center of the table. White candles burn in white candlesticks. Tiny individual white china ash-tray and match sets are at each place.

Mrs. March has solved perfectly the fish and salad course problem by cleverly combining the two.

A large fish mold is used. Jello, packed with flaked tuna or salmon, is poured into the mold. The elegant looking fish is brought to the table and served. With French dressing, it's delicious. And here's a thought, hostess. Why not individual jello fishes for that bridge party? With tiny sandwiches or crackers, here's your lunch. You're welcome.

Like Ruth Chatterton, the Marches choose guests who have mutual interests. Perhaps at one dinner it will be the music-loving crowd; the next dote on pictures and the next go in for polo and sports. It always works.

Miss Chatterton usually gives a buffet dinner, with simple food correctly served. After dinner come "anagrams" and "murder." In playing "murder" a certain guest is chosen to be killed. And here's a grand chance to kill outright that gurgling Mrs. Smith that out-talked everyone at dinner, or that annoying Mr. Brown who goes about trying to hold all the ladies' hands. Either could be murdered cheerfully and are much more attractive dead than alive.

All right, now choose a guest to be the district attorney and, with every other guest a suspect, the game is on. Each one tries to alibi or pass the grief on to the next one until finally one poor victim becomes so hopelessly entangled, he actually confesses and begs for jail. You should see the elegant Miss Chatterton at this game!

And if you have any distorted ideas that a Chatterton party is a long, broad "a" discussion on art in the fifteenth century (not that Ruthie couldn't give it a twirl if she wanted) you're mistaken.

Play, play and more play is the keynote of every Hollywood party.

HOW about a formal tea? Norma Shearer gives teas that are famous, with all the visiting celebrities in full bloom. Congenial little groups gather together. There is usually music or a psychoanalyst to amuse the guests. Or an outdoor formal tea is ideal. How about that lovely garden you worked over all summer long? Let's show it off.

Helen Twelvetrees had an outdoor tea recently that was perfect. The long tea table was set on the shady back porch. Beach umbrellas and chairs were spotted about the garden. The women's gay summer frocks and the men in flannels made a pretty picture. Inside, a tiny bar did a rushing business (lemonade's nice, too). Groups of people were playing croquet on the front lawn, checker games were in progress under the old elm tree and the younger set were battling away on the tennis courts.

Miriam Hopkins is another who loves to entertain in her garden. Four o'clock Sunday suppers outdoors are Miriam's specialty, with huge platters of fried chicken and hot biscuit



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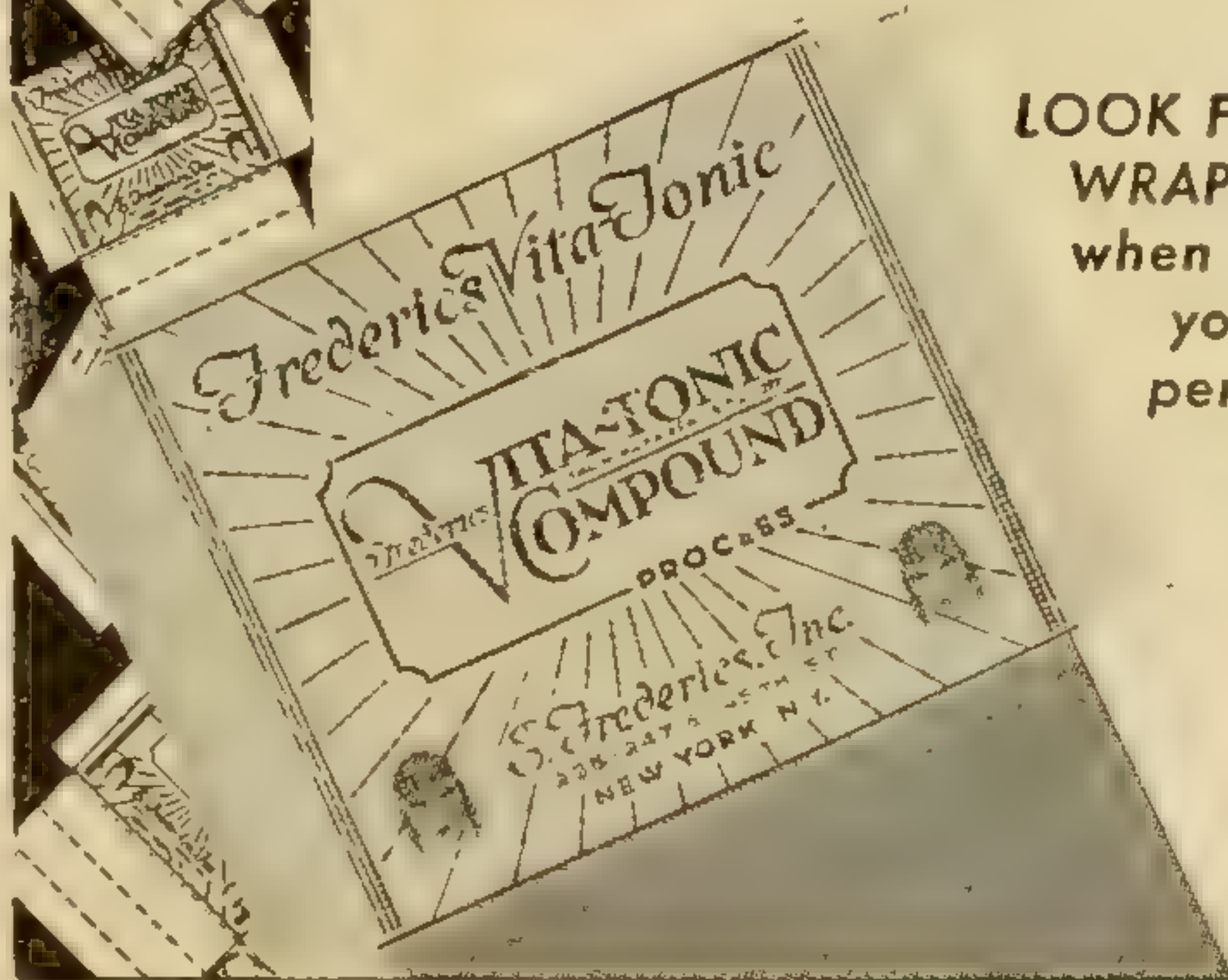
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on each card table. A colored three-piece orchestra lends a lot of atmosphere.

Joan Crawford is the thoughtful hostess. Joan recently gave a diet party for a few close friends—a clever idea, I must say. Realizing only too well the necessity for careful diet among her friends, as well as herself, Joan secretly consulted the cook of each of her guests and when luncheon was called, each one was served, with party trimming of course, exactly the things she was permitted to eat. And everyone ate to her heart's content and was spared the suffering of remorse.

If you want to have a party away from home, you'd be surprised at the clever touches one can give a party at the club house or in a hotel private dining-room. Sally Eilers gave a party for Bebe Daniels at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel that was much smarter than many a home party.

The color scheme, for instance, was yellow and chartreuse. Flowers, cloth, candles and dishes were all in this striking and unusual combination.

And Bebe brought that adorable baby of hers and there little Barbara Bebe sat, like a miniature hostess, at the head of the table. She was the center of attraction, with everyone crowding about her.

In fact, Sally's luncheon of fruit cocktail in cantaloupe, squab and asparagus waited while famous movie stars gurgled over a baby.

Maybe you long to give a *different* sort of tea. Yes, it can be done. Louise Closser Hale, about the grandest character actress in Hollywood, did.

And here's how. Small separate tables with a hostess at each table, instead of one large table. In the living-room, a table with tea and hors d'œuvres could be found.

In the dining-room, one with coffee and sandwiches. On the porch, one with nuts and cocktails.

Now is that an idea? That way, everyone keeps moving about instead of the usual congestion in one room.

EVEN Hollywood bachelors give grand parties and Gary Cooper's will be remembered a long time. Mary Pickford planned the menu and the appointments. The guests sat at small tables in the living-room, which was cleared for dancing afterward.

Upstairs, card games were in progress and the inevitable fortune teller held forth in another room.

But Toluca, Gary's pet chimpanzee from Africa, created more excitement than the fortune teller. Which is strange, for Hollywood.

So you see, this Hollywood really knows its parties. It has achieved the thing sought after by every frantic hostess—a knowledge that everything has been properly served and everyone is having a grand, good time.

Mad, Merry Malibu

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

purchased. A year later came fire number two and, while the fire engine snorted in all its red painted glory up and down Malibu's back road, seven houses burned down. *There was no water.*

Fire number three, one year later, and the hose wouldn't reach. A dampish drizzle played lightly about the flames. And more homes bit the dust.

Malibu, we salute you.

And while fire raged, smoke belched and timbers crashed, a real estate agent stood midst flame and smoke, like the boy on the burning deck, and sold the lot next door to an eager customer. While cinders fell under his coat collar.

He bought it, I tell you, he bought it.

Malibu—well, I can't go on.

And Leila Hyams found two collies, four scotties, a police dog, four children and one rabbit, slightly scorched, piled into her front bedroom by frantic owners. Two days later all was safely disposed of but the rabbit. No one ever came to claim it.

Week nights are comparatively quiet, except for Bert Wheeler's visitors and assorted sizes of Marx Brothers. But come Saturday night and tired out picture stars race home from the studios to get "away from it all" and find themselves attending a beach version of the Mayfair. Swanky parties. Swanky food. Satin slippers full of sand. Crashing one another's parties. Behaving as they never dreamed of in Beverly Hills.

Breakfast along the gray white way is usually at eleven. Sandwiches in the patio (what, you didn't know about the patios?) at two, and buffet dinner from seven Friday night until ten Tuesday morning.

CLIQUEs are formed. There's the handball, tennis-playing clique who haven't seen the ocean for years and years. They have a vague idea that it's there. When it grows dark, they merely turn on one of the many searchlights that adorn the front of many homes and the game continues.

Then there's the fishing clique. Buster Collier, Arline Judge, Wesley Ruggles, Leila Hyams and others who hire boats to go far out on the briny deep.

While the wives and husbands who didn't go fishing stay home and form the bridge-playing clique. Is that a laugh or not?

Then there's the "simply ravishing, my dear" clique that comprise all visiting celebrities and visit weekly with Lil Tashman. Such delightful parties, my dear.

And the yacht-cruising clique, who anchor offshore and wave madly to those on shore who wave madly back to those offshore—I mean.

How'd I get on this yacht anyhow? The yacht-wavers comprise the Richard Arlens, the Charlie Farrells, the Richard Barthelmess' and others.

THEN there are people who actually go in the water. I mean beyond the first wave. They get wet. And love it. Betty Brent is the champion get-wetter.

Why, even the servants clique. The Spanish fronts won't associate with the frame huts and the Swiss chaleters don't even see the mere cottagers. Nix.

There are those who have cliqued themselves clear out of Malibu. Just as Mary and Doug pioneered themselves out of Hollywood into Beverly Hills, so have some gotten too ultra for Malibu.

There are just two places for them to go. Above or below the potteries. My yes, there's a pottery. Must have our little local industry, you know.

So we have above-the-potteries-Malibuites and below-the-potteries-Malibuites. Both are nice.

A star's career may be watched in this fashion. From Malibu to above the potteries. Promising. To below the potteries. He's arrived.

Casting for pictures has been known to take place on the sands in a very large way. For instance, Estelle Taylor was having a snooze on the beach when she was awakened by a click-click-click. She opened her eyes to see Wesley Ruggles, the director, snapping pictures of her luscious form. The next day the test was shown at the studio and won for Estelle her grand part in "Cimarron." Where she wore long panties, seven petticoats and a satin basque.

Too, a man never knows from year to year whether the interior of his home will be Queen Anne or Louis the Fourteenth. It depends on the wife. One wife may like Anne but next year the new wife favors Louis. Or Chinese Buddhas. With plenty of incense. The third year his even newer wife may prefer early Harper's Bazaar and think she's on the Mediterranean.

And nothing will prevent her from going Riviera. Nothing.

Some go in for interior decorations with inferior decorators. Where every little doodad has a meaning all its own. Others get a great kick out of furnishing their own. It's not unusual to have a famous head suddenly thrust itself out of an upstairs window and scream, "Quick, I've just finished my bathroom curtains. Come quickly."

And the Keystone cops fade completely out of memory's picture as an entire colony race wildly to see the simply adorable accordion pleated, crepe chiffon, hand-embroidered bathroom curtains. That cute, they are.

BUT Connie Bennett combines interior decoration with common sense. William Haines, who has a terrific flair for knowing what's right in a home, has done Connie's beach home. Smart simplicity is the keynote with *red buckram* lampshades.

Just plan red buckram. While Fay Wray's are plan white silk.

Louise Fazenda claims her new house is a late Fazenda model. The bed may not be a gem of art but the mattress is swell. The curtains may not be anything to write to Congress about, but they're sunfast.

There is also the comical situation of waking up one morning and smelling the bacon frying for one's bitterest enemy, next door. Who has moved in overnight.

And that has been known to happen in the land of fueds and fever.

And there's the store. The good old general store across the highway. That might, from a bird's-eye view of the outside, be the general store of Si Perkins' over at Pumpkin Center, by gosh. And at that, it might be on the inside, too, with its queer little vegetable stalls and painted blue shelves. But on those shelves, brother and sister, on those shelves. It would pop the eyes of Mrs. Van Astor herself. What a store this has turned out to be. Gleaming jars of stuffed mangoes, in vinegar. Little blue snails with a Chevalier accent all over the bottle. Artichoke hearts in sherry. Walnut catsup. And try that on your baked beans sometime. Stuffed oranges and pineapple in grenadine. Bottles of *crème de menthe*.

And on those rickety vegetable stands. Well, name anything out of season and Mr. Bills, the owner will have it. You'll find raspberries at the Malibu general store when the only other raspberries in the state of California will be a loud, hissing noise.

It's the prize general store of the world. The symbol of Hollywood. Moved a bit to the north. Where famous stars gather to gossip, shop, and take turns at the telephone.

MALIBU. For eight years more it will carry on the glamorous traditions of a motion picture colony. Then the leases will be up.

Where Jack Gilbert races out of his house every morning, bosom bared to the sweeping winds, head flung back, to the water's edge, glancing quickly up and down and if no one's looking, wetting one large toe on the right foot and rushing back.

Where parties get bigger and waves dash higher. Where in eight more years a lady will step down from a stone mansion on an overlooking hill and say, "Amscray." And the great conflagration of 1940 begins.

When the gay, mad spirit, that will never die as long as pictures are made, will go right on and take itself somewhere else.

From Hollywood to Malibu.

From Malibu to Somewhere Else.

The stars cannot stand still in their courses.



"Sue, I'm thrilled! I just got back from the grocer's. It was crowded—stacks of women buying—guess what? Ivory Soap! Did you know how much Ivory prices have been reduced?"

IVORY SOAP

now at the Lowest Prices in 17 Years

"Why, Molly, didn't you know? Everybody's been talking about the new Ivory prices for days. Yesterday at the club we all agreed they were so low we could use Ivory for everything."



Everywhere Ivory users—old and new—are saying by the millions, "At these new low prices Ivory is the only soap I need for everything:

face and hands

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family's baths

shampooing

silks, woolens—nice

cottons and linens

dishwashing (to

protect hands)

and every other soap purpose

about the home."



IVORY SOAP

IVORY FLAKES

IVORY SNOW

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

IT FLOATS

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount

IF you've longed to see Alison Skipworth do more than just a supporting rôle—here's your chance. Literally, as the grand old crook who poses as a countess, she is the star, and not even the presence of George Raft and Richard Bennett, good as they are, can rob her of it. The entire picture is grand. See it and have yourself one fine chuckle.

UNASHAMED—M-G-M

LEWIS STONE can save almost any picture from the doldrums, and he almost manages to save this one. But, in spite of the fact that the story is based on an actual occurrence—remember those front page stories about the wealthy boy who shot his sister's sweetheart?—it is pretty unbelievable. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young are the brother and sister.

THE PURCHASE PRICE—Warners

AS a singer in a night club, Barbara Stanwyck, in order to escape the attentions of the boy friend, takes herself off to marry a Western farmer, sight unseen. Much time is taken up with Barbara's life on the farm, getting nowhere. Stanwyck, as usual, is real and sincere, but George Brent seems slightly miscast as the North Dakota farmer with the sniffles. Rather dull and uninspired.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE—Universal

HERE'S another horror thing that will make you shiver. A group of travelers, including Melvyn Douglas and Lilian Bond, caught in a terrific mountain rainstorm, are forced to seek shelter in a house inhabited by mad people. Not much story, but the characters are excellent, particularly Boris Karloff and Eva Moore. Grand camera work.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—M-G-M—Hal Roach

AND you'll do it. You'll pack up those blues and laugh yourself pink. For here come Laurel and Hardy in a full length comedy, and what a comedy. As two bench-warmers, Stan and Ollie are mildly surprised to find themselves in the army. A riot in the trenches! Jacquie Lyn, the child, grabs off a handful of the glory for herself. If you're blue, run, don't walk, to see Stan and Ollie. You'll feel better!

GOONA-GOONA—First Division

DON'T pass this by because you think it is another travelog. It is a charming love story taken from a legend in the island of Bali. Natives are the actors and the scenery is superb. Wyan, the native lover, looks like the Tarzan of Bali! And little Dasnee, the heroine, is exquisite. Entertaining and different.

MY PAL, THE KING—Universal

YOU may think you have seen Tom Mix do all his stunts, but you haven't seen anything until you see him and his Wild West Show engage in a battle-royal with nothing but tent stakes for weapons. Only Tom or Will Rogers could make this seem logical. Mickey Rooney, as the young king, is grand. Lots of fun for everybody.

AREN'T WE ALL?—Paramount-British Prod.

HERE'S a nice little comedy—very British, very talkie, but with a certain amount of charm. Gertrude Lawrence does not photo-

graph as beautiful as she appears upon the stage, but she does, nevertheless, have glamour in this frothy Lonsdale play, which concerns a young married couple and their first misunderstandings.

WHITE ZOMBIE—United Artists

IF you're just a fiend for horror pictures you'll take this and like it, but if weird screams and tom-toms don't make your blood curdle any more, you'll find this just a little funny. It concerns the half-dead who rise from their graves. They are known as zombies to the natives. Madge Bellamy returns—not so good in talkies as silents. Bela Lugosi is his old Dracula self.

MYSTERY RANCH—Fox

JUST an average Western, with the scenery and locations playing the starring rôle. They tried to throw in a little mystery, but the idea



William A. Fraker

Not so long ago the executives over at the Columbia Studios were jumping up and down on their best hats. Reason? They just couldn't make up their minds about who should have the leading rôle in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Then somebody had an idea, and a projection-roomful of stenographers looked at all the tests that had been made. They chose Nils Asther. Do you like the make-up? Incidentally, some wag suggested that a better title would be "The Bitter Yen of General Tea"

didn't quite come off. George O'Brien, stalwart as usual, Cecelia Parker, properly demure—and oh my, such mean villains!

THE STOKER—First Division-Allied

THIS is a jumble about a man, forced out of business by the moneyed powers, who becomes a stoker on a ship bound for South America, only to land on a plantation owned by a beautiful senorita. It has a little of everything in it—even to the American Marines, who are brought in to chase the bandits. Monte Blue is the hero and Dorothy Burgess, the lovely senorita, with Noah Beery the bold bandit.

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC—Explorers' Film Prod.

IF you're a rabid travelog fan, you'll want to add this to your collection. It is done in the usual manner, with a boat Alaska-bound and the cameraman digging out secrets about the lives of the Eskimos.

SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING—Capital Film

ENGLISH titles help interpret the action, but Schubert's music is so entrancing that, even without their aid, one may thoroughly enjoy this pleasant little operetta of old Vienna. The story is a portrayal of the composer's life, and his famous "Serenade" is the theme song.

THE MAN CALLED BACK—Tiffany

REMEMBER that old plot involving a well-known doctor who drank too much and subsequently fumbled an important operation? He goes to the dogs in the tropics, too. Here it is again, all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. An impressive group of old favorites, including Conrad Nagel, Doris Kenyon, John Halliday and Juliette Compton going Garbo in a black wig, make this interesting entertainment despite the somewhat hackneyed plot.

HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide

THE children will love this picture. Every boy who has thrilled over fashioning a lariat out of a clothesline will lie awake nights riding again with Ken Maynard on his horse, Tarzan. The thinness of the story is forgotten in the thrill of action.

RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners

AGAIN we are convinced that John Wayne has something definite to offer to pictures, particularly if he is kept in Westerns that suit him like this. It's never tiresome. Otis Harlan and Charles Sellon are judges that amuse, while Ruth Hall is the attractive heroine.

FORBIDDEN COMPANY—Invincible

LORETTA YOUNG'S sister, Sally Blane, is building more slowly than did Loretta, but she is coming along. Here she is an artist's model with a rich young man, Johnny Darrow, in love with her. And does he run into parental objections! Myrtle Stedman, slightly plumper, is the rich mother.

LOVE IN HIGH GEAR—Mayfair Pictures

AH, the pearls are stolen again—the most important present the bride received! Imagine her embarrassment! But that is nothing compared with the groom, who is accused of the theft. Alberta Vaughn and Harrison Ford suffer, and while it's made for laughter, don't look for hilarious comedy.

THE VANISHING FRONTIER—Paramount

SOMEWHERE Johnny Mack Brown dropped that Alabama accent and took on a quaint Spanish one. The story deals with early California and Johnny's a big, bold hold-up man of the West. Unjustly accused of murder, he battles soldiers, escapes, and wins the girl. Plenty of hard riding and swell scenery. You'll like Johnny.



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BEN L. FRANK, *Manager*

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The outstanding charm of *this great hotel may now be enjoyed on a surprisingly low budget* and with no deterioration of the *splendid service* for which the Ambassador has long been famous.

Good outside rooms with bath may be secured from \$5.00 per day. Special discounts for stays of four weeks or longer.

Restaurant prices have been reduced in some cases as much as 50%. Quality and size of portions remain the same.



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It's important to health and beauty to banish fat and it's just as vital to employ the *proper* means—a safe, sane method which won't injure health and leave you haggard looking.

How capably a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning fills this need!

Kruschen is the **SAFE, HEALTHY** way to reduce—it builds up splendid health all while it helps restore your weight to **NORMAL**.

Notice how complexion clears, eyes grow brighter and mind keener—you'll be delighted when your scales show how quickly excess fat is disappearing. Many folks hasten results by cutting down on fatty meats, pastries and potatoes.

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight so I started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 bottles I reduced to 165 and never felt so well. It's a tonic as well as reducer".

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85 cents at any drugstore—for **REAL** results and your health's sake—refuse imitations—accept nothing but Kruschen.

Kruschen Salts

"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." Dept. H, E. Griffiths Hughes Inc., Rochester, N.Y.



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MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most roughened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—*safely*. Golden Peacock acts *so fast*—you use *so little*—it's more economical than *all* other bleaches that *work*. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Pearl White

FIFTEEN years ago our pages recorded the activities of the three greatest stars of that day—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin, and the magazine was dotted with what we now call "gag" pictures of little Mary making funny faces, clowning in an old pony cart and such things. A few years later Mary stopped all that and became dignified. But recently she has again changed her ways. A few weeks ago she was caught posing for a "gag" picture in the Brown Derby restaurant.

As for Chaplin—well, we had a grand story about him. We said, "Chaplin comedies are not made—they occur." We wish one would occur again.

Come on, Charlie, settle down there in Hollywood where you belong and make a comedy to shake us with laughter and tears—as you did long ago.



Gloria Swanson

GLORIA SWANSON has just returned from Paris with trunkfuls of amazing clothes which our busy photographer snapped as soon as they were unpacked. And what clothes! (Quick, somebody, bring the smelling salts, Seymour has fainted!) Fringe, spangles, aigrettes, pearls, feather fans and—yes, honest—she carried a long cane. Don't ever again say that modern togs are absurd! But then, as now, girls all over the country were copying movie stars' gowns.

What a gay little story we printed—the one about Marie Prevost, in which we pointed out (and ran a picture to prove it) that Marie had just about the best pair of legs then in Hollywood.

How were we to know that Marlene Dietrich was coming along with those glorious stems? And that Marie was to look too long upon French pastry and chocolate pie and lose that gorgeous figure?



Eve Southern

THIS time five years ago all the stars, directors and featured players were just that excited. About what? Guess! Well, the big bosses were cutting everybody's salary ten per cent. The old world does move in cycles, doesn't it?

There were a lot of marriages to report, the most spectacular being Vilma Banky's and Rod LaRocque's. Just a couple of months ago we told you that they are still very happy. But the marriage of little Renee Adoree to William Gill, which we also chronicled, was destined for the rocks and Renee's life became one of trials and tribulations. Now, however, after two years in an Arizona sanitarium, she is about well again and ready to take her place in pictures that's been vacant too long.

And here is the first photograph to be published of Jaime Del Rio with his glamorous wife, Dolores. At that time Jaime entertained thoughts of becoming a scenario writer. And

Now, here's a name to make you remember. A story about Pearl White was accompanied by a classy picture—"classy" was the word then—of her in a limousine that had cost \$14,000. Imagine! Now Pearl has retired and lives in France. Wonder if she ever thinks about those serials she used to make, "The Perils of Pauline," for instance. Whoops, what a show!

Mae Marsh was the wistful little girl on the cover, while the gallery included Marjorie Rambeau, Vernon Steele, Olga Petrova, J. Barney Sherry, Louise Glaum, Robert Harron, June Caprice and Ann Pennington.

Some of the pictures reviewed were Charles Ray in "The Clodhopper," Mary Pickford in "The Little American," Charlie Chaplin in "The Immigrant," Douglas Fairbanks in "Wild and Woolly" and Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon."

Cal York item: Wally Reid is now a father. Both daddy Wally and mama Dorothy Davenport are proud of that boy, who has been named Wally Reid, Jr. (Now young Wally is going in pictures to carry on the famous name.)

10 Years Ago

Wearing pajamas outside a bedroom is not a modern idea, for ten years ago Rudolph Valentino's wife, Natacha Rambova, was doing it—and so was Rudy, as a flock of at home pictures of these two testify. Incidentally, they were the first photographs ever taken of Rudy at home.

But the biggest news of the month was the fact that Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien were to be reunited on the screen. How many hearts these two have thrilled during the years of cinema history.

Alice Terry graced the cover. Claire Windsor, Bebe Daniels, Helen Ferguson, Colleen Moore, Rudolph Valentino, Anita Stewart and Lucille Carlisle were the gallery selections.

Some of the best films were Jack Holt in "While Satan Sleeps," Corinne Griffith in "Divorce Coupons" (she's back in the English-made film, "Lily Christine"), Wally Reid in "The Dictator," Charlie Ray in "Smudge," "The Storm" and "If You Believe It, It's So."

Cal York item: When Mary Hay underwent an operation recently her husband, Richard Barthelmess, was constantly at her bedside.

5 Years Ago

then—but you know that long and tragic story.

Lupe Velez had just been chosen to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho," and we predicted a successful career for Lupe, which prophecy she has fulfilled—and how! Incidentally, Eve Southern was the other girl in that picture. Remember her? She had the longest eyelashes (including Garbo's) in Hollywood. But whereas Lupe clicked—you've heard her clicking for five years—Eve didn't. Two girls with an equal chance, but that's Hollywood.

Lovely May Allison was on the cover, and in the gallery we discover Dolores and Helene Costello, Joan Crawford, Rod LaRocque, Ramon Novarro, Esther Ralston and Phyllis Haver.

The six best pictures were "Wings," "Underworld," "The Patent Leather Kid," "The Magic Flame," "The Country Doctor" and "The Loves of Carmen."

Cal York items: Constance Talmadge and Captain Alastair Mackintosh are getting a divorce. . . . The Greta Garbo-Jack Gilbert romance is once again in full swing.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MISLEADING LADY, THE—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

MISS PINKERTON—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

MISSING REMBRANDT, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

MONSTER WALKS, THE—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (April)

MONTE CARLO MADNESS—UFA.—First Division.—A foreign-made musical with a few gay tunes and Sari Maritza, now making pictures in this country. (Aug.)

MOUTHPIECE, THE—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

MURDER AT DAWN—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (April)

★ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—Universal.—Here's another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big hand. (March)

MY WIFE'S FAMILY—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (May)

NEW MORALS FOR OLD—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (July)

NICE WOMEN—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (April)

NIGHT BEAT—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (March)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

NIGHT WORLD—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (July)

NO GREATER LOVE—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

NO ONE MAN—Paramount.—Sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the tottering plot. (March)

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (April)

PANAMA FLO—RKO-Pathe.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakeasies, honkey-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (March)

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M.—This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (April)

PASSPORT TO PARADISE—Mayfair Pictures.—All about a young man who has to do some startling things to collect a legacy. Jack Mulhall is the hero. (Aug.)

PLAY GIRL—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (May)

POLICE COURT—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father-and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (June)

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (April)

PRESTIGE—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn't quite compensate for this haphazard yarn about a tropical penal colony. (March)

PROBATION—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

★ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy give charming performances in this idyllic story. Louise Closser Hale is great. (Aug.)

★ **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—M-G-M.—Be sure to see Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, gone red-headed. She gets her men, and how you hate her! Not for children. (Aug.)

RESERVED FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Leslie Howard as a cultured headwaiter, in a charming comedy. (Aug.)

RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

RIDERS OF THE DESERT—World Wide.—Bob Steele riding through a story of rangers and desert outlaws. (Aug.)

RIDING TORNADO, THE—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

RINGER, THE—First Division-Gainsborough.—A mystery story from England in which a murderer gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. (Aug.)

ROAD TO LIFE, THE—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (April)

ROAR OF THE DRAGON, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn with Richard Dix, fine; Arline Judge, cunning; and Gwili Andre, provocative. (Aug.)

RONNY—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

ROADHOUSE MURDER—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

SADDLE BUSTER, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A Western without a shot fired. (April)

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (April)

SCANDAL FOR SALE—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (May)

SHADOW BETWEEN, THE—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (April)

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (April)

SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (April)

SHOPWORN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

SILENT WITNESS, THE—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (March)

SINNERS IN THE SUN—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

SINISTER HANDS—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

SIN'S PAY DAY—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (June)

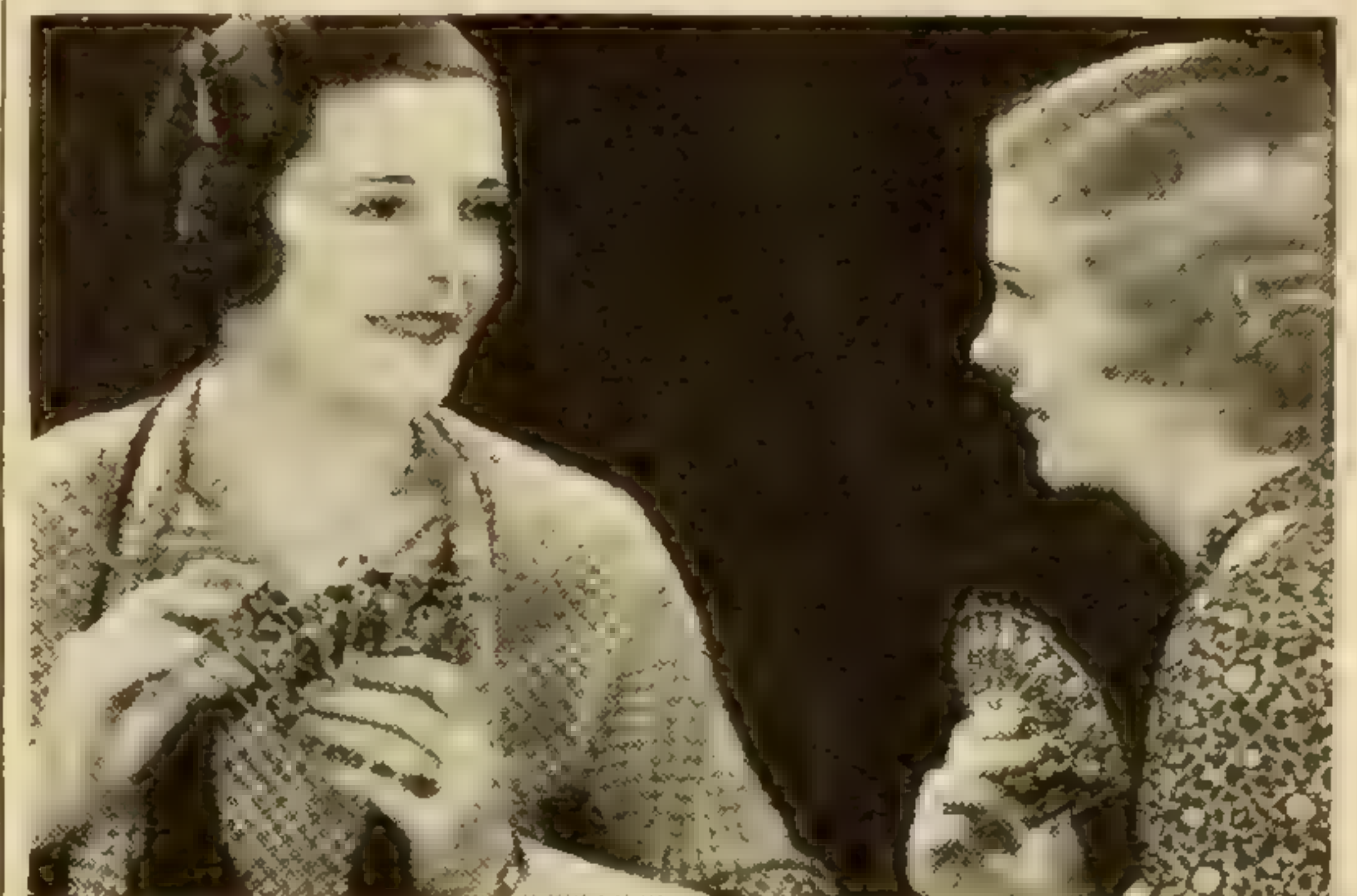
SKY BRIDE—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

ISABEL: Honestly, it spoils my game looking at my "dishpan hands"—



MONICA: Mine looked even worse when I was first married.

ISABEL: I can't believe it—yours are so *exquisite* now—so smooth and white.



MONICA: Thanks, darling!—All I did was to use Lux for my dishes. It's so quick—and positively miraculous for your hands.

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soft white hands
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SKY DEVILS—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (March)

SO BIG—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

SOCIETY GIRL—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn tries to be a tough boxer, but he's too nice to be quite believable. Pleasant enough film, however. (Aug.)

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.—Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

STEADY COMPANY—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (April)

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (March)

STOWAWAY—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

STRANGER IN TOWN—Warners.—When you've seen Chic Sale in one picture, you've seen him in all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. (Aug.)

STRANGERS OF THE EVENING—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

STRANGERS IN LOVE—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (April)

STREET OF WOMEN—Warners.—Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

SUNSET TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (March)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is Tarzan. (April)

TEMPEST—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (May)

TENDERFOOT, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

TEXAS BAD MAN, THE—Universal.—Tom Mix impersonates a desperado to trap the bandits. (Aug.)

TEXAS GUN FIGHTER—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (April)

TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (March)

THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

THEY NEVER COME BACK—First Division—Arctclass.—A dull story of a prize-fighter and a night club performer. Regis Toomey and Dorothy Sebastian. (Aug.)

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (June)

THIS RECKLESS AGE—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (March)

THUNDER BELOW—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (March)

TRAPEZE—Harmonie-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

TWO FISTED LAW—Columbia.—Tim McCoy Western in which another villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch. Heh-heh! (Aug.)

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (March)

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolean country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (March)

U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (March)

VANITY FAIR—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (May)

WAYWARD—Paramount.—A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (April)

WEEK-END MARRIAGE—First National.—Wives, it seems from this, shouldn't work and Loretta Young and Norman Foster explain it all in this earnest picture. (Aug.)

WEEK ENDS ONLY—Fox.—Not new in plot, but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett does well as a rich girl made poor by the stock market crash. (Aug.)

WESTWARD PASSAGE—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding, ZaSu Pitts and Irving Pichel. The story is entertaining enough but it lacks pep and punch. (Aug.)

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (May)

★ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD**—RKO-Pathe.—Fast and fascinating entertainment and all very true to Hollywood. Constance Bennett gives her finest performance. Lowell Sherman is great. (Aug.)

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Fox.—A rip-snorting mellerdrammer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spyglass. (Aug.)

WHISTLIN' DAN—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (May)

WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (May)

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (July)

WISER SEX, THE—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (April)

WITHOUT HONOR—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (April)

WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)

YOUNG BRIDE—RKO-Pathe.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (May)

ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (April)

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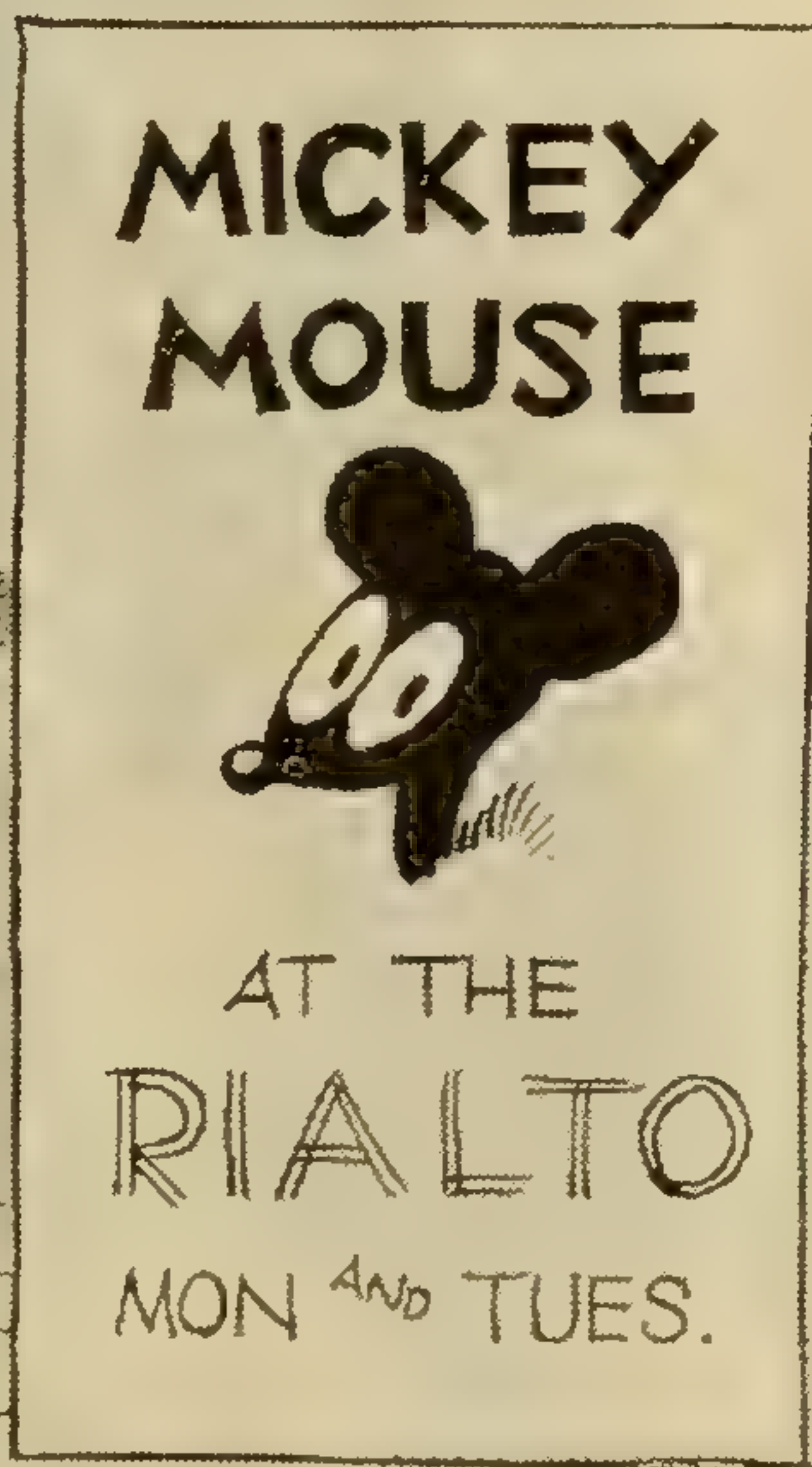
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Claudette Colbert
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
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Frances Dee
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Wynne Gibson

Cary Grant
Phillips Holmes
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Jerry Tucker

Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Wallace Ford
Clark Gable
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Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker"
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Joel McCrea
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Fay Wray

Burbank, Calif.

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Joan Blondell
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Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
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Adrienne Dore
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
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Andre Luguet
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John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce

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Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
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Marie Dressler

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

The Garbo Jinx on Her Leading Men

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

shirt with collar open, scarf—no tie. His hair was always careless.

Imagine the surprise of the studio folk when, one day early in 1931, he walked across the lot in a smart, new, dark blue tailored suit, white shirt, expensive silk tie! "What's happened to Bobby?" everyone asked.

He looked like a haberdashery advertisement rather than the lovable, full-of-fun, easy-mannered Robert Montgomery. He dropped into an office and made his own, nervous, unnatural explanation. "This is Mrs. Montgomery's little boy's big chance. I am going to play with Garbo! We begin rehearsals today. Do I look all right?"

He was as different looking, as nervous, as unnatural in that picture as he was on that first day of rehearsal. His entire personality underwent a change the moment he discovered he was to play with Garbo.

I INTERVIEWED Bob while he was working on "Inspiration." He offered to get me onto the great stage to watch Garbo work. When I refused, he was astounded. What—a writer refusing such an opportunity! I could not have used any information gained under those arrangements. He trusted me that much. I did not try to explain that time was too valuable to waste. He would have thought me crazy to consider that any time watching Garbo was wasted!

So I was not surprised at Bob's flop in "Inspiration." I knew he would seem unnatural on the screen.

Clark Gable's story is the same. His individuality, his dominant virility, faded away in the presence of his I-am-working-with-Garbo complex. Ditto for Melvyn Douglas. Conrad Nagel had always been a bit phleg-



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matic; his personality has never been so decided as Bob's or Clark's. He became more phlegmatic on the screen with Garbo.

John Gilbert, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon and Ramon Novarro had to combat the added turbulence of personal devotion.

You know the story of John. Love deliberately sacrifices, and John was in love. He insisted upon promoting this new girl, the like of whom he had never known before. Garbo has been called "a peasant with flashes of genius." Jack was accustomed to neither peasants nor many flashes of genius. Spurred by curiosity and love, he determined to help her.

He became so entangled, both personally and publicly, that he could not regain his own sparkling identity. Not even his marriage to Ina Claire made people think of him as anything but the ex-lover of Greta; her ex-screen partner. Garbo was enough of an individual to stand alone when the team parted. Jack wasn't.

Nils Asther had played in a picture with her in Europe. They talked the same language; they had the same reminiscences. Their interest was understandable. But a man does not recover from Garboism overnight! Nils refused to study English for talking pictures, which had their birth at the end of his leading-man days with Garbo. I have often wondered how much his refusal to concentrate upon a language had to do, at that time, with his concentration upon Garbo!

I INTERVIEWED Gavin Gordon while he was making "Romance." He was angered because I described him as a boy so madly in love with a woman that he had lost his common sense. But that is exactly how it appeared. He could talk of nothing but Garbo and he stutted with excitement as he talked! No man so hopelessly, boyishly, *stutteringly*, in love could have given a strong performance opposite the woman who so affected him. Not unless the love were returned in the same proportions!

Gavin Gordon was heroic during the making of that picture. He played many scenes with a

broken shoulder. But he did not do this to show himself a good trouper. He actually forgot his pain (so he told me) because he was *near Garbo*.

She could not change the situation, patient as she was. She did everything she could to help this lad overcome his mooning; to help him act. But he was, inevitably, only a background for her when the picture was released.

I talked with Ramon Novarro when he began "Mata Hari." He was prepared to worship. He worshipped. His eleven years of stardom and popularity, dating back to long before the name "Garbo" was known, seemed to mean nothing. He was like a school boy, with his first great opportunity.

THERE was a difference between Ramon's love for Greta and the love bestowed upon her by other men. You know that this Spanish lad is deeply religious; truly artistic. His religion, his devotion to true art, his native Spanish chivalry were all combined in the adoration he gave this woman, and still does. She is, to him, a personification of ideal womanhood and perfected artistry. It is a beautiful and inspiring adoration.

He placed fresh roses in her dressing-room each morning as he would light candles before a shrine.

But—he completely forgot Ramon Novarro, as the romantic Jack Gilbert and the mooning Gavin Gordon had forgotten themselves. Ramon was too busy paying tribute to his ideal woman to watch the acting of Ramon. He became an indefinite background. And he hurt Garbo's picture by so doing.

In fact, they have all hurt her pictures by becoming "saps"—as one Hollywood observer has called them—rather than remaining he-men. As great as the Garbo pictures have been, they would have been greater had the men equaled the woman in them.

Charles Bickford did. There was no place for Garboism in the mental and physical strength of this man. He didn't want to make "Anna Christie"; refused to work in it for



Before the second baby was born Jack Barrymore said he didn't care whether it was another girl or not, but keen observers note that he is about the proudest papa in Hollywood because there is another Barrymore man to carry on the tradition. And we'll bet that some day John Blythe Barrymore will be playing "Hamlet." Mama Dolores Costello doesn't care about her best camera angle, so long as baby John gets a break

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several weeks. Production was held up until Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg could tactfully persuade him to play in it. Had they ordered Charlie, he would not have played it. They sold him on it. Had they ordered Garbo, she would not have made it. And there you have it—two people who can never be ordered but must always be cleverly persuaded.

There is no doubt that Garbo has the most dominant personality on the screen today. The Bickford personality is one of the most dominant, both on and off the screen. Which is the reason there was no Garbo jinx for Charlie.

DURING the making of "Anna Christie," Charlie ate at the publicity table in the M-G-M commissary, exactly as he had during the making of other pictures. He talked about the cast exactly as he had about all others—despite the fact that to discuss a Garbo picture was forbidden by the highest officials. He thought her a grand sport, a fine workman, an intelligent human being. If he hadn't thought that, he would have said so.

He talked with her between scenes as he would have talked with any woman with whom he was working. They went for walks together, practising their lines. Of course, Garbo may have been a little more down-to-earth and sociable at this time. It was her first talkie. She was frankly nervous, never having spoken an English line in public before and not knowing whether she was to be a flop or a success. She had taken the script for "Anna Christie" into the mountains and studied for weeks before they began shooting. She knew the lines, but she was uncertain of the delivery. Charlie was a well-known stage actor. He could help her. He did—as he would have helped any woman.

There were rumors that it was Greta whose thoughts turned toward Charlie during "Anna Christie." We cannot vouch for the veracity of these rumors, but Charlie is the type of dominant man who would have to be sought and then given command. It is possible that such a one would intrigue the heretofore commanding Garbo.

Greta Garbo on the screen has such strength of personality that only one man has held his own in competition with it. We eliminate "Grand Hotel" because rivalry was the keynote of that production. John Barrymore was not appalled by *one* personality, he was attempting to get his face before the camera as often as *six others*. Garbo, alone, was unperturbed by the competition. She had a job to do and she did it without worrying about anybody else.

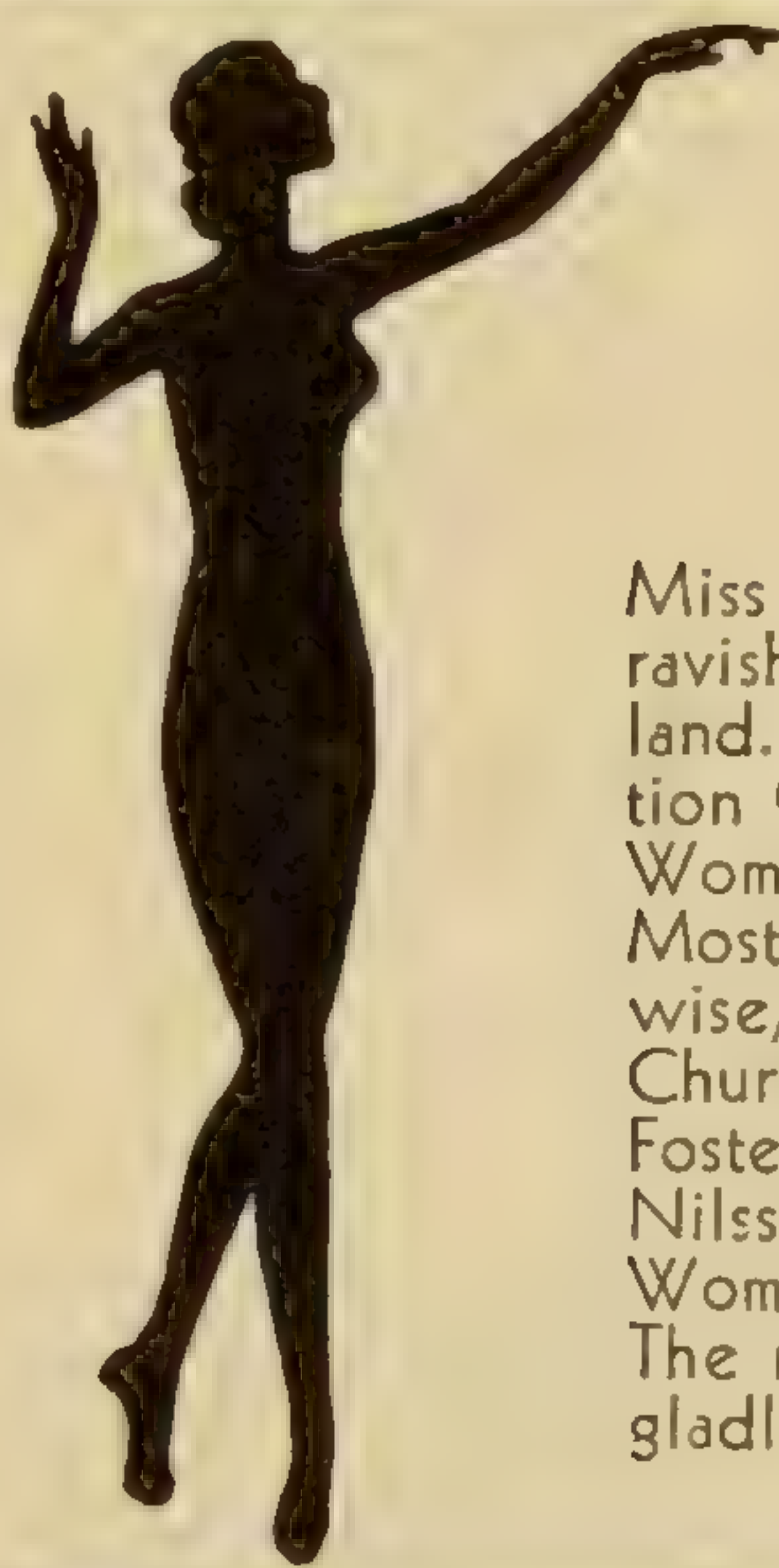
We are speaking of pictures in which there was one definite leading man for this woman. None of these men are weaklings. They all have proved charm and ability. All had succeeded either on the stage or the screen or both before they played with her. Undoubtedly, however, none—with the exception, of course, of Bickford—is as strong a personality as Garbo. With their normal strength weakened by a complex of awe, worship and inferiority, what chance did they have against the jinx of Garboism?

ADD to these drawbacks the type of rôle most of these men were pledged to play! Remember, Garbo is generally a strange woman in her pictures as she is in life. She is usually, on the screen, the aggressor, the wooer—the epitome of the Shady Dame of which PHOTOPLAY told you last month. Any man placed in the position of the one being wooed, looks like a sap to the public. So if he plays the rôle of a sap and acts like one while he plays it—what can you expect?

Just as we cannot give anyone the credit for the career of this weird woman of the screen, so we cannot blame anyone or anything for the jinx with which she has bedeviled those who have played with her. As Norma, Joan, Marlene and numerous others have helped their leading men, just so much has Garbo hindered them.

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(See page 65 for full details regarding Contest)

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If You Have A Good Figure—Keep It!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

diets can be taken by anyone who is not an invalid! Make no mistake about that!

I said a few paragraphs ago that no matter how plain your face, if you had a beautiful figure you attract attention. That still goes, but you can improve a plain and even a homely face if you listen to your Aunt Sylvia and do what she tells you. Did you know that you can make a receding chin larger? Well, you can. Of course, another way to have a strong chin is to develop character. Stop being afraid; speak your mind; get a set of convictions and live up to them—that will make a chin for you. And while you're starting to build character, resolve to follow my exercises and diets and stick to that resolve.

If you have large muscles around the mouth, it's probably from nervous tension. Relax, but also take this exercise. With cold cream smeared over your face, draw your lips far back into an exaggerated smile and then snap the lips sharply into a pucker. Do this eight or ten times a day. Then, with the finger tips, gently massage the corners of the mouth and the base of the nose in a rotating movement. There—there are a couple of ways to improve your face. Now snap into it.

Lots of folks have wrinkled elbows from exposure to wind and sun. Here's how to cure that. At night, put a generous amount of cold cream into the palm of one hand and place the elbow in that hand. Then rub with a rotating

You Must Dance to Keep a Figure This Way



An hour's dancing every day is absolutely essential to the woman who wants to get or to keep a beautiful figure. But—you must take the position I'm in at the left—chest out, shoulders back. This will reduce that lump of fat just below the waistline, will keep the waist thin and make your whole body lithe and lovely. Never, never slump while dancing as I'm doing at the right. And this goes for dancing alone as exercise, and ballroom dancing with a partner! You've got to be alert, always

movement. Leave the cold cream on over night. In the morning after your shower do the same thing and leave the cream on until just before you put on your dress. Then wipe it off with tissue.

Incidentally, while you are squeezing excess fat off the body, you can use cold cream or not as you prefer, but you must always use it when you're taking my facial treatments. You can squeeze off the flesh from the legs, hips, waist or any part of the body, but be sure to stick at it and at it and never get discouraged. If you use cold cream for the body massages, be sure that it is a light cleansing cream that will not clog the pores.

None of my exercises will do you any harm, nor will they enlarge the tiny broken veins that some girls have on their legs. I do not approve of Turkish baths except for cases of inflammatory rheumatism or some such ailment where they have been recommended by a doctor. If you are an average, healthy person, the Turkish bath lowers resistance and robs you of the pep that my exercises give you.

That buttermilk diet I gave a few months ago for reducing the bust will tend to reduce you all over, but it will work principally on the bust and stomach and I don't think anyone should object to that. What do you care if you're a little thin in other places, when your bust and stomach have been reduced too? You can put back those extra pounds you lost on the other parts of your body soon enough. Extra pounds aren't so precious, you know!

AND now, before I stop, I want to hand you a laugh. Somebody wrote in and asked if there were any way of growing taller once you'd got your height. I've heard that stretching makes people grow taller—but I'm a skeptical, hard-boiled dame and I've got to see it with my own eyes before I can believe it. I've seen what my diets and exercises will do. But I never saw anybody grow any taller after she had her full height.

Next month I'm not going to be so good. I'll be back in my old lambasting, bawling-out form with some exercises and advice that you didn't know before.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mould the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

AUGUST—Advice to office and other workers who sit all day. How to take off that "desk chair spread." What to do when you feel nervous and jumpy. How to get good, relaxing sleep at night.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AGE OF CONSENT, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Crossroads" by Martin Flavin. Adapted by Sarah Y. Mason and Francis Cockrell. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: Betty, Dorothy Wilson; Michael, Richard Cromwell; Duke, Eric Linden; Dora, Arline Judge; David, John Halliday; Barbara, Aileen Pringle; Swale, Reginald Barlow.

"AMERICAN MADNESS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: Dickson, Walter Huston; Mail, Pat O'Brien; Mrs. Dickson, Kay Johnson; Helen, Constance Cummings; Cluett, Gavin Gordon; Dude Finlay, Robert Ellis; Cluett's Secretary, Jean Sorel; Schultz, Walter Walker; O'Brien, Burton Churchill; Ives, Arthur Hoyt; Ames, Edward Martindel; Clark, Edwin Maxwell; Inspector, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Charlie, Anderson Lawlor.

"AREN'T WE ALL?"—PARAMOUNT-BRITISH PROD.—From the play by Frederick Lonsdale. Continuity by Basil Mason. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: Margot, Gertrude Lawrence; Lord Grenham, Hugh Wakefield; Willie, Owen Nares; Von Eisen, Harold Huth; Lady Frinton, Marie Lohr; The Cabaret Dancer, Rita Page; Kitty, Renee Gadd; The Vicar, Aubrey Mather; Angela, Emily Fitzroy.

"BACHELOR'S FOLLY"—WORLD WIDE-GAINSBOROUGH.—From the play "The Calendar" by Edgar Wallace. Adapted by Angus McPhail and Robert Stevenson. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter. The cast: Garry Anson, Herbert Marshall; Jill Panniford, Edna Best; Samuel Cuthbert Hillcott, Gordon Harker; Lady Panniford, Anne Grey; Sir Wm. Panniford, Nigel Bruce; John Dory, Alfred Drayton; Henry Lescarne, Leslie Perrins; Edmund Garth, Allan Aynesworth; Wayne, Melville Cooper.

"BACK STREET"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Fannie Hurst. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: Ray Schmidt, Irene Dunne; Walter Saxel, John Boles; Kuit Shendler, George Meeker; Freda, June Clyde; Bakeless, Walter Catlett; Mr. Schmidt, Paul Weigel; Prothero, James Donlan; Mrs. Schmidt, Jane Darwell; Mrs. Saxel, Doris Lloyd; Richard, William Bakewell; Beth, Arletta Duncan; Uncle Felix, Robert McWade; Mrs. Dole, ZaSu Pitts; Francine, Shirley Grey; Conductor, James Farley; Hugo, Paul Fix; Secretary, Russell Hopton; also Virginia Pearson, Mahlon Hamilton, Beulah Hutton, Rosalie Roy, Tom Kerrigan, Caryl Lincoln.

"CONGORILLA"—FOX.—Central African expedition of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. The cast: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, pygmies and animals.

"DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC"—EXPLORERS' FILM PROD.—Narrative, photography and direction by Earl Rossman. All-Eskimo cast.

"DOWN TO EARTH"—FOX.—From the story by Homer Croy. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by David Butler. The cast: Pike, Will Rogers; Julia, Dorothy Jordan; Idy, Irene Rich; Ross, Matty Kemp; Jackie, Mary Carlisle; Jeffery, Brandon Hurst; Eggers, Clarence Wilson; Cameron, Harvey Clark; Randolph, Henry Kolker; Mike, Theodore Lodi; Mrs. Phillips, Louise Mackintosh.

"DOWNSTAIRS"—M-G-M.—From the story by John Gilbert. Screen play by Lenore Coffee and Melville Baker. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: Karl, John Gilbert; Albert, Paul Lukas; Anna, Virginia Bruce; Countess, Hedda Hopper; Baron, Reginald Owen; Baroness, Olga Baclanova; Sophie, Bodil Rosing; Otto, Otto Hoffman; Francoise, Lucien Littlefield; Antoinette, Marion Lessing.

"FIRST YEAR, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Frank Craven. Screen play by Lynn Starling. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: Grace Livingston, Janet Gaynor; Tommy Tucker, Charles Farrell; Mrs. Barstow, Minna Gombell; Dick Loring, George Meeker; Dr. Myron, Ludley Digges; Mr. Livingston, Robert McWade; Mrs. Livingston, Maude Eburne; Mr. Barstow, Henry Kolker; Hattie, Leila Bennett; Helen, Elda Vokel.

"FORBIDDEN COMPANY"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Janet Blake, Sally Blane; Jerry Grant, John Darrow; David Grant, John Sainpolis; Mrs. Grant, Myrtle Stedman; Harriet, Josephine Dunn; Louelle, Dorothy Christy; Fletcher, Bryant Washburn; Billy, David Durand; Diane, Norma Drew.

"GOONA-GOONA"—FIRST DIVISION.—From the story by Andre Roosevelt. Directed by Armand Denis. The cast: The Coolie, Wyan; His Wife, Dasnee; His Sister, Seronee; Dasnee's Father, Klot; The Prince, Nonga; His Sister, Rei; His Father, Rajah of Bali; The Princess, Maday; Her Father, Okah; The Blind Sorcerer, Lungo; The High Priest, Rono.

"HELL FIRE AUSTIN"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Forrest Sheldon. Directed by Forrest Sheldon. The cast: Ken Austin, Ken Maynard; Judy, Ivy Merton; Bouncer, Nat Pendleton; Mark Edmonston, Alan Roscoe; Spy, Jack Perrin; Uncle Joe, Lafe McKee.

"HOLD 'EM JAIL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Tim Whelan and Lew Lipton. Screen play

by S. J. Perelman, Walter De Leon and Mark Sandrich. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: Curly, Bert Wheeler; Spider, Robert Woolsey; Violet, Edna May Oliver; Slippery Sam, Rosco Ates; The Warden, Edgar Kennedy; Barbara, Betty Grable; Coach, Paul Hurst; Steel, Warren Hymer.

"LADY AND GENT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: Slag Bailey, George Bancroft; Puff Rogers, Wynne Gibson; Ted Sreaver, Charles Starrett; Pin Sreaver, James Gleason; Buzz Kinney, John Wayne; Cash Enright, Morgan Wallace; Ted (aged 10), Billy Butts; Betty, Joyce Compton.

"LOVE IN HIGH GEAR"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Douglas Donaldson, Jr. Adapted by George B. Seitz. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Donald Ransome, Harrison Ford; Betty, Alberta Vaughn; Ronald Courtney, Tyrell Davis; Thaddeus Heath, Arthur Hoyt; Arabella Heath, Ethel Wales; Senorita Del Val, Nanette Vallon; Detective Duffy, Fred Kelsey; Hotel Maid, Fern Emmett; Hotel Proprietor, Jack Duffy; Ziegman, William H. Strauss.

"MADAME RACKETEER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Malcolm Stuart Boylan and Harvey Harris Gates. Directed by Alexander Hall and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. The cast: Martha Hicks, the "Countess of Auburn," Alison Skipworth; Elmer Hicks, Richard Bennett; Alice Hicks, Evalyn Knapp; Jack Houston, George Raft; James Butterworth, Robert McWade; Patsy Hicks, Gertrude Messinger; David Butterworth, John Breeden; Chief of Police, Robert Homans; Shiffem, Arthur Hoyt; Mrs. Donkenspeil, Eleanor Wesselhoeft.

"MAN CALLED BACK, THE"—TIFFANY.—From the book "Silent Thunder" by Andrew Soutar. Screen play by Robert Presnell. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: Dr. David Yorke, Conrad Nagel; Diana St. Claire, Doris Kenyon; St. Claire, John Halliday; Vivien Lawrence, Juliette Compton; Dr. Atkins, Reginald Owen; King's Counsel, Alan Mowbray; Lilaya, Mona Maris; Defense Counsel, Gilbert Emery; Rosie, Mae Busch; Corlis, John T. Murray; Secretary, Edgar Norton.

"MILLION DOLLAR LEGS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Henry Myers. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: Migg Tweeny, Jack Oakie; The President, W. C. Fields; The Major-Domo, Andy Clyde; The Mystery Man, Ben Turpin; Mata Machree, Lyda Roberti; Customs Inspector, Hank Mann; Mr. Baldwin, George Barbier; Angela, Susan Fleming; Willie, Dickie Moore; Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh Herbert.

"MOVIE CRAZY"—HAROLD LLOYD-PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Agnes Christine Johnston, John Grey and Felix Adler. Adapted by Vincent Lawrence. The cast: Harold Lloyd, Constance Cummings, Kenneth Thomson, Spencer Charters, Robert McWade, Louise Closser Hale, Harold Goodwin, Lucy Beaumont, DeWitt Jennings, Eddie Fetherstone, Mary Doran, Noah Young, Constantine Romanoff, Arthur Housman, Sidney Jarvis.

"MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Elton Thomas. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Douglas Fairbanks, William Farnum, Maria Alba, Earle Browne, also natives and animals.

"MY PAL, THE KING"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Richard Schayer. Continuity by Jack Natteford and Tom J. Crizer. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: Tom Reed, Tom Mix; King Charles, Mickey Rooney; Princess Elsa, Noel Francis; Gretchen, Finis Barton; Kluckenstein, Stuart Holmes; Schwartz, James Kirkwood; Red, Paul Hurst; Cloudy, Jim Thorpe; Elzel, Christian J. Frank; The Dowager Queen, Clarissa Selwynne; General Wiedeman, F. Schumann-Heink; Lorenz, Wallis Clark.

"MYSTERY RANCH"—FOX.—From the novel "The Killer" by Stewart Edward White. Screen play by Al Cohn. Directed by David Howard. The cast: Bob Sanborn, George O'Brien; Jane Emory, Cecilia Parker; Henry Steele, Charles Middleton; Tonto, Charles Stevens; Artie Brower, Forrester Harvey; Mudo, Noble Johnson; Buck, Roy Stewart; Home-steader's Wife, Virginia Herdman; Mae, Betty Francisco; Sheriff, Russ Powell.

"OLD DARK HOUSE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by J. B. Priestley. Adapted by Benn W. Levy. Directed by James Whale. The cast: Morgan, Boris Karloff; Penderel, Melvyn Douglas; Margaret, Gloria Stuart; Gladys, Lilian Bond; Porterhouse, Charles Laughton; Horace, Ernest Thesiger; Rebecca, Eva Moore; Philip, Raymond Massey; Saul, Brember Wills; Sir Roderick, John Dudgeon.

"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES"—M-G-M-HAL ROACH.—Dialogue by H. M. Walker. Directed by George Marshall and Ray McCarey. The cast: Stan, Stan Laurel; Oliver, Oliver Hardy; The Child, Jacquie Lyn; Landlady, Mary Carr; General, James Finlayson; Recruiting Sergeant, Tom Kennedy; Banker, Richard Tucker; Bride, Muriel Evans; Bridegroom, Grady Sutton.

"PURCHASE PRICE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story "The Mud Lark" by Arthur Stringer. Screen play by Robert Lord. Directed by William

A. Wellman. The cast: Joan, Barbara Stanwyck; Jim, George Brent; Ed, Lyle Talbot; Emily, Leila Bennett; Spike Forgan, Murray Kinnell; Waco, Matt McHugh; Bull McDowell, David Landau; Don Leslie, Hardie Albright; Justice of Peace, Clarence Wilson; His Wife, Lucille Ward; Clyde, Victor Potel; Mrs. Tipton, Adele Watson; Sarah, Dawn O'Day; Joe, Snub Pollard; Peters, Crauford Kent.

"RIDE HIM, COWBOY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Kenneth Perkins. Adapted by Scott Mason. Directed by Fred Allen. The cast: John Drury, John Wayne; Ruth Gaunt, Ruth Hall; Horse, Duke; Peter Gaunt, Henry B. Walthall; Clout, Harry Gribbon; Henry Suggs, Frank Hagney; Judge Bartlett, Charles Sellon; Judge Jones, Otis Harlan.

"SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING"—CAPITAL FILM.—From the story by Franz Schroedter. Directed by Richard Oswald. The cast: Count Esterhazy, Alfred Laetner; Maria, his daughter, Gretl Theimer; Von Feckele, Willi Stetner; Franz Schubert, Carl Joeken; Ferdi Klebinder, Siegfried Arno; Therese, the innkeeper, Lucie Englisch; Sepp, the headwaiter, Oscar Sima.

"SKYSCRAPER SOULS"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Skyscraper" by Faith Baldwin. Adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: David Dwight, Warren William; Lynn, Maureen O'Sullivan; Vinmont, Gregory Ratoff; Jenny, Anita Page; Sarah, Verree Teasdale; Tom, Norman Foster; Norton, George Barbier; Jake, Jean Hersholt; Slim, Wallace Ford; Ella Dwight, Hedda Hopper; Myra, Helen Coburn; Bill, John Marston.

"SPEAK EASILY"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Clarence Budington Kelland. Continuity by Ralph Spence and Laurence E. Johnson. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Professor Post, Buster Keaton; James, Jimmy Durante; Pansy Peels, Ruth Selwyn; Eleanor Espere, Thelma Todd; Mrs. Peels, Hedda Hopper; Griffo, William Pawley; Stage Director, Sidney Toler; Dr. Bolton, Lawrence Grant; Tony, Henry Armetta; Reno, Edward Brophy.

"STOKER, THE"—FIRST DIVISION-ALLIED.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: Dick Martin, Monte Blue; Margarita Valdez, Dorothy Burgess; Santini, Noah Beery; Vera Martin, Natalie Moorhead; Allan Ballard, Richard Tucker; Ernesto, Charles Stevens; Senor Valdez, Clarence Geldert; Chief of Police, Harry J. Vejar; Mayor, Chris Martin.

"STRANGE INTERLUDE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Eugene O'Neill. Continuity by Bess Meredyth and C. Gardiner Sullivan. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Nina Leeds, Norma Shearer; Ned Darrell, Clark Gable; Sam Evans, Alexander Kirkland; Charlie Marsden, Ralph Morgan; Gordon as a young man, Robert Young; Mrs. Evans, May Robson; Madeline, Maureen O'Sullivan; Professor Leeds, Henry B. Walthall; Maid, Mary Alden; Gordon as a child, Tad Alexander.

"TOM BROWN OF CULVER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by George Green and Dale Van Every. Screen play by Tom Buckingham. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: Tom Brown, Tom Brown; Dr. Brown, H. B. Warner; Slim, Slim Summerville; Bob Randolph, Richard Cromwell; Ralph, Ben Alexander; Major Wharton, Sidney Toler; Doctor, Russell Hopton; Call Boy, Andy Devine; Captain White, Willard Robertson; Carruthers, Norman Phillips, Jr.; John, Tyrone Power, Jr.; Cadet, Kit Wain; Cadet, Dick Winslow; Cadet, Matty Roubert; Boxer, Kit Guard; An Actress, Betty Blythe; Custodian, Lew Kelly.

"UNASHAMED"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by Bayard Veiller. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: Joan Ogden, Helen Twelvetrees; Dick Ogden, Robert Young; Henry Trask, Lewis Stone; Mr. Schmidt, Jean Hersholt; District Attorney Harris, John Miljan; Harry Swift, Monroe Owsley; Mr. Ogden, Robert Warwick; Marjorie, Gertrude Michael; Judge Ambrose, Wilfrid North; Captain Riorden, Tommy Jackson; Armanda, Louise Beavers.

"VANISHING FRONTIER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Kirby Torrell, Johnny Mack Brown; Carol Winfield, Evalyn Knapp; Aunt Sylvia, ZaSu Pitts; Waco, J. Farrell MacDonald; Hornet, Raymond Hatton; Capt. Roger Kearney, Wallace MacDonald; Lucien Winfield, Ben Alexander; General Winfield, George Irving; Dolores, Joyzeille; Whislin' Six, Deacon McDaniels.

"WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Claw" by Henry Bernstein. Continuity by John Meehan and Samuel Blythe. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: Jeff Keane, Lionel Barrymore; Consuela Fairbanks, Karen Morley; Ruth Keane, Diane Sinclair; Brenner, Nils Asther; Senator Withers, Reginald Barlow; Babcock, William Collier, Sr.; Senator Hodge, William Morris; Mona, Rafaela Ottiano; Hinsdale, C. Henry Gordon; Senator Biller, Burton Churchill; Stapleton, Henry Kolker.

"WHITE ZOMBIE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the screen play by Garnett Weston. Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: Murder, Bela Lugosi; Madeline, Madge Bellamy; Dr. Bruner, Joseph Cawthorn; Beaumont, Robert Frazer; Neil, John Harron; Driver, Clarence Muse; Silver, Brandon Hurst; Pierre, Sam Crimmins; Chauvin, John Peters; Von Gelder, George Burr McAnnan.



These Hysterical Women

CRYING . . . sobbing . . . laughing! She has no control of herself . . . the slightest thing drives her to distraction. Tired all the time . . . overwrought . . . nerves strung to the breaking point. Constant headache, backache, and dizzy spells are robbing this woman of youth, beauty and health.

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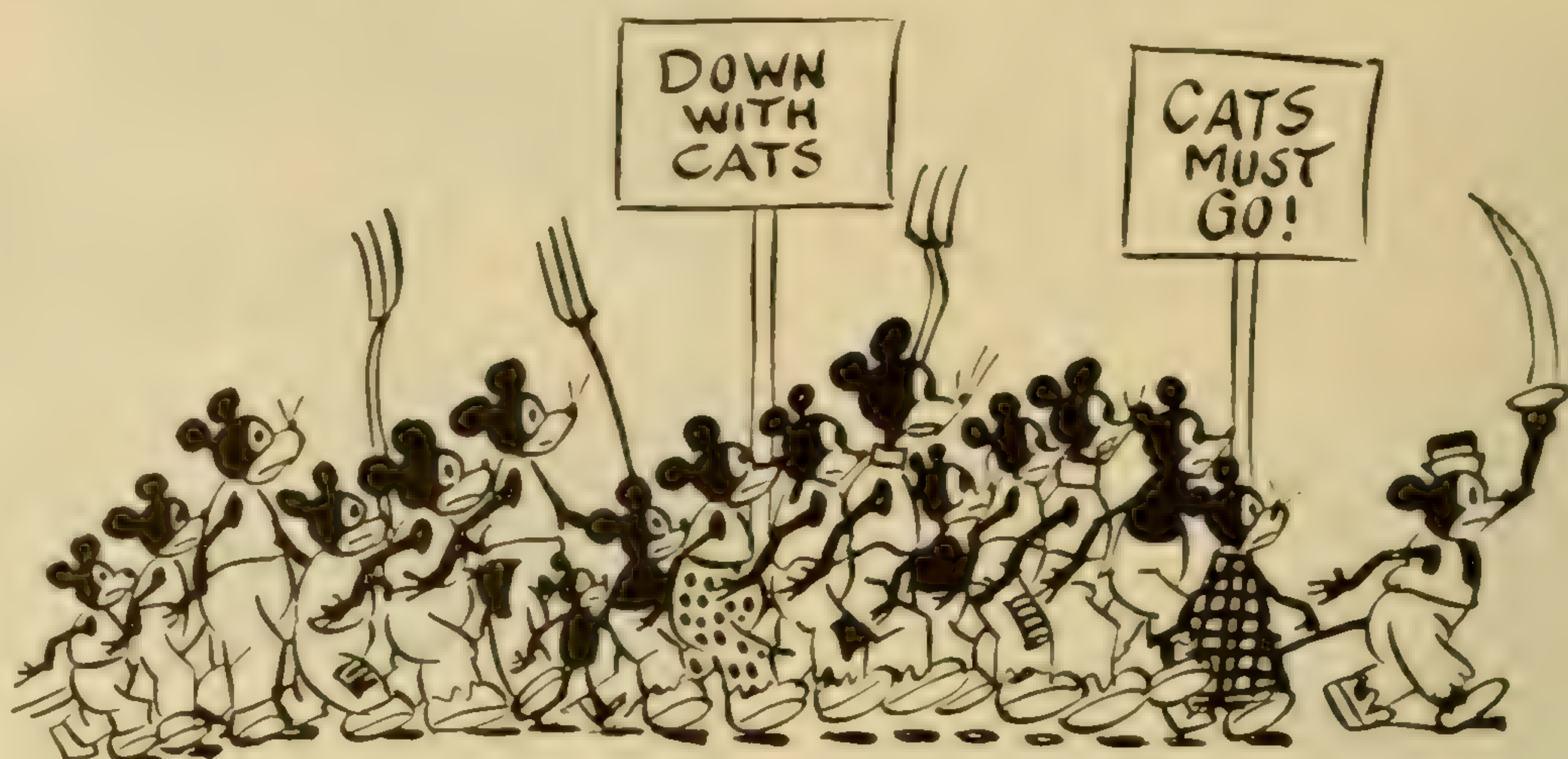
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Short Subjects of the Month



Here are the funny little fellows who enliven that very bright animated cartoon, "The Mad King," which is reviewed below. The music is really first-class and you will thoroughly enjoy this gay piece

THE MAD KING

Educational-
Paul Terry-Toons

Don't miss this gay, foolish bit of animated cartoon nonsense. It's very Gilbert and Sullivan with rollicking tunes and a fair damsel in distress. It's actually a grand parody of "The Vagabond King."

ISLAND OF PERIL

Principal Pictures

A thrilling glimpse into the lives and customs of the inhabitants of the bleak and barren Faroe Islands. There is a story winding itself through this travalogue that makes it an interesting and worthwhile journey.

VENDETTA

Educational-
Kendall-De Vally

Now you can have brief moments of opera on the screen. This short is called an *operalogue* and is based on that famous opera "Cavalleria Rusticana." A group of fine voices have been assembled and the settings have a true operatic flavor.

JIMMY'S NEW YACHT

Paramount

Daughter loves poor boy. Boy tells family he has bought a boat. They think it's a yacht, but it's only a tiny motor-boat. Upon this none-too-new plot a lot of very funny gags are hung.

HIS ROYAL SHYNESS

Educational-Andy Clyde

Andy Clyde is all messed up with post-war kingdom troubles, in Bullgravia this time. He is both doughboy and king—and a bit of a tippler besides. You can't help laughing.

A REGULAR TROUPER

Vitaphone

Ruth Etting is the star of this and, in spite of the fact that the brief story doesn't give her

much to do, she does manage to get in two songs. The yarn has a backstage atmosphere.

HATTA MARRI

Educational-Mack Sennett

In spite of the title, this isn't a real burlesque of the Garbo picture. Harry Gribbon bursts into song every few scenes or so. The plot, if you can call it that, is a hodge-podge. Dorothy Granger is *Hatta Marri*. Fairly funny.

UNION WAGES

Universal

Back to the days when slapstick was slapstick, with Louise Fazenda and Sidney Toler. Bathrooms filled with water; Louise caught in a waterless shower with soap prickling like a cactus—you know the rest. Only the custard pies are missing.

THE CANDID CAMERA

Educational-Mack Sennett

If you want a new car, compromise your husband! Such is the tidy bit of advice given by old maestro Sennett. Franklin Pangborn, as friend hubby, gets caught beach-mashing just after he has refused to buy a new car. Pretty funny.

THE ENGINEER'S DAUGHTER

RKO-Pathe

Here's another short made by The Maskers Club but it is much funnier than the average. It's a grand burlesque on the old-fashioned "dharma" and you will be able to see Hank Mann, May Robson, Montagu Love and lots of other favorites.

ICE MEN'S BALL

RKO-Radio

You are due for a grand round of laughs from Clark and McCullough's antics in this. They steal a police car and go on radio patrol. One silly situation after another. Recommended for any kind of blues.

Rules of \$1,000 Gag Idea Contest

See Page 45

1. Every Gag Idea must be written in 500 words or less on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:

Movie Crazy Contest Editor,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Gag Ideas will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. No gag ideas will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. Those that do not win prizes will be destroyed.

3. Each and every Gag Idea must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the coupon or a copy of the coupon which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant in his or her own handwriting, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the coupon should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or a reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Harold Lloyd Corporation or Paramount-Publix Corp., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of Harold Lloyd, James R. Quirk and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

First Prize	\$250.00
Second Prize	\$100.00
Third Prize	\$ 50.00
Four Prizes of \$25 each	\$100.00
One Hundred Prizes of \$5 each ..	\$500.00

In case of a tie for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.

7. Harold Lloyd Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine will pay for the winning Gag Ideas and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes. Harold Lloyd Corporation may use the winning Gag Ideas in whole or in part, alter the same, and require the execu-

tion of any papers by the successful contestants which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants may become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own suggestions or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their Gag Ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Harold Lloyd Corporation nor Paramount-Publix Corp., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Publix Corp., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Judges to make this Contest fair and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest.

10. Harold Lloyd Corporation shall not be bound to use any of the Gag Ideas even if they win prizes. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Harold Lloyd Corporation.

11. Gag Ideas expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted, although any one person may submit Gag Ideas based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

12. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

13. Facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prizes, but the clearness and specific quality of the Gag Idea will be considered.

14. Any single individual may submit any number of Gag Ideas.

15. The contest will close at midnight, November 15th, 1932. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Gag Ideas may be sent in at any time after the 15th of August, when the September issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine appears on the news-stands.



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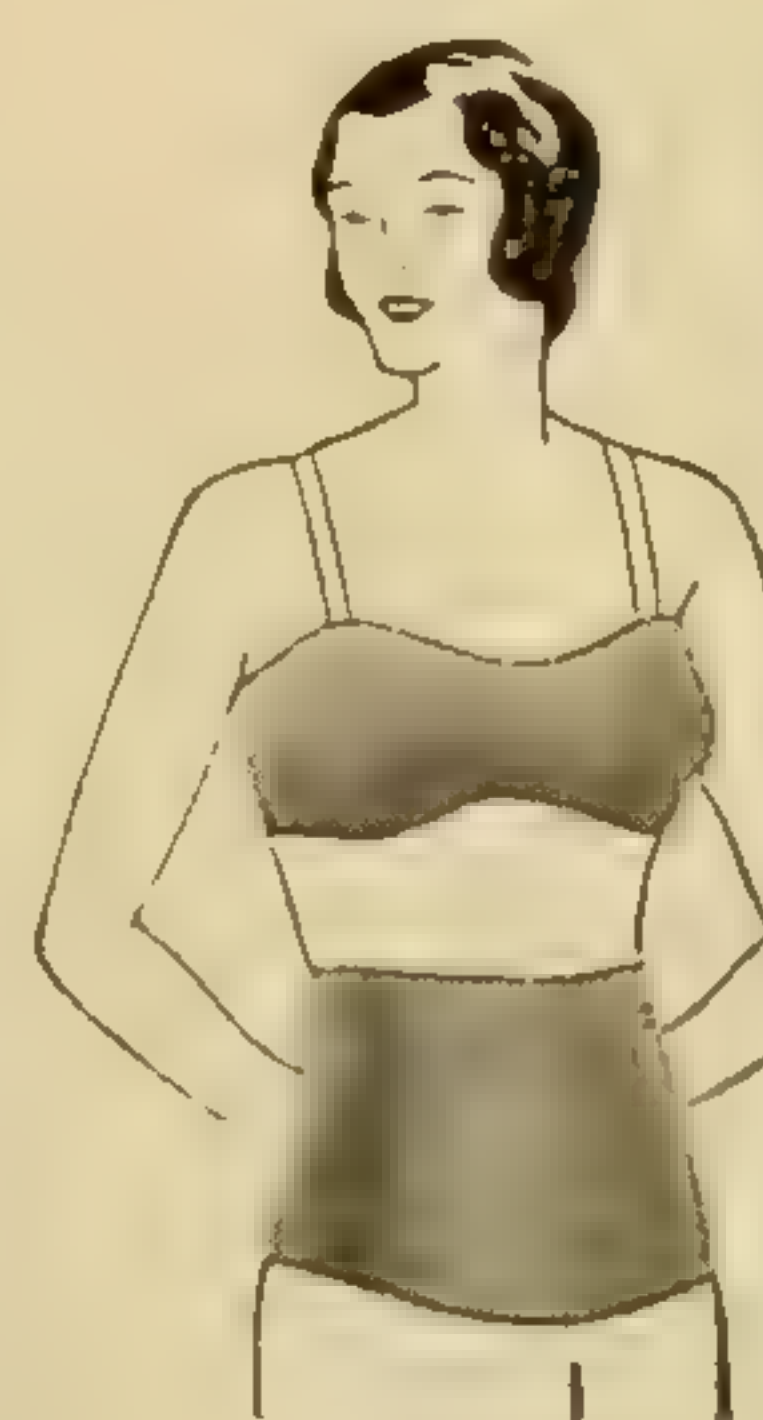
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Price only **\$2.25**
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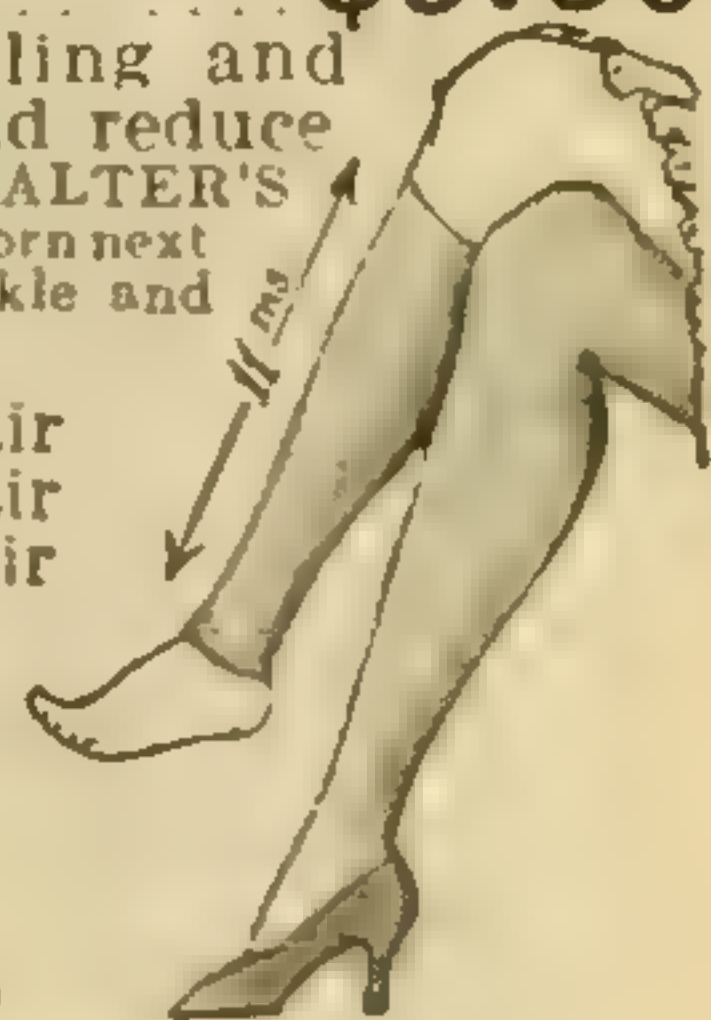
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9-inch...\$5.00 pair
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All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

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IMPORTANT

This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each Gag Idea

In submitting the accompanying Gag Idea as a contestant for the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my Gag Idea being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Publix Corp., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by any of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that the development of this Gag Idea is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this Gag Idea and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., and Harold Lloyd Corporation, together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or subtract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes if awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

.....Address

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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

THERE was an open feud between Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich. And all because of a certain male.

It seems Tallulah strolled onto the Dietrich set, spied the lad and became so enamoured she immediately rushed forth and purchased tons of presents for her adored one. And he was hers.

But the next day, Marlene, not to be outdone, came onto the set loaded to the chin with mysterious gifts for the lad. And now both ladies are even.

And little Dickie Moore, just six, is richer by two electric trains, bats, balls, games and what-nots. And declares he loves both ladies just the same!

HERE'S a good one about the wife of a well-known vaudeville actor who came home from a party the other evening and told of being insulted by one of the male guests.

Her husband flew into a rage. He tore and raved and threatened to tear the insulter limb from limb.

"Well, if you mean that," a friend said, "I can tell you where to find him."

Somewhat taken aback, but unable to back out, he got into his car and roared down the street to avenge his wife.

A few minutes later he was back.

"Did you thrash him, dear?" his wife asked.

"No," he sulked, "but I was awful cold to him."

YOU might imagine that when you got a contract at a studio the sacred shrine of the Chief Executive would be easy to enter. But not a bit of it. The job of getting in to see the Head Boy is often actually harder for those on the inside than for outsiders.

Frances Dee relates how, when "Rich Man's



Whenever Lionel Barrymore meets Karen Morley on the lot he calls out, "Hello, actress" which is a swell compliment from a Barrymore to a newcomer. Between scenes of "The Washington Masquerade" they chatted like a couple of old cronies. Karen, played with both Barrymores in "Arsene Lupin" and did a grand job, considering the keen competition

Folly" was in the preparatory stages, she put her name down on the long list of people anxious to see the boss producer.

The producer worked through the list, according to his custom.

The poor chap works fourteen hours a day. After more than two months Frances was ushered into his presence.

"You wished to see me?" said the boss. "What can I do for you?"

Timidly Frances spoke up. "I only wanted to ask you if I could have the daughter rôle in 'Rich Man's Folly'," she said. "But it doesn't matter now—we finished the picture two weeks ago."

AND now Hollywood wants to know just what New York has done to its own madcap Lupe? She arrived in Hollywood recently without the least fuss or confusion. Quietly, like a subdued little mouse, she stole into town and away again before people even realized she was here. Which is so unlike Lupe that Hollywood is worried!

WE wondered if that Maureen O'Sullivan-Jimmy Dunn romance were getting so serious that wedding bells were imminent. The two are so constantly together.

We talked to a close friend of Jimmy's. "No!" the friend laughed. "Jimmy's Irish. He's just got to be violently in love with someone to be happy. It was just the same with June Knight, but when she left—Jimmy must have romance but I don't think that means marriage!"

And that's that.



A first lady of the stage meets a first lady of the screen and if you don't believe Norma Shearer is just that, wait until you see "Strange Interlude." Katherine Cornell—great stage actress who has held out steadily against the movies—visited Norma on the "Smilin' Through" set. That's Freddie March, Norma's leading man, in costume and Ralph Forbes, who'll soon be Ruth Chatterton's ex-husband, on Norma's right. Even this visit didn't convince Kit Cornell that she should desert Broadway for the films

COLUMBIA simply couldn't decide on a general for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." And then someone had a bright idea.

Fifty office girls, stenographers and secretaries, were herded into a projection room while test after test of prominent leading men, was shown.

Then a vote for the colorful rôle of the general was taken. And out of the fifty men considered, 48 of the 50 girls voted for Nils Asther. So a Swede will play a Chinaman.

HARPO MARX is wandering around with a sad, bewildered look these days. Harpo came out of the Brown Derby recently and was met by a young woman with a pencil and autograph book clutched in her hand.

She walked up to Harpo and peered into his face with a puzzled look.

"Pardon me," she finally said, "but are you anybody?"

ALL the criticism that came after Joan Crawford changed her mouth make-up to those heavy dark lips has reached Joan's ears. And from now on it's going to be different.

For one thing, she used a different sort of lipstick in "Letty Lynton" that photographed darker than she thought it would, and because the character was a voluptuous type of girl she made the mouth bigger. In "Rain" the mouth will be that way again, for *Sadie Thompson* wasn't noted for her cupid's bow lips. But, after that, *la* Crawford returns to her own natural mouth. Pleased, girls?

IT was a long, hot day on the set, and Peggy Shannon had struggled for her virtue with the villain for several hours.

Finally she turned to the director and said: "Listen! You'll have to shoot this scene pretty quick or rewrite the whole story!"

"Why?" the director asked.

"Well," she replied, "about two more struggles and I'll be so tired I'll have to give in."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



International

In spite of the fact that Mary Astor's baby is only a couple of months old, Mary is back in Hollywood looking lovelier than she has for months, and hard at work on a new picture. The baby, you know, was born in Honolulu while Mary and her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, were on a yachting cruise in the South Sea islands



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127]

DOROTHY MACKAILL is a smart girl—and she beat 'em all to the punch. You know that she and her crooner husband, Neil Miller, have been doing a vaudeville act with Jack Benny and Ukelele Ike. In the routine Benny and Ike keep calling Miller "Mr. Mackaill" and he keeps howling, "The name is Miller."

When somebody asked Dot if Neil didn't object to all this kidding, she countered, "Why should he?"

"Anyone out of the profession who marries a picture star is going to be kidded as 'Mr. So and So' anyhow."

"We simply beat the mob to it, and get plenty of laughs out of it on the stage. Isn't that good showmanship?"

GIVE Bob Montgomery a well deserved hand. He's giving up his beloved game of polo. And that's the same as giving up pie to the small boy.

Bob is selling his ponies and spending the proceeds on three needy families he knows.

Good boy, Bob!

WHEN an actor goes after stardom, tooth and nail, that's just ambition. But when an actor has stardom handed him on a silver platter and says take it away, well, Hollywood calls that insanity.

But that's exactly what Stu Erwin has done. The exhibitors and fans yelled so loudly for Stu, Paramount decided the boy had something besides a funny face and offered him stardom.

They even gave him a picture called "Make Me a Star." But Stu won't have the star thing on a bet, and in answer to his picture says, "Don't 'Make Me a Star' with all its grief and sorrow."

And any time anyone thinks there isn't plenty of horse sense behind that dead pan of Stu's, guess again.

DID you ever wonder, girls, as you sat there listening to the husky tones of Bing Crosby's voice just how he picked up that name "Bing"?

Well, it seems Harry Crosby was one of those little boys the girls all picked on. Which is a pretty sure sign a little miss is interested.

At any rate, one of his tormentors went a bit too far one day and Harry chased her all the way home.

She dashed inside the house and leaning out a window called, "You look just like Bingo in the funny papers." And that was enough. They shortened it to "Bing" and "Bing" it's been ever since.

And now he's in Hollywood, girls, making "The Big Broadcast" for Paramount, and soon you'll hear those husky tones from the screen. In case you're interested.

WHEN Chico Marx was in the hospital with a broken leg they put him in a bed with a trapeze arrangement hanging over it so that he could hoist himself up and down without doing further damage to the knee. And one day one of the other brothers came to visit him, found him asleep, and when Chico woke up he found hanging over his head the sign

"Lemur

(Species of Orang Outang)

Very rare—Caught by Prof. Schmalz on His Recent Expedition to West Africa."

THEY tell us that Connie Bennett goes to the doctor three times a week, on hubby Marquis de la Falaise's arm.

Thirty thousand a week can't buy everything. Especially health.

NOW they tell of the two producers who were great friends but hadn't met for some time until one day their trains happened to stop at the same time at Albuquerque.

They were so delighted at seeing one another that they absent-mindedly boarded the same train.

A few miles out one friend said to the other, "Sam, these inventions of today surely are marvelous, aren't they? Yes, sir, you can't beat them. Here I am going to New York and you to Los Angeles and we're both traveling on the same train."



this season. Mary Carlisle thinks her lady-bug nails that red and gray dotted scarf. Or are you just teasing Sleeper likes that zebra pattern to match her striped? If you take this fad seriously, girls, apply a pale polish with a fine brush for the application of those dots and dashes

She's more beautiful today



Dorothy Mackaill knows her cosmetic lore. The above photograph reveals a pert and charming young lady. Eleven years later Dorothy is younger, more dashing than ever.



THE lovely stars have many secrets up their enchanting sleeves. . . . But the most important ones are those about cosmetics. And they aren't secrets at all!

It just happens that the stars *are* informed in the ways of beauty. They know what to demand of their creams and their lipsticks and their powder.

How do they judge a face powder? They insist that it be light and fine, so that it will spread evenly over the face. That it give a smooth, perfect effect, without covering up the transparent texture of the flesh. Not too light, since then it would not cling. Not too heavy, since then the face would be a dull, dead mask.

Because it meets these strict requirements, the new Pompeian is the perfect face powder. It does not coat the skin. It clings for hours. It gives

a soft fine-textured finish. It is developed in new tones that enhance the natural colorings. Flesh for the very light skin, Naturelle (Nude) for the blonde with a fair complexion, Rachel for the brunette with a fair skin. Peach for the blonde with a warm skin tone, and Dark Rachel, a warm rich tone for the brunette with a dark skin. You'll love the new delicate fragrance and the smart new convenient box. Pay more for your face powder if you will, but you can't purchase better powder than the modern Pompeian. The Pompeian Creams, Lipsticks and Rouges are equally high in quality and low in price.



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